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Freedom

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

NOW remember, ladies and gentlemen, I have no time to talk the usual old nonsense about freedom, tonight. Let us come to business. What is a perfectly free person? Evidently a person who can do what he likes, when he likes and where he likes, or do nothing at all if he prefers it.

Well, there is no such person; and there never can be any such person. Whether we like it or not, we must all sleep for one-third of our lifetime; wash and dress and undress; we must spend a couple of hours eating and drinking; we must spend nearly as much in getting about from place to place. For half the day we are slaves to necessities which we cannot shirk, whether we are monarchs with a thousand servants or humble labourers with no servants but their wives. And the wives must undertake the additional heavy slavery of child-bearing, if the world is still to be peopled.

These natural jobs cannot be shirked. But they involve other jobs which can. As we must eat we must first provide food; as we must sleep we must have beds and bedding in houses with fireplaces and coals; as we must walk through the streets we must have clothes to cover our nakedness. Now, food and houses and clothes can be produced by human labour. But when they are produced they can be stolen. If you like honey you can let the bees produce it by their labour, and then steal it from them. If you are too lazy to get about from place to place on your own legs you can make a slave of a horse. And what you do to a horse or

a bee you can also do to a man or a woman or a child if you can get the upper hand of them by force or fraud or trickery of any sort, or even by teaching them that it is their religious duty to sacrifice their freedom to yours.

So beware! If you allow any person, or class of persons, to get the upper hand of you, they will shift all that part of their slavery to Nature that can be shifted on to your shoulders; and you will find yourself working from eight to fourteen hours a day when, if you had only yourself and your family to provide for, you could do it quite comfortably in half the time or less. The object of all honest governments should be to prevent your being imposed on in this way. But the object of most actual governments, I regret to say, is exactly the opposite. They enforce your slavery and call it freedom. But they also regulate your slavery, keeping the greed of your masters within certain bounds. When chattel slavery of the negro sort costs more than wage slavery, they abolish chattel slavery and make you free to choose between one employment, or one master, and another; and this they call a glorious triumph for freedom, though for you it is merely the key of the street. When you complain, they promise that in future you shall govern the country for yourself. They redeem this promise by giving you a vote, and having a general election every five years or so. At the election, two of their rich friends ask for your vote; and you are free to choose which of them you will vote for to spite the other—a choice which leaves you no freer than you were before, as it does not reduce your hours of labour by a single minute. But the news-

papers assure you that your vote has decided the election, and that this constitutes you a free citizen in a democratic country. The amazing thing about it is that you are fool enough to believe them.

Now mark another big difference between the natural slavery of man to Nature and the unnatural slavery of man to man. Nature is kind to her slaves. If she forces you to eat and drink, she makes eating and drinking so pleasant that when we can afford it we eat and drink too much. We must sleep or go mad: but then sleep is so pleasant that we have great difficulty in getting up in the morning. And firesides and families seem so pleasant to the young that they get married and join building societies to realise their dreams. Thus, instead of resenting our natural wants as slavery, we take the greatest pleasure in their satisfaction. We write sentimental songs in praise of them. A tramp can earn his supper by singing, 'Home, Sweet Home'.

The slavery of man to man is the very opposite of this. It is hateful to the body and to the spirit. Our poets do not praise it: they proclaim that no man is good enough to be another man's master. The latest of the great Jewish prophets, a gentleman named Marx, spent his life in proving that there is no extremity of selfish cruelty at which the slavery of man to man will stop if it be not stopped by law. You can see for yourself that it produces a state of continual civil war—called the class war—between the slaves and their masters, organised as Trade Unions on one side and Employers' Federations on the other. Saint Thomas More, who has just been canonised, held that we shall never have a peaceful and stable society until this struggle is ended by the abolition of slavery altogether and the compulsion of everyone to do his share of the world's work with his own hands and brains, and not to attempt to put it on anyone else.

Naturally the master class, through its parliaments and schools and newspapers, makes the most desperate efforts to prevent us from realising our slavery. From our earliest years we are taught that our country is the land of the free, and that our freedom was won for us for ever by our forefathers when they made King John sign Magna Charta—when they defeated the Spanish Armada—when they cut off King Charles' head—when they made King William accept the Bill of Rights—when they issued and made good the American Declaration of Independence—when they won the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar on the playing-fields of Eton—and when, only the other day, they quite unintentionally changed the German, Austrian, Russian and Ottoman Empires into republics. When we grumble, we are told that all our miseries are our own doing because we have the vote. When we say, 'What good is the vote?' we are told that we have the Factory Acts, and the Wages Boards, and free education, and the New Deal, and the dole; and what more could any reasonable man ask for? We are reminded that the rich are taxed a quarter, a third, or even a half and more, of their incomes; but the poor are never reminded that they have to pay that much of their wages as rent in addition to having to work twice as long every day as they would need if they were free.

Whenever famous writers protest against this imposture—say, Voltaire and Rousseau and Tom Paine in the eighteenth century, or Cobbett and Shelley, Karl Marx and Lassalle in the nineteenth, or Lenin and Trotsky in the twentieth—you are taught that they are atheists and libertines, murderers and scoundrels; and often it is made a criminal offence to buy or sell their books. If their disciples make a revolution, England immediately makes war on them and lends money to the other Powers to join her in forcing the revolutionists to restore the slave order. When this combination was successful at Waterloo, the

victory was advertised as another triumph for British freedom; and the British wage slaves, instead of going into mourning like Lord Byron, believed it all and cheered enthusiastically. When the revolution wins, as it did in Russia in 1922, the fighting stops; but the abuse, the calumnies, the lies, continue until the revolutionised State grows into a first-rate military Power. Then our diplomats, after having for years denounced the revolutionary leaders as the most abominable villains and tyrants, have to do a right turn and invite them to dinner.

Now though this prodigious mass of humbug is meant to delude the enslaved class only, it ends in deluding the master class much more completely. A gentleman whose mind has been formed at a preparatory school for the sons of gentlemen, followed by a public school and University course, is much more thoroughly taken in by the falsified history and dishonest political economy and the snobbery taught in these places than any worker can possibly be, because the gentleman's education teaches him that he is a very fine fellow, superior to the common run of men whose duty it is to brush his clothes, carry his parcels, and earn his income for him; and as he thoroughly agrees with this view of himself, he honestly believes that the system which has placed him in such an agreeable situation and done such justice to his merits is the best of all possible systems, and that he should shed his blood, and yours, to the last drop in its defence. But the great mass of our rack-rented, underpaid, treated-as-inferiors, cast-off-on-the-dole workers cannot feel so sure about it as the gentleman. The facts are too harshly against it. In hard times, such as we are now passing through, their disgust and despair sometimes lead them to kick over the traces, upset everything, and have to be rescued from mere gangsterism by some Napoleonic genius who has a fancy for being an emperor, and who has the courage and brains and energy to jump at the chance. But the slaves who give three cheers for the emperor might just as well have made a cross on a British or American ballot paper as far as their freedom is concerned.

So far I have mentioned nothing but plain, natural and historical facts. I draw no conclusions, for that would lead me into controversy; and controversy would not be fair when you cannot answer me back. I am never controversial over the wireless. I do not even ask you to draw your own conclusions, for you might draw some very dangerous ones unless you have the right sort of head for it. Always remember that though nobody likes to be called a slave, it does not follow that slavery is a bad thing. Great men, like Aristotle, have held that law and order and government would be impossible unless the persons the people have to obey are beautifully dressed and decorated, robed and uniformed, speaking with a special accent, travelling in first-class carriages or the most expensive cars or on the best groomed and best bred horses, and never cleaning their own boots or doing anything for themselves that can possibly be done by ringing a bell and ordering some common person to do it. And this means, of course, that they must be made very rich without any other obligation than to produce an impression of almost godlike superiority on the minds of common people. In short, it is contended, you must make men ignorant idolaters before they will become obedient workers and law-abiding citizens.

To prove this, we are reminded that although nine out of ten voters are common workers, it is with the greatest difficulty that a few of them can be persuaded to vote for members of their own class. When women were enfranchised and given the right to sit in Parliament, the first use they made of their votes was to defeat all the women candidates who stood for the freedom of the workers and had given them years of devoted and dis-

(Continued on page 1104)



'At the seventh "thump" I pressed the button of my pear-push'

Drawing by Hilda Hechle, R.B.A.

Confessions of a Ghost-Hunter The Ghost that Stumbled

By HARRY PRICE

The first of a series of articles by the Hon. Secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, recounting his experiences in the course of his many years' investigation of the supernatural

MY first 'ghost' was made of cardboard. I will hasten to explain that it was the 'property' spectre of a three-act psychic play, 'The Sceptic', which I wrote and produced* when I was still a schoolboy. Of course I took the principal part myself and I am sure I played the hero with considerable histrionic verve!

The reason I mention my early attempt at portraying the supernatural is because 'The Sceptic' was the dramatised record of a remarkable experience which befell me when I investigated my first haunted house.

As a member of an old Shropshire family, I spent nearly all my holidays and school vacations in a little village—in fact, a hamlet—which I will call Parton Magna†. In Parton Magna is the old Manor House, *circa* A.D. 1600. It had been purchased by a retired canon of the Church of England, and his wife. There were rumours that the place was haunted—but popular tradition provides a ghost for every old country house, especially if a tragedy has taken place within it.

Within a very few weeks of the canon's settling down with his household in their new home, reports were received of curious happenings in the stables and out-buildings. Though fastened securely overnight, stable doors were found ajar in the morning. Animals were discovered untethered and wandering; pans of milk were overturned in the dairy, and utensils scattered about. The woodshed received the attentions of the nocturnal visitant nearly every night. Piles of logs neatly stacked were found scattered in the morning, in spite of the fact that the door of the shed was kept locked. The manifestations in the woodshed became so frequent and troublesome that it was decided to keep watch. This was done on several evenings, a farm-hand secreting himself behind a stack of logs. Upon every occasion when a watch was kept on the wood, nothing happened *inside* the shed. On those nights when the shed was watched from within, pebbles were flung on to the corrugated iron roofing, the noise they made rolling down the metal being plainly heard. Then a watch was kept both inside and outside of the shed, but no one

*At the Amersham Hall, Lewisham, on Friday, December 2, 1898. For description, see *South London Press*, December 10, 1898.

†The real names of the village and the house have been filed with the Editor.

was seen, though the pebbles were heard as before. The experienced reader will recognise in my narrative a *Poltergeist* case running true to type.

The disturbances around the house continued with unabated vigour week after week until even local interest waned somewhat. Then, quite suddenly, they almost ceased, the disturbing entity transferring its activities to the inside of the mansion, which I will now describe.

The Manor House was built for comfort, though it has been restored at various times. From the large hall a wide staircase leads to a landing. At the top of the stairs (of which there are about fifteen, but I am speaking from memory) is, or was, a solid oak gate placed across to prevent dogs from roaming over the whole house. The staircase I have mentioned leads to the more important rooms opening out of a short gallery.

The first indication received by the canon and his family that the entity had turned its attention to the interior of the house was a soft 'pattering' sound, as of a child's bare feet running up and down the wide passage or gallery. The noises were at first taken to be those caused by a large bird or small animal out of the fields; a watch was kept, but investigation proved fruitless. These same noises were heard night after night, but nothing could be discovered. Then the maids commenced complaining that the kitchen utensils were being disturbed, usually during their absence, in the daytime especially. Pots and pans would fall off shelves for no ascertainable reason when a maid was within a few feet of them, but always when her back was turned. I do not remember its being proved that a person actually *saw* a phenomenal happening of any description, though many were heard. Another curious circumstance connected with this case was the disturbing entity's fondness for raking out the fires during the night. The danger of fire from this cause was so obvious that, before retiring to rest, the canon's wife had water poured on the dying embers.

Like every old country house worthy of the name, the Manor, Parton Magna, had a 'history' which at the period of my story was being sedulously discussed by the villagers. The story is that the house was built by a rich recluse who, through an unfortunate *affaire de cœur*, decided to retire from the world and its disappointments. A niece, who acted as chatelaine, looked after the old man and managed his servants. One night, some few years after their settlement at the Manor House, the recluse became suddenly demented, went to his niece's apartment and, with almost superhuman strength, strangled the girl in bed. After this most unavuncular act the old man left the house, spent the night in the neighbouring woods and at daybreak threw himself into the river that runs through the fields near the house. The legend, like the *Poltergeist*, also runs true to type. Like most traditions, there is a grain of truth in the story, the fact being that many years previously a girl named Mary Hulse had died at the Manor under suspicious circumstances.

It can be imagined that the canon's health was suffering under the anxiety caused by the disturbing events I have recorded above, and he was persuaded to leave the house for at least a short period. This was in the early autumn. On my way back to school for the Michaelmas term I broke my journey at Parton Magna in order to stay a few days with our friends, who then made me acquainted with the state of affairs at the Manor House; in fact, it was the principal topic of conversation. The canon and his household had by then vacated their home temporarily, the premises being looked after by the wife of one of the cowmen. What really drove the family out was the fact that the nocturnal noises were becoming greater; in particular, a steady thump, thump, thump (as of someone

in heavy boots stamping about the house), disturbing the rest of the inmates night after night. I decided I would investigate, and invited a boy friend to join me in the adventure.

Permission to spend a night in the Manor was easily obtained from the woman (who lived in a cottage near the house) who was looking after the place, and doubtless she regarded us as a couple of mad schoolboys who would have been much better in bed.

I must confess that I had not the slightest idea what we were going to do, or going to see, or what I ought to take with me in the way of apparatus. But the last question was very soon settled because all I had with me was a $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate Lancaster stand camera. On the morning of the adventure I cycled into the nearest town and bought some magnesium powder, a bell switch, a hank of flex wire, two Daniell's batteries and some sulphuric acid. A big hole was made in my term's pocket money! In the afternoon I assembled my batteries and switch and prepared the flash powder by means of which I hoped to photograph—*something!* So that there should be no unwillingness on the part of the magnesium to 'go off' at the psychological moment, I extracted the white smokeless gunpowder from four or five sporting cartridges and mixed it with the magnesium powder. By a lucky chance I had with me a delicate chemical balance which I was taking back to school. With the weights was a platinum wire 'rider' which I inserted in the electrical circuit in order to ignite the magnesium flash-powder. With the above-mentioned impedimenta, a box of matches, some candles, a stable lantern, a piece of chalk, a ball of string, a box of rapid plates, a parcel of food, the camera and accessories and (forbidden luxury!) some cigarettes, we bade a tender farewell to our friends and made our way across the fields to the Manor House, where we arrived at about 9.30 p.m.

The first thing we did when we reached our destination was to search every room and attic and close and fasten every window. We locked the doors of those rooms which were capable of being treated in this manner and removed the keys. The doors leading to the exterior of the house were locked, bolted and barred, and chairs or other obstacles piled in front of them. We were determined that no material being should enter the portals without our cognizance. After we had searched every nook and cranny of the building, we established ourselves in the morning room, locked the door and waited for something—or somebody—to 'turn up.' Our only illumination was the light of the stable lantern which we placed on the table.

At about half-past eleven, when we were beginning to get very sleepy and wishing (though we did not admit it) that we were in our nice warm beds, my friend thought he heard a noise in the room overhead (the traditional apartment of the unfortunate Mary Hulse). I too, had heard a noise, but concluded it was caused by a wandering rodent or the wind. It did not sound an unusual noise. A few minutes later there was a 'thud' in the room above which left nothing to the imagination. It sounded as if someone had stumbled over a chair. I will not attempt to describe our feelings at the discovery that we were not alone in the house: for a moment or so we were almost paralysed with fear. But, remembering what we were there for, we braced up our nerves and waited. Just before midnight we again heard a noise in the room above; it was as if a heavy person were stamping about in clogs. A minute or so later the footfalls sounded as if they had left the room and were traversing the short gallery. Then they approached the head of the stairs, paused at the dog-gate (which we had securely fastened with string), and commenced descending the stairs. We distinctly counted the fifteen 'thumps' corresponding to the number of stairs—and I

need hardly mention that our hearts were 'thumping' in unison. 'It' seemed to pause in the hall when the bottom of the stairs was reached and we were wondering what was going to happen next. The fact that only a door intervened between us and the mysterious intruder made us take a lively interest in what his next move would be. We were not kept long in suspense. The entity, having paused in the hall for about three minutes, turned tail and stumped up the stairs again, every step being plainly heard. We again counted the number of 'thumps', and were satisfied that 'it' was at the top of the flight—where again a halt was made at the dog-gate. But no further noise was heard when this gate had been reached. My friend and I waited at the door for a few minutes more, and then we decided to investigate the neighbourhood of the dog-gate and Mary Hulse's room. But we had barely formed this resolution before we heard the 'thumps' descending the stairs again. With quickened pulse I counted the fifteen heavy footsteps, which were getting nearer and nearer and louder and louder. There was another pause in the hall, and once more the footfalls began their upward journey. But by this time the excitement of the adventure was making us bolder; we were acquiring a little of that contempt which is bred by familiarity. We decided to have a look at our quarry, if it were tangible, so with my courage in one hand and the camera in the other, I opened the door. My friend was close behind with the stable lantern. By this time the 'ghost' was on about the fifth stair, but with the opening of the door leading into the hall the noise of its ascent stopped dead.

Realising that the 'ghost' was as frightened of meeting us as we were of seeing it (although that is what we had come for), we thought we would again examine the stairs and the upper part of the house. This we did very thoroughly, but found nothing disturbed. The dog-gate was still latched and tied with string. To this day I am wondering whether 'it' climbed over the gate (easily accomplished by a mortal), or whether it slipped through the bars. I think we were disappointed at not seeing anything we could photograph, so decided to make an attempt at a flash-light picture if the *Poltergeist* would descend the stairs again.

For my stand for the flash-powder I utilised some household steps about six feet high which we found in the kitchen. I opened out the steps and placed them about twelve feet from the bottom of the stairs. On the top of the steps in an old Waterbury watch-case I placed a heaped-up eggcupful of the magnesium-cum-gunpowder mixture—enough to photograph every ghost in the county! But in my simple enthusiasm I was running no risks of under exposure! I placed the Daniell's batteries in the morning-room, and connected them up with the magnesium powder on the steps and the bell-push on the floor of the room, the wire flex entering the room under the door. In the heap of powder I had buried my platinum 'rider' which was interposed in the electrical circuit.

The exact position as to where we should photograph the entity presented some difficulty. We were not quite sure what happened to it when it reached the hall, so we decided to make an attempt at photographing it when it was ascending or descending the stairs. We decided on the former position, arguing (which shows how simple we were!) that the 'ghost' would have become less suspicious of us by the time it was on

its return journey! I stationed my friend on the seventh or eighth stair (I forget which), and he held a lighted match which I accurately focused on the ground-glass of my Lancaster 'Le Méritoire' camera, which I placed on one of the treads of the steps. I inserted the dark-slide, withdrew the flap, uncapped the lens, and then all was ready. The whole thing was rather mad, of course, but the reader must remember that we were very young, with no experience of *Poltergeist* photography!

By the time we had fixed up the camera and examined the connections it was about half-past one. During the time we were moving about the hall not a sound was heard from above-stairs. Having arranged everything to our satisfaction, we

returned to the morning-room, locked the door again and extinguished the lantern. Then we lay upon the carpet near the door, with the pear-push in my hand, and commenced our vigil.

It must have been nearly an hour before we heard anything, and again it was from the Mary Hulse room that the noises emanated. The sounds were identical to those we had previously heard: as if someone in clogs were treading heavily. Shortly after, the 'thumps' could be heard approaching the dog-gate and again 'it' paused at the top of the stairs. The pause was greater than the previous one and for a minute or so we thought the *Poltergeist* had come to the end of its journey; but no, it passed over—or through—the dog-gate and commenced stumping down the stairs again. Having reached the hall the visitant stopped and in my mind's eye I could picture it examining the arrangements we had made for securing its photograph. Then we thought we heard the steps moved. In

order to get the camera square with the stairs I had taken a book—using it as a set-square—and drawn on the tiled floor a chalk line parallel with the stairs. Exactly against this line I had placed the two front feet of the steps.

During the next five or six minutes we heard no movement in the hall. Then suddenly 'it' started its return journey. With our hearts beating wildly and with suppressed excitement we lay on the floor counting the slow, measured 'thumps' as they ascended the stairs. At the seventh 'thump' I pressed the button of my pear-push and—a most extraordinary thing happened, which is rather difficult to describe on paper. At the moment of the explosion the 'ghost' was so startled that it involuntarily stumbled on the stairs, as we could plainly hear, and then there was silence. At the same moment there was a clattering down the stairs as if the spontaneous disintegration of the disturbing entity had taken place. The flash from the ignition of the powder was so vivid that even the morning-room from which we were directing operations was lit up by the rays coming from under the door, which was rather ill-fitting.

It would be difficult to say who was the more startled—the *Poltergeist* or myself, and for some moments we did nothing. After our astonishment had subsided somewhat, we opened the door and found the hall filled with a dense white smoke in which we could hardly breathe. We re-capped the camera, re-lit our lantern, and made a tour of inspection. The first thing we noticed was that the steps were shifted slightly out of the square. Whether 'it' moved the steps (as we thought at the time), or whether the shock of the explosion was responsible



The spirit 'Katie King' photographed by Sir William Crookes at a séance with Miss Florrie Cook. The 'spirit' is just leaving the dark cabinet

University of London Council for Psychical Investigation

(which is doubtful), we could not determine. The Waterbury watch-case had disappeared with my platinum 'rider', and I have never seen the latter from that day to this. The watch-case we found eventually on the second stair from the bottom. What happened to it was apparently this: through the extremely rapid conversion of the gunpowder and magnesium into gases, and the concavity of the interior periphery of the case tending to retain the gases, the case was converted into a projectile, the very active propellant shooting it towards the stairs (the force of the explosion happening to send it in that direction), which it must have hit at about the spot where the entity was ascending—surely the only recorded instance of a 'ghost' having a watch-case fired at it, and it has been suggested that I call this narrative 'How I "shot" my first *Poltergeist*! The sound of the watch-case falling was the rattling noise we heard when we thought we should find our quarry lying in pieces at the foot of the staircase. We immediately developed the plate, but nothing but an over-exposed picture of the staircase was on the negative.

The Manor House continued to be the centre of psychic activity for some months after our curious adventure, but the disturbances became gradually less frequent, and eventually

ceased. Fate decreed that some years later I should spend very many happy weeks in the house. If sometimes during that period my heart beat faster than its accustomed rate, the cause was *not* a supernatural one! Suffice it to say that I did not see or hear anything of the alleged spirit of Mary Hulse, though I will candidly admit that I was not looking for her—my interest in the diaphanous maiden having been transferred by that time to one of a much more objective nature, who also resided in the house!

* * *

I expect the reader will be wondering if there are such things as spirits and, if so, whether they can be photographed. The distinguished scientist, Sir William Crookes, claimed to have taken many photographs of the spirit, 'Katie King', daughter of a pirate named John King, through the mediumship of Miss Florrie Cook. This was during 1873-4. 'Katie' was a charming spirit, as can be seen from one of Crookes' photographs, which I reproduce. It is true that later (January 9, 1880), Sir George Sitwell seized Florrie, dressed only in her underclothes, masquerading as a ghost. But spiritualists do not consider this 'exposure' sufficient to nullify the evidence of Sir William Crookes.

Danubian Clues to European Peace

New Life in the Balkans

By D. MITRANY

THE Danubian region, and especially that part of it which lies south of the Danube, is today seething with a new life—a life of trial, like our own, but also a life of new and great hope. We are talking of a region, remember, which has had a strange fate in history. It was the cradle of the highest civilisation known to us, but after that, during many dark centuries, it was the gateway of continuous and devastating barbarian invasions, and the scene of long oppression by the Turks. How few of us realise, that if the arts and crafts on which we pride ourselves were able to flourish in the West, it was because the peoples of south-eastern Europe never surrendered in those trials! Therefore it is only in our own days that the chance of a more secure and polished life has come to the Balkans; and now the break-up of the old autocratic Empires has at last opened the way for a process of levelling, which is trying to do justice to classes and regions long neglected. We may shed a reminiscent tear for the dimmed glories of Vienna, but that is in a way the price for the reclamation of Macedonia, where regions which had been derelict and restless are being reclaimed for more orderly and fruitful life; or for the wonderful work done by Greece, with the help of the League of Nations, in Thrace, where swamps have been drained and land reclaimed to settle the refugees from Asia Minor, so that what had been for centuries a malaria-infested wilderness, in the space of a few years has become a world of thousands of new and active villages. If it be true, then, as some people say, that Central Europe has been Balkanised, it is certainly much more true that the Balkans are being rapidly Europeanised.

Sweeping Land Reforms

If we would test the reality of any change in the life of those regions we must look at the state of the peasants. The peasants still form eighty to eighty-five per cent. of the population, and they are the social and economic backbone of their countries. Under the influence partly of the collapse of the old powers, and largely as a repercussion of the Russian revolution, the position of the peasants has been revolutionised. All those countries have had to carry through extensive land reforms, which expropriated the large estates and divided them among the peasants; only Hungary and Poland have delayed this inevitable change, with a corresponding risk to their social stability. The gains which the peasants of Eastern Europe secured after the War have been indeed more far-reaching, if less spectacular, than those which the peasants secured in the French Revolution. The social pendulum has swung here from one extreme to the other. In Eastern and

much of Central Europe land was owned and farmed before the War on a scale which could compare only with that of the chief baronial estates in pre-Tudor England. The lands of the Schwarzenberg family in Bohemia, to give an example, were so extensive that they were usually spoken of as the Schwarzenberg kingdom. In Northern Rumania, just before the War, two brothers were farming 400,000 acres—nearly three times the area of the Isle of Man—for which they were paying a yearly rental of some £130,000. With the exceptions mentioned before, reforms and revolution have swept the great landlords away. In the region with which we are dealing (leaving aside therefore the enormous and sweeping change in Russia), some 45 to 50 million acres have thus changed hands, that is about four times the whole arable area of England. And vast in economic scale, the reforms have also been vast in social meaning, because, in the first place, the land has been taken away either without any compensation, as in Russia, or, as in Rumania, with a compensation which amounted to no more than about 3 per cent. of the pre-War value of the land; and secondly, because most of the reform laws have set a narrow limit to the extent of land which any one man may own or farm in the future.

As regards wealth in land, therefore, social conditions have been levelled in south-east Europe to a degree unknown in the older and more developed West; and that by legal and peaceful means. The old landowning class has suffered all the more as there is insufficient outlet and profit for them in other occupations; and in a way it was the best men—those who had put money and labour into their estates—who suffered most. In provinces like Transylvania and the Banat, moreover, social divisions often coincided with national divisions, the big landlords being mainly Magyar and Saxon, and the peasants largely Rumanian and Serb; resentment against the reform was thus sharpened by a suspicion of its motives. More definitely unfortunate is the loss inflicted upon various cultural institutions. Some of these effects might have been avoided in a calmer atmosphere; but the situation was such that the reforms had to be sweeping and immediate. Such sweeping changes cannot come about without causing suffering to some people; and some peaks in the social and cultural life of those countries have toppled over; but their foundations are all the more solid for that. If you agree with Dr. Johnson, that 'The true state of every nation is the state of common life', then you will agree that the reforms have been salutary, for the common life of the people, of the peasants, is undoubtedly much improved. 'I used to take my ducks to market', said one of them to me, 'and eat my potatoes. Now



Science invades the Balkans: (left) 'listening' in old Rumania; (top right) Balkan folksongs, new fashion; (bottom right) transport ancient and modern

I eat the ducks and sell the potatoes'. Another, an old man, was not quite so happy about it, and wondered what things were coming to. 'My son', he grumbled, 'gets up at five when I used to get up at three; and not only has he bought himself a bed, but he needs must have a mattress, too'. That bed and that mattress are in a way symbolical of the proverbial better couch which the Balkan peasants can now lay out for themselves.

Popular Needs and National Policy

I must explain how, in two ways, this new situation is connected with changes in the nature of agriculture, so as not to leave possibly a confusion in your minds. The rich Eastern corn lands were known before the War as the granary of Europe, but now hardly any corn comes from there. Yet in spite of appearances, the drying up of the overflow is an improvement, because the old extensive corn-growing was neither natural nor beneficial to the peasant farmers. The landlords and the State wanted cash, and corn was a crop which they could sell abroad for cash. It was therefore good for them; but it was bad for the peasants, because it undermined their self-sufficiency and independence. That is proved by the fact that in Russia both the area subject to famine and the intensity of famines grew together with the rise in corn exports; and that in Rumania also, consumption per head of population diminished in the measure in which exports increased. Those much admired exports, in other words, were in a sense taken out of the peasant's mouth. Now that the peasant is no longer under the same pressure, he has returned to the mixed farming which is natural to him. Mixed farming both provides for his own subsistence and is an insurance against famine, if one crop or the other fails. As he has reduced corn-growing for natural and sound reasons, and as the peasant eats more himself, there is, of course, less to export.

These circumstances explain a second interesting paradox—namely, the fact that these peoples are better off than before, though apparently their countries are worse off. Yet, once more, both facts are true, and taken together they disclose a

significant contrast between popular needs and national policy. The ambition to be as far as possible economically self-sufficient has in some degree been nursed by every country after the War, partly for economic, partly for military reasons. Not unnaturally, it has been strongest among the new States of Eastern Europe; and it was reinforced there, greatly by the efforts of the dispossessed landed class, to find a new fortune in industry and finance. Therefore all the resources and favours of the State were placed in the service of an artificial policy of industrial expansion. In addition, there was a great increase in the bureaucracy, which the new State activities required or excused, and an equally great increase in the military establishments—for all of which the peasants had to pay, as agriculture was the only paying industry. Within a few years, in spite of their new property, they found themselves heavily in debt again. A Balkan peasant tersely summed it all up when he said: 'They've pushed the bowl nearer, but they've given me a shorter spoon'.

Yet the power of authority is not now what it was. The peasants are more independent, materially and in spirit, and the revolutionary ghost is not yet safely laid. So most of the governments found it prudent to pass laws reducing the peasant debts, and also, as recently in Yugoslavia, postponing payment of what remained for a year or two or more. Taxes, even reduced, are collected with difficulty; the peasants have no cash, as they sell less, and because of low prices prefer to acquire the extra things they need by barter. The mass of the people being better fed and dressed and housed than before, one can hardly speak, in regard to those countries, of a crisis in their national economy. It is rather a crisis in their State economy. Only the excessive overhead, civil and military, together with the burden of the derelict artificial industries, keeps those States in a condition of latent bankruptcy. That very paradox indeed is a proof, as it is a result, of the process of levelling of which I spoke before. The State is starved, so to speak, because it can starve the peasants no longer.

The peasants had been kept in their depressed state by three circumstances: lack of security in their holdings; the imposition of a system of farming which for them was unprofit-

able and unreliable; and general social and cultural neglect. Security of holdings has been given them now by the land reforms; the return to proper peasant farming has followed from that; and both together have mended things greatly. The third factor is interesting, as its improvement depends mainly on the peasants themselves, and they are proving their worth in the effort they are making to mend and raise their social standing; in a way, as I have suggested, even turning the economic depression into an opportunity for broad cultural improvement. I have said something about conditions of living; more significant is the new interest in education and other cultural activities.

Educational Experiments

One immediate result has been thoroughly bad. The neglect from which the countryside has suffered hitherto, and the contempt in which peasant life has been held by the so-called better classes, has led the more ambitious peasants to make every sacrifice to get their children into other occupations. The more spirited and abler youths were thus lost to farming, and pretty well also to everything else. They swamped the free high schools and universities, where with few exceptions the teaching provided and acquired is very thin indeed. Having been rendered unfit for life on the land, and left unprepared for work in the towns, they prey as much as they can on the State, or become the prey of political factions. Nine-tenths of the strength of the ultra-Nationalist bands of that region is supplied by these half-baked and half-starved youths.

This is a problem which those governments have brought upon their own heads, and which will take many an anxious year to clear away. All the more important is the provision of proper rural education, so as to stop at least from now on that misdirection of village youths. A number of agricultural schools existed before, but they were so organised that they produced officials rather than farmers. There is one outstanding exception, namely, the admirable American farm school at Salónica. It was established in 1902 by private American enterprise, on a fifty-acre plot which was a desert, and with an initial capital of £200, half of which was borrowed. Now it is an important and valuable institution, which trains boys from all over Greece and a few from other Balkan countries, how to improve agriculture and life on the land while relying on the same resources and working under the same conditions as those which face the mass of the population. Unfortunately the American school still remains an isolated example in the Balkans. More widespread and more immediately effective are the new peasant schools, inspired by the famous Danish originals, which are beginning to take root in all the countries of south-eastern Europe. Whenever possible the school is attached to a model farm, but they are all held in winter, for periods running from three to six weeks, a few even as long as three months, teachers and pupils living together. The peasant lads are given both practical training and also the advantages of some general cultural education. Their aim is to show the young peasants what can be got out of work and life on the land, and not like the ordinary schools, to make them feel strangers in it.

Most of these peasant schools have been organised by private initiative, and here, we are interested chiefly in these private efforts. But the authorities also are now doing useful work, and I might mention the travelling agricultural shows in Yugoslavia, copied from the Russian model. They consist of a whole railway train, in which each carriage contains exhibits and diagrams, etc., concerning some branch of agriculture. The train is drawn on to a siding, where it remains for a day or two, and is visited sometimes by as many as five to six thousand people a day; while the experts in charge of the train give lectures and practical demonstrations in the village. I saw a first-rate popular agricultural show on a wild little peninsula some fifty miles from Salónica. There is an old chapel there, with a wonder-working painting; you make your petition to the Saint by pressing a coin against the painting—if it sticks, your prayer is granted, if it drops, you stand rebuked; but the coin remains there in any case. Many thousands of peasants come in pilgrimage to that chapel during certain days in September; instead of trying to wean them from their superstition, the Greek authorities have

made use of it, and have organised a most successful yearly agricultural show in that place and on those days of pilgrimage.

I must say something about the part of women in these new educational activities, for the contribution of the women to the well-being of the peasant household is important, and often decisive. It is a problem which from the point of view of economics and of health is acute in this country, and which is now being anxiously considered by the Women's Institutes and by others interested in the welfare of the English village. On the whole the Balkan girls get already in their homes a fair training in cooking and weaving and sewing. But among them, too, there is a keen wish for improvement. The most characteristic achievement are the domestic schools opened in a number of Yugoslav villages, on the initiative of the peasant co-operatives. The teaching is voluntary and the course lasts from four to six weeks. The girl pupils have to bring with them linen and other material, as well as certain prescribed amounts of dry stores—beans, potatoes, etc. They receive training in housekeeping, needlework, and hygiene and first aid—apart from such refinements as table-laying, etc.—and they work in three shifts; one shift cooks, another does the housework, while the third washes and mends. There are no wordy lectures—all the teaching is done through practical work, under supervision. Some time after the girls have returned home, the teachers pay visits of inspection, so that they may see how their teaching works in practice. It seems that at first the older generation did not take kindly to the idea, as they disliked to see the girls go off on their own. But they are being won over, not only by better cooking and housework, but especially by the decisive argument that, so far, all the girl graduates, with one exception, have apparently found husbands within a month of leaving school—the one exception broke the rule because she was too young to marry.

Co-operating for Health

There are many other activities of which I should like to tell you—of the choral societies and village orchestras, of the dramatic societies which in Slovenia are found in almost every village, and so on, but I must be satisfied with mentioning only one other experiment, which as far as I know is the only one of its kind—I mean the health co-operatives in Yugoslavia. At the end of the war there were in Serbia two voluntary American hospital units, which had to be disbanded and their equipment and supplies sold. The need for medical care was great but the means sorely inadequate, and so the well-organised Serbian peasant co-operatives had the idea of securing those supplies and with them of trying an experiment to create health co-operatives in the villages. When a sufficient number of members have banded together, the Central office in Belgrade supplies them with the requisite stores and instruments, which are repaid gradually. Each co-operative is in charge of a trained nurse, and a group of neighbouring co-operatives maintain a doctor among them. Except for the initial loan from the Centre they have to be self-supporting. Within the means of the peasants, they have done, and are doing, splendid work, and that because the work is preventive as much as remedial, and their number and area is steadily increasing. Partly through their influence many villages have now crèches, where the women take their turn to look after the children of those who have gone to work in the fields.

Let me remind you again that this spirit and these activities are now at work among peasants who for centuries had been crushed by wars and oppression and neglect; you will appreciate then all the better why I regard their efforts in self-development as the chief constructive force in the Balkans. If, as I have said, the test of improved conditions must be sought in the life of the peasants, the test of future hope must be found in the attitude of the peasants. The attitude which every visitor and traveller had noted in the past as characteristic of the Balkan peasant was his fatalism—he was helpless and he knew it. What everyone notices now, is not only these many individual and communal activities, but a new and keen outlook and a growing political interest among the peasants, in which the women often take an active part, sometimes forming clubs of their own. Those facts and examples I gave you of a new life among them are not picked and sporadic incidents, due

to the momentary influence of some livelier spirit among the villages. They are rather illustrations of a widespread and comprehensive movement, with a goal and an outlook and an organisation of its own.

The aims of the Peasant Movement are inevitably opposed to the interests and habits of the social and political elements who have ruled in South-Eastern Europe hitherto, and the struggle between the two sections is intense and widespread. It forms the real substance of various conflicts which appear in the papers under different labels. The struggle of the Croats, for instance, in Yugoslavia is essentially a struggle between the powerfully organised Croat peasant movement and the economic outlook and interests in Belgrade. The same is true elsewhere. The powers that be are apt to denounce any rebellious movement as Communism. In fact, all the force of the old governments and of the new dictatorships has been directed against the peasant parties and movement, though there could be no stronger bulwark against communism than a class of peasant proprietors. Both in Bulgaria and in Yugoslavia the leaders of the Peasant Movement have been murdered by reactionary partisans, to the loss of the whole country, for the Bulgarian Stambliki, and the Croat Radich, were both men of high vision, of great integrity, and devotion to the common weal, and of considerable ability.

The Peasant Needs Peace

But I implied at the beginning, perhaps somewhat rashly, that I would keep this talk out of politics; so I must refer those of you who want to know more about the political side to the article on the Peasant Movement in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Here I want to say only something about its social outlook and implications. This interesting and influential movement, this peasantism, cannot be fitted into any of the political divisions to which we are accustomed in the West. Its general ideal is to maintain, both in economic and in social structure, the peasant character of their countries. They are Conservative, in that they believe in private property; but they believe in a property of work, with no room for large accumulation of wealth in the hands of one man or class, and in that they are rather Socialistic. As regards industry, they want only so much of it as can live naturally on the resources and markets of the country, and in that they are nearer to our Liberals. For the rest, they dislike excessive interference by the State, but hope to get all the technical and marketing advantages of large production by means of a comprehensive system of co-operation. If you should wish to know what can be achieved on that basis,

you will find it profitable to look into the plan now successfully at work in Czechoslovakia. There the peasant co-operatives of production are working together with the Socialist co-operatives of distribution in the towns, whereby the farmers are assured a fair return and a steady market, while the town workers are assured good quality at a reasonable price.

A few years ago we might have been inclined to despise such an outlook because we were in the habit of looking at everything in relation to production—and, indeed, well-known English and other economists criticised the land reforms because they would reduce the growing and export of wheat. Now that the bottom has fallen out of the wheat market, we realise that that reduction has saved the stability of those

peasant countries. At the same time we see and hear strange things even in the West. In England a return to the land, on what would be a peasant basis, is advocated by influential people as part of a solution of the unemployment problem; and in America, the land of the large scale, that is actually being done. With Government help farmers are being transferred from large specialised farms, now impoverished and derelict, to self-supporting small peasant homesteads.

To understand and appreciate the outlook which inspires the peasant movement, the spring of the many fine efforts of which I have told you—to understand all that it means and promises, you must realise that to them a system based on peasant farming is not merely a *means* of living but a *way* of living. In that sense it is highly interesting in itself and also of great, if indirect, interest to us all. First, of great local interest, because if it spreads and succeeds it would enhance the stability, social and political, of those parts. Secondly, of no mean interest to the industrial West: as the movement wants to stop artificial industrialisation, and to raise the peasant standard of living, it would create for both reasons a new demand for the manufactures of the West. Thirdly, and finally, it is of interest and importance for the world at large—especially if you keep in mind that the great bulk of the teeming populations of India and China and of those further parts are peasants still. The peasant's ties with his own piece of land, the need of its continuous undisturbed cultivation, the fact that everything that the peasant has, his house and his private belongings, are more often than not the product of his own labours—for this and other reasons the peasant needs peace and tranquillity. As the distinguished French historian, Professor Seignobos, said in 1919, when writing on the *Downfall of Aristocracy in Eastern Europe*: 'We seek guarantees against a return of the war spirit! What regime is more pacific than a



'Mongolitsa' pigs (Mongolian pigs bred in Yugoslavia) at a Yugoslavian Agricultural Show
Royal Yugoslav Legation

democracy of peasant proprietors? Since the world began no such community has ever desired or prepared or commenced a war'.

The new edition of Mr. Charles Fox's *Educational Psychology* (Kegan Paul, 1935) will be welcomed by readers of his original work no less than by new students of the subject. His survey of the relation of experimental psychology to the study of educational problems has been extended in view of the developments of the past decade, and the doctrine of psycho-analysis, in particular, is now submitted to a searching examination. Another important part of the new edition is the enlargement of the chapter on aesthetic appreciation, the importance of which is being increasingly recognised in modern educational methods.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W. I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

Broadcasting Between Peoples

BROADCASTING began to appear in the everyday life of civilised man at a time, following the War, when a great deal of attention was being devoted to the organised promotion of internationalism. To estimate what contribution the new invention has made, and is capable of making, in the international field was an obviously appropriate task for the International Committee on Intellectual Co-operation to undertake. Inspired by that Committee, which is part of the machinery of the League of Nations, the Institute, which is its executive organ, studied school broadcasting two years ago and has now issued a volume, *The Educational Role of Broadcasting*, in which a number of qualified persons discuss how the general public can be educated in accordance with the ideas which the International Committee exists to foster. Several of the writers repeat the great and necessary truth that, just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so there must be two parties in willing co-operation before any effective education by wireless can take place. The wireless listener is free to grant or withhold his attention, which has to be wooed and won and kept. It is accordingly useless not to combine careful study of what he will in fact be willing to listen to with the planning of series and lectures designed for his improvement. So many authorities come to broadcasting on its educational side after many years spent in organising or conducting the entirely different education of the young, that they tend to envisage the use of the new invention in terms of the classroom, and sometimes of the cane. The teacher physically present, bigger, older and wiser, can compel the attention of the child and can rub its nose in subjects that are good for it. A strong and weighty educational tradition holds that an element of compulsion and distaste is essentially valuable for the pupil. Entirely

different must be the line of approach of those whose aim is, for example, to make the inhabitants of the different countries take more of a kindly interest in each other. There is a general recognition by the writers in *The Educational Role of Broadcasting* that the function of wireless lectures is primarily to arouse curiosity, to suggest to people that a particular field of knowledge or activity is worth their further and fuller attention. From Norway and Denmark come accounts of the superior usefulness of the single lecture or talk given at the right moment over the series, because people disliked making regular appointments with their sets. It is in such an atmosphere of free and easy recreation that the vast bulk of listening is done. To attend by the ears is for many people a strain which they cannot keep up for more than half an hour at the outside. Yet half an hour does not let a speaker go very deeply into anything. These limitations are not necessarily very serious for the wider aspects of educational broadcasting, because they do not interfere with the stimulation of a desire to know more. It is generally recognised that people have in the long run to educate themselves and cannot be spoon-fed; that it is the effort which the individual makes to master something which brings the reward of mastery; and that to sit passively in an armchair, night after night, giving a vague and shifting attention to everything indiscriminately may be agreeable and sensible but is not, strictly speaking, educational.

The difficulty that confronts the international educator is that the gulf is so wide between curiosity and regard. Acquaintance with social habits or even with political aspirations in other countries is no guarantee of affection. The cruder forms of ignorance can be dispelled by broadcasting features which are worth broadcasting simply as entertainment and need no pill in their rich jam. Travel stories and descriptions have always attracted listeners and there is a large body of literary and artistic achievement in each country which provides first rate material for broadcasting. While the teaching of foreign languages may be given a place among the agencies which help to make foreigners like each other better, in the present sensitive state of the chief nationalities the tendency to self-gloryification which is part of the tradition of propaganda has a bad rather than a good effect abroad. While it is important to foster, as the International Committee does, the common cultural heritage of Europe, there is little warrant in history for thinking that a common stock of ideas and habits has any essential connection with peaceableness. For most of recorded European history, whether under the Roman Empire or in the centuries of Christendom, the degree of cultural unity throughout the Continent, including Britain, was very high. The first enthusiasts of the French Revolution had much history behind them when they made their declarations universal and ignored State boundaries in diffusing ideas which, if true, were plainly not to be confined to Frenchmen. The ideal of a common language, to which many people now look forward, would only be the recovery of something which the educated section of the upper classes in Europe knew right down till the eighteenth century in Latin. Broadcasting has come at a time of unprecedented, but still very partial, national self-sufficiency, and even in those countries which began by leaving its use in private hands a steady tendency towards placing it more or less closely under government has become increasingly marked. If the cause of peace cannot be guaranteed by the exchange of true and vivid information across national frontiers, inside those frontiers national unity and the response of public opinion to leads from above are intensified by the new power of speaking directly into every home, and the responsibilities of national statesmen are the heavier in consequence.

Week by Week

MR. RAMSBOTHAM'S reference in last week's debate on the Education Estimates to the educational uses of wireless and films is but one sign of a widespread feeling that the time is ripe for a considerable forward movement in the equipment of our schools with these new inventions. 'Wireless and the film', said Mr. Ramsbotham, 'are both potent instruments of education, but that influence at present is mostly outside the schools. A great deal remains to be done to explore the educational uses of the film and wireless, and it would be most unwise to neglect the use of these mechanical aids in our schools'. The position today, as reported last week to the Central Council for School Broadcasting, is that 3,145 schools in England and Wales have registered themselves as listening to the school broadcasts during the present academic year. Of these, 2,146 are elementary schools, divided in a proportion of 812 rural and 1,334 urban. In Scotland at the end of May it was known that listening schools numbered 401. But all this represents no more than about 10 per cent. of the total number of schools in the country. The Central Council observes that, because of technical and financial difficulties, broadcasting is making little or no headway in schools in rural areas, which on general grounds would stand to gain most from the introduction of the new medium. 'Such difficulties should no longer', the Council suggests, 'be allowed to prejudice the development of the service, and as we are now convinced that sufficient preparatory work has been done on the school programme for school broadcasting to be introduced on a wide-scale basis, we would at this stage welcome any public action which might be taken with a view to accelerating the equipment of schools with suitable wireless receiving apparatus'. It is estimated that under a system of wholesale purchase all the elementary schools in the country could have wireless installed for a cost of £400,000 spread over four years. There are some favourable signs, such as the decision of the Ayrshire Education Committee to mark the celebration of the King's Jubilee by offering to equip every school in its area with wireless receiving apparatus. At its meeting last week the Central Council for School Broadcasting, of which Dr. Vaughan now becomes chairman in succession to Lord Eustace Percy, agreed to the appointment of a whole-time secretary to carry out its policy, this appointment being justified by the rapid extension of the Council's work.

At the Conference of the British Association for Commercial and Industrial Education evidence was brought forward showing a tendency for the age limit, both for girls and boys entering industry, to rise. Very often the advantage of a longer time for preparation is lost through too much eagerness on the part of teachers and parents to equip their children for specialised duties, and the Association made a very useful and authoritative protest against the teaching of what is called 'commercial English' in schools. Behind the phrase 'commercial English' lies the idea that, if people are familiarised at an early age with the actual terms that will recur continually in business correspondence, they will enjoy an advantage and get on better. Unfortunately the depressing jargon which colours so much business correspondence is only too easily learnt, and when it is learnt as a school subject it enjoys an authority in the minds of the young which practice and tradition alone would not win for it. As business houses more and more learn the value of writing in a straightforward, natural and easy style they find a needless obstacle in their path. Whenever their younger employees are entrusted with the actual drafting of a reply, the old bad phrases, in particular the repetitive use of the word 'same' or the 'Yours to hand' conventions recur, and prove exceedingly difficult to dislodge. When the American boom was at its height and everybody wanted to get through as much business as possible, various American firms endeavoured to save time and labour by abolishing what they termed the 'frills' of correspondence, in particular the adjective 'Dear' and the polite humbug about being 'obedient servants'. But the innovation was not a success. There is a point, and it is very quickly reached, at which it becomes bad business to be too businesslike. The tendency today is all the other way, and the G.P.O. has taken the lead in

studying the methods of conveying information and advice. Human vanity is a far-reaching thing and quite small turns of phrase are sufficient to irritate and estrange. If commercial English is to be recognised at all it must not be the vocabulary of invoicing and ledger keeping so much as the art of conveying technicalities in an easy and agreeable manner. The business letter which is written with the note of superiority obtruding itself does little to promote the goodwill on which business depends.

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Of all kinds of theft and petty larceny book-stealing is the only one which is frequently carried out by involuntary wrongdoers. Sometimes, however, it can be charged with professional significance, as the researches of Mr. W. G. Hiscock, Assistant Librarian at Christ Church, Oxford, have recently shown. Mr. Hiscock's detective work began with the discovery that a copy of Robert Greene's pamphlet, *Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, had once been owned by the Christ Church Library, though a pencil entry in the catalogue added 'Missing 1857'. Sometime afterwards he observed in a famous book list that a copy of the same pamphlet was sold by auction in 1849, when the library of Henry Francis Lyte, author of 'Abide with Me', came up for sale; and nine other valuable works by Robert Greene appeared in the same auction. Interested by this discovery, Mr. Hiscock then turned to an old pamphlet catalogue of the Christ Church Library, which was in use until 1830, and in this he found, to his astonishment, entries for the same ten Greenes, date for date, which were listed at Lyte's auction. Further research in a Christ Church catalogue completed in 1833 showed that a page, which presumably bore the Greene entries, had been cut out, and the theft could thus be dated between 1833 and 1849. Of forty books and pamphlets missing from the library at that time, thirty-four were sold at the Lyte auction; and all were rare and valuable, thus showing that the thief had great powers of discrimination. But although much of the stolen property has been traced through these assiduous researches, the identity of the thief remains a mystery. The library staff of the time are exonerated, for the paper slips, from which the catalogue was copied, were not removed, and anyone who was fully acquainted with the working of the library would presumably have destroyed the slips at the time of removing the books; there is no evidence that Mr. Lyte himself was ever in Christ Church Library; although his two sons were at Oxford, and one was a fastidious book-collector, there was a rule that undergraduates were never allowed to take down a book from the shelves; and there is no trace of an intermediary who stole the books and sold them to Mr. Lyte. Whoever the thief may have been, his work has had unfortunate results for British bibliophiles, for many of the Greenes, instead of being easily accessible at Oxford, are now half across the world in the Huntington Library, California.

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Our Scottish correspondent writes: Once again a deputation representing the Burns Federation, Saint Andrew Societies, and such has sought to urge upon the Secretary of the Scottish Education Department that the Scots vernacular be included in the curriculum as an optional subject. It is true enough that most Scottish teachers have almost a prejudice against native models in teaching, ringing the jolly old changes on Lamb and de Quincey in their English tuition; and some attention to the Doric would assuredly enrich the Scots child's sense of unique inheritance. One wonders, however, if the memorialists quite appreciate the fact that they are virtually admitting the vernacular to be a dead language. Or do they realise that the causes of their complaint are largely economic? If the rural counties are declining, if the four cities swell in spite of trade depression, and if some two millions out of our four millions already use the debased patois of the Forth and Clyde valley, with a good deal of Irish thrown in, then the decline of vernacular purity is inevitable. It might be said that the bulk of Scotland's population has a prettier taste in American than in either English or the Doric, and how the radio affects the national standards of speech it would be difficult to say. Meanwhile, enthusiasts for the vernacular do not appear to associate the question with rural depopulation: and if the Education Department changed its national adjective from 'Scotch' to 'Scottish' some years ago, that is probably about the limit of its concessions in the meantime.

The Anglo-German Naval Agreement

By the Rt. Hon. SIR BOLTON EYRES MONSELL, M.P.

The First Lord of the Admiralty explains the significance of the Anglo-German naval agreement. Broadcast on June 19

I THINK that most people in this country are aware that the International treaties on which naval construction has been based for the last few years come to a conclusion at the end of 1936. These treaties prevented races in naval armaments and the ruinous expenditure that they would have involved, and, because they gave equality of security, made a great contribution to the maintenance of peace.

For these reasons His Majesty's Government are most anxious to bring about a new treaty of general naval limitation, and for months we have been working to this end. The difficulties of making such a treaty are enormous, and are rather like that of putting together a jigsaw puzzle, in which it has so far proved impossible to fit the various pieces together. Now, for the first time, we have been able to fit two important pieces together, and we believe that this good beginning may now make it easier to fit together the remaining pieces of this complex problem.

The German Chancellor's speech of May 21, stating Germany's intention to limit herself voluntarily to a naval strength of 35 per cent. of that of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, offered a definite and concrete starting point for future naval limitation. We therefore considered it imperative to discuss the proposal as soon as possible with the representatives of Germany in order to ascertain its full implication and exact meaning. Early in the discussion—which is still proceeding on matters of detail—we reached the conclusion that the proposal was a contribution of the greatest importance to the cause of future naval limitation, and that it would facilitate the conclusion of a general agreement on the subject of naval limitation between all the naval Powers of the world. We therefore accepted it.

The ratio of 35 to 100 is to be a permanent relationship—that is to say, the German Fleet will never exceed 35 per cent. of our naval forces, whether those forces are limited by treaty or not. The world is thus rid, so far as Germany is concerned, of the fear of a new race in naval armaments.

Germany will adhere to this ratio notwithstanding any naval construction that may be undertaken by other Powers. It is this declaration of the German Government which makes the arrangement so valuable a contribution to the general problem of naval limitation, for it means that Germany will refrain from naval competition not only with this country but with any other, and we have great hopes that this declaration may remove from the minds of nations any idea of competitive naval building.

Germany has further agreed that the calculation of naval strength should be made by categories of ships. This at once gives clarity and definition to the undertaking, and removes the uncertainty inseparable from a system of limitation solely by total tonnage. Provision is naturally made for variation from the strict calculation of tonnages by categories as may be necessary to make any such agreement workable.

As was stated in the German Chancellor's speech on May 21, Germany is in agreement with this country that the submarine should be abolished. It is well known, however, that some foreign countries are not in agreement with this proposal, and it is unlikely that it can be realised at present. In these circumstances, if Germany is to have equality of status with all other Powers, she must clearly have the right to build submarines, and since, in the existing naval treaties, other countries have the right to parity with us in this category, Germany must have a similar right. Nevertheless, Germany has voluntarily limited the exercise of this right at present by undertaking not to exceed 45 per cent. of our submarine tonnage. If, in the future,

in view of some change in the world situation to Germany's disadvantage, the German Government wish to exceed this percentage, they will only do so after friendly discussion with us. Moreover, the whole German submarine tonnage at all times will be within the total tonnage calculated from the ratio 35 to 100; that is to say, the German Government will only exercise the right to build more than 35 per cent. of our submarine tonnage at the expense of tonnage in some other category.

In the conversations that are continuing this week, the naval experts are working out the practical application of the agreement in the form of building programmes, and it is our confident hope that, as a result of this agreement, we shall be able to go forward to further conversations with other Powers with a view to reaching general agreements upon the form and details of naval limitation for the future.

The German Chancellor, recognising the supreme naval responsibilities of this country, has of his own will limited the German Navy for all time to 65 per cent. below our own. The Admiralty consider that had this offer been refused, this country would have incurred a very grave responsibility. They are convinced that in making this agreement we have done something which will be a benefit not only to our own country, but to all other countries, and may go far to promote peaceful relations throughout the world.

Photographic Competition 'How the Listener Looks'

HOW DOES THE LISTENER look while a talk, a running commentary, a concert, a play or any other type of programme is being broadcast? That is the subject of our first Photographic Competition for 1935, of which full details were given in the issue of THE LISTENER dated June 12, 1935. The competition is in two parts, so that readers may submit either series of photographs, showing the changing expressions of listeners (or of a group of listeners), or isolated photographs, showing one expression only.

I. We offer a prize of fifteen guineas for the best series of not less than six photographs showing the successive attitudes of a listener, or a group of listeners, while hearing a broadcast programme of any kind—humour, culture, religion, news, music, Children's Hour, running commentary, outside broadcast or any other programme. The photographs, which may be of children or adults, must be a related series, showing reactions to one particular programme.

II. We also offer a prize of five guineas for the best single picture showing the reactions of a listener or group of listeners to a broadcast programme. Here, again, both the programme and the listeners may be of any kind.

The award of these prizes will purchase the first British rights of reproduction of the photographs concerned.

Competitors must observe the following rules:

1. The competition will close on July 8.
2. Prints submitted must be not less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and not more than $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Competitors are asked to send prints unmounted, and to state the programme which was being heard.
3. The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the non-prize-winning photographs, which, if published, will be paid for at the following rates: Two guineas for a series of not less than six photographs; or one guinea for a single photograph.
4. Each photograph must be marked clearly on the back with the name and address of the sender.
5. No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.
6. Photographic prints sent in will not be returned to the sender unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for photographs lost in transit.
7. The Editor's decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.
8. Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'LISTENER Photographic Competition', and must reach THE LISTENER office not later than July 8.

Current Economic Affairs

Non-Economic Nationalism

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

I HAVE just been reading a remarkable Report* on Agricultural Protectionism published by the Economic Committee of the League of Nations. There is attached to it an even more remarkable Memorandum by Sir Frederick Leith Ross, the Chief Economic Adviser to the British Government. It is described as giving his personal opinion on the question.

But the Memorandum, as one might expect from Sir Frederick Leith Ross, does not merely give opinions. It gives an array of facts and statistics throwing into clear relief one of the causes of the present troubles of the world.

The Drive to Self-Sufficiency in Food

By now we are all well used to lamenting the growth of economic nationalism, and somehow or other through our various governments failing to do anything to arrest this growth. What the satirist Juvenal said of common honesty eighteen hundred and fifty years ago is painfully true of international trade today; it is praised and left to freeze on the doorstep. Sir Frederick Leith Ross' Memorandum, however, will put for most people a new light into the picture by showing the change in the character of economic nationalism which occurred about 1925. For some five or six years after the end of the War, increases of tariffs and other restrictions of trade were generally directed, in Europe at least, against industrial products. The devastations caused by the War and the dropping out of Russia left Europe short of food supplies and there was no tendency to keep out food from overseas. But in 1925 Germany recovered her freedom under the terms of the Peace Treaty to impose Customs duties and at once proceeded to re-enact high tariffs on food imports. Austria and Czechoslovakia did the same. Italy inaugurated the 'battle of the grain'—a campaign having the declared intention of minimising Italy's dependence on foreign food supplies. Other countries followed, and the movement to agricultural protection, begun in 1925, received four years later an enormous impulse through the crash of prices of all kinds of commodities in the world depression.

By now import duties on foodstuffs amounting to one-and-a-half times or twice the price at which they could be imported are common in Europe. But the mere height of the duties is the least part of the trouble. In time trade can adjust itself to almost any system of tariffs, so long as they remain fairly stable. What makes trade impossible is, on the one hand, the suddenness and frequency with which changes are made, duties being multiplied three, four or five times overnight, and, on the other hand, the backing up of tariffs by quotas, exchange restrictions and the like. Trade gets stopped because the governments mean to stop it.

The result of all this on prices and consumption in the protected countries is obvious. Sir Frederick Leith Ross gives tables showing how, for wheat, the price in Germany, France, and Italy is from two-and-three-quarters to three times the price in this country; nearly the same is true of butter; for beef the difference is a little less, but even there, prices in some European countries are nearly half as much again as ours.

The other side of these high food prices in Europe is the ruining of the trade of the countries which formerly sent food to Europe. Today all the European importing countries, other than the United Kingdom, are buying from abroad well under half of the wheat they took ten years ago, less than a quarter of the beef, and much less butter and cheese.

There is a determined drive towards self-sufficiency in food supplies on the part of industrial countries which formerly were willing to be importers. Let us see how that works out in practice. When Germany or Italy, for instance, decides to be self-sufficient in wheat or beef, the first consequence is that those who formerly sent food to them, being excluded from that market, send their supplies to any market that remains open. That lowers prices in that other market and sets up on the part of the producers in the countries which have not yet

gone in for protection a demand for protection. To a substantial extent, if not wholly, the moderate agricultural protection of Britain is a reaction to the flooding of the British market by supplies diverted from Continental markets.

The next consequence is that the countries which have hitherto exported food, finding their trade cut off, get into difficulties about paying for their imports of industrial products; they set up tariffs to keep out manufactures or they default on their debts, or both. As it is put by Sir Frederick Leith Ross:

The distress created for the efficient agricultural producers by the loss of their markets for agricultural products in the main industrial countries of Europe accordingly ends in distress for the efficient *industrial* producers of Europe owing to the loss of their markets in the agricultural countries, to the general impoverishment of the whole world.

Those are the facts. It is no use denying them or trying not to see them. To quote Sir Frederick again:

The present world crisis is the composite result of many different causes, but one of the measures which would indubitably promote world recovery would be a gradual relaxation of the present intensive agrarian protectionism of the industrial countries of Europe, and its replacement by a system comparable with that which prevailed before the War.

Political Motives for Agrarian Protection

What, however, is the chance of such a relaxation? Perhaps the best way of answering the question is to consider the causes of the trouble. Why have the European industrial countries gone in so strongly for self-sufficiency? I believe that at bottom the motives are political, in two senses.

First there is the obvious motive of wishing to be safe in wartime. For some years after the last war, those who remembered it felt fairly confident that such an insanity could not occur again upon this planet. Now we are beginning to think that we may have overestimated the intelligence of the human race, and we are all feeling it necessary to prepare for insanity again. I am not sure that in thinking that safety in the next war is going to depend mainly upon food supplies—or thinking indeed that it is going to be possible in any circumstances—the governments of the world are well advised. But that is too large a question to discuss.

I suspect that, in some countries at least, there is a second political purpose underlying this extreme favouring of agriculture. There is a traditional idea that the agriculturist is conservative—I do not mean in the sense of belonging to a particular British party, but in the sense of not being likely to lend himself to violent change—in particular, to Communism. He is not, perhaps, so excitable as the townsman: if he can be made into a small proprietor he will oppose nationalising the means of production. I am not going to say whether those who think this are right or wrong—but it seems fairly clear that the political motive of building up in rural life a bulwark against change, is at the back of this agricultural protection—at the back of the latest form of economic nationalism.

I have used, as we all do, the phrase 'economic nationalism', but I am not sure that it is a good phrase. It has one disadvantage for those of my profession—many people feel that 'economic nationalism' must somehow be something caused by economists, whereas it is really a thing that most economists spend most of their time in deplored. As a friend said to me recently: 'It's non-economic nationalism'. Put a little more fully, it is post-War politics making hay of the economic system by which the world prospered before the War.

Besides two Welsh counties, Glamorgan and Pembrokeshire, the British Museum has added to its series of collotype reproductions of Saxton's famous Elizabethan maps a general map of England by Saxton, which is particularly attractive and provides a 'key' to the rest of the series.

**Considerations on the Present Evolution of Agricultural Protectionism*. Alien and Unwin. 1s. 6d.

Art

Leonardo's Drawings

By ADRIAN STOKES

THE complete catalogue of six hundred or so Leonardo drawings at Windsor is a most important publication.* The Windsor collection comprises nearly threequarters of extant Leonardo drawings. Mr. Kenneth Clark's catalogue consists of an exquisitely printed volume of text and a volume of plates. He has reproduced in his text all Leonardo's script surrounding these

drawings, so far as it is script as yet unpublished. Each drawing is described by Mr. Clark with meticulous detail, and for each he deduces a context and a date.

In his introduction Mr. Clark has traced the odyssey of the Windsor book of Leonardo drawings, from Italy to Spain and from Spain to England, from the Arundel collection to Ken-



Leg and foot of a monster with talons instead of toes. One of the curious instances in which Leonardo united science and fantasy

Illustrations from Vol. II of the 'Catalogue of Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci'

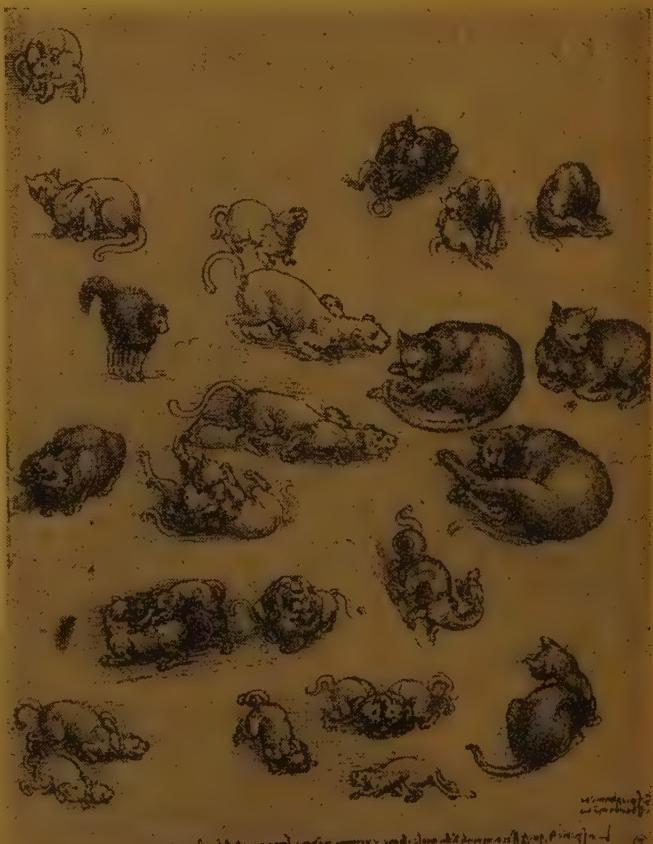
sington Palace where it was re-discovered at the bottom of a chest by a Mr. Dalton in the reign of George III. As well as an introduction, Mr. Clark has written three appendices for his catalogue, the first dealing with Leonardo's studies of horses, the second with the caricatures and profiles, the third with the anatomical studies.

Such details may suggest that this catalogue is a work of the strictest scholarship, but not necessarily that it is also a work of absorbing and even general interest. Yet a moment's thought about the subject-matter and a glance at the plates may well suggest to one that this catalogue is likely to be exciting. Indeed, it is possible that no other cataloguer has ever had such a chance. Mr. Clark has made full use of his opportunity, and to be in touch with Leonardo's mind through his provides a rare and heightened experience. Mr. Clark is severely practical, severely imaginative, severely comprehending in the finest modern manner. By way of the practicality and discretion of Mr. Clark, we come to touch those qualities in Leonardo, a practicality that expressed itself perfectly and intimately in his case by means of these drawings, observations, sketches, intermingled on the sheets.

As is often said, during the Renaissance science and art were almost one. At that time to record impressions in terms of a classic draughtsmanship, even impressions the most vague or the most 'spiritual', was to attain for them the greatest possible objectivity. The more beautiful an anatomical drawing, for instance, the greater its power as a statement of fact. We might here discern a partial explanation of all art. Be that as it may, it is certain that during the Renaissance, art absorbed much of the endeavour that at other periods of European history has found expression in religious or magical or more truly scientific

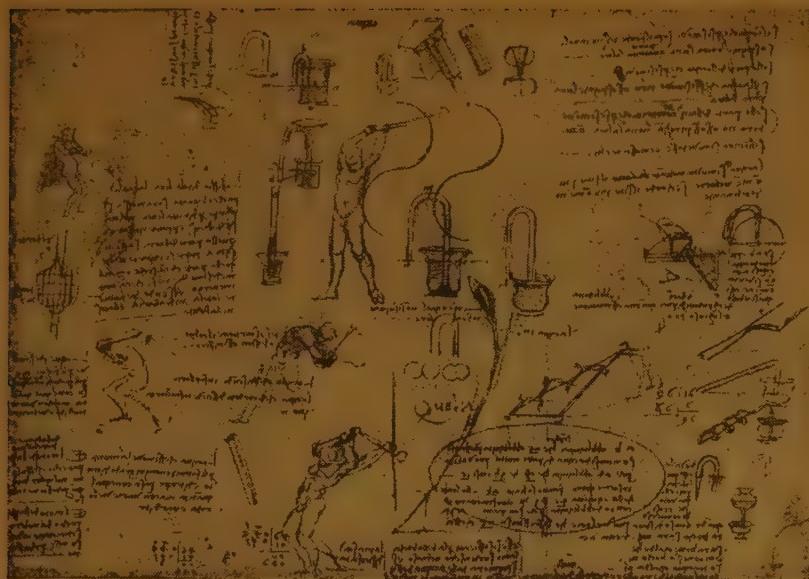
exercise. Man saw himself in terms of the external world; not, indeed, as is more usual, in terms of a highly fantastic external world, but in terms of one that was no less harmonious, no less 'physical' and vivid than the flesh and muscular structure of the human frame. Thus, it was the painters of the period, rather than the doctors, who advanced the study of anatomy. Nevertheless, one of the charms of the Renaissance lies in the fact that the same external world which was, so to say, made physical in Renaissance art, had long been embroidered by mediæval fantasy: and that these fantasies, as well as the nascent Greek or Roman ideal as then conceived, were the material for the creation in art of an increasingly 'physical' analogy. The inherited wealth of mediæval fantasy gave gusto and exuberance to even the most practical enquiry. No better symbol, perhaps, could be found for the Renaissance than the Leonardo 'sketch of the lower part of the leg and foot of a monster, showing muscles and bones, with talons instead of toes, in profile left. Also slight sketch of the leg'. This is an entirely anatomical drawing, the anatomy of a mythical monster. Leonardo seems to have thought: 'If a human foot be attributed talons instead of toes, the anatomy would be thus and thus'.

It would be a mistake to think that such a conception is



Twenty sketches of cats in various positions

typical of Renaissance art, but it is typical of Leonardo's mind, Leonardo the archetype, as is so often said, of Renaissance man. Greatly gifted, Leonardo pursued the Renaissance trend more consciously than any other artist. And if the universality of his interests serves perhaps in some ways as a cover for his defects as a painter, more than any other Renaissance artist Leonardo appears to us to have pursued a conscious æsthetic, an æsthetic that we also can conceive. He, and he alone, was



Various jottings, including drawings of syphons and of men delivering blows

capable of extending the paramount Florentine interest in the nude so as to embrace the whole natural world. Stress and strain, knitted muscular structure and tension, were attributed by him, not only to the whole range, but to the minutest detail, of Nature. His conception of anatomy, in turn, was modified by the diverse material to which he applied it. We could argue, for instance, that Leonardo's constant prepossession with the movement and interpenetration of water influenced his ideal of feminine beauty. With the evidence of his intimate thoughts drawn and sketched upon the page, we may divine a close connection between, say, a study of the coiled waters beneath a sluice and one of hair plaited and knotted around a female head above a countenance suffused with emotion, with emotions run together yet single in result, as if they were diverse currents the sum of whose forces must suffer indication by a straw that floats thus ominously upon their surface. These faces, the so-called Leonardesque type which, as Mr. Clark has pointed out, is so much more palpable in the work of Leonardo's followers than in his own, called forth the anxious yet careful eloquence of Pater. It was natural (and it was right)—so Mr. Clark infers with infinite understanding—that Pater should put a pupil's drawing on to the title page of his *Renaissance*. 'Such drawings', adds Mr. Clark, 'were always chosen to illustrate the older books on Leonardo.... I have seen a French work

on Leonardo which was entirely illustrated by pupils' imitations'.

We today will probably be more interested in the opposite yet complementary synthesis performed by Leonardo, in the drawings which show, as it were, the anatomy of water, those in which he has best humanised the liquid element, attributing to it the physique of the hair and the turmoil of the mind. Without a doubt the most remarkable of the Windsor drawings are the so-called Deluge series: they belong to Leonardo's later work. Here are represented such scenes as 'a mountain falling on a town or a hill covered with swirling water which bends some of the trees to the ground and uproots them'. One of the finest shows 'either the last stage of the deluge or the deluge at sea. The curling jets of rain descending from the clouds strike into the water which curls up to meet them and foams and bubbles all round in a whirlpool' (No. 1154). The series possess the same infinite self-reliance, self-absorption, as if the world were really definable in terms of

Florentine draughtsmanship or in terms of instrumental music, which we associate with the late Beethoven quartets. These drawings are profound, yet they are themselves immersed, huge efforts that envelop a lifetime of work. Their intensity is Michelangelesque. Such expression of an

omnipotence purely aesthetic is peculiar to the most mature works of the greatest European artists.

Animals—and in particular, horses—nudes, profiles, caricatures, machinery, mathematical calculations, notes of every description, drawings that serve as notes, studies for pictures, of birds in flight, maps, inventions of

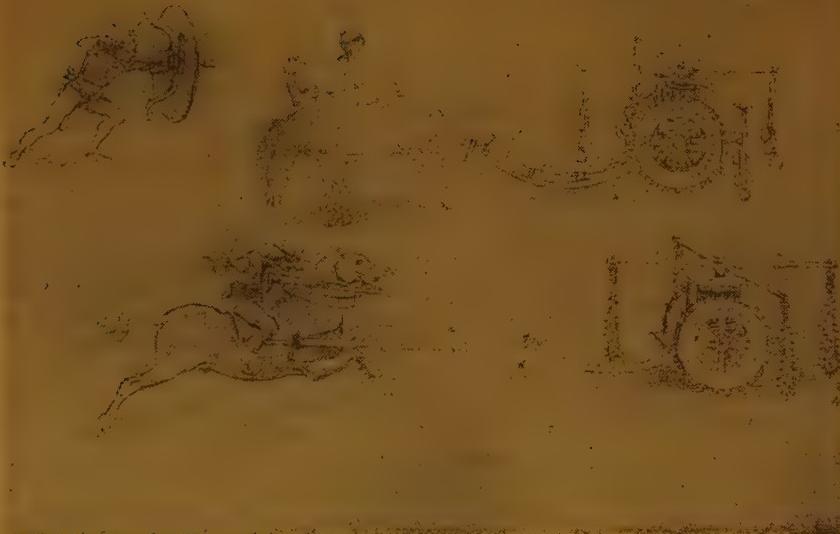
Group of five grotesque heads, in pen and ink

war that will recommend him to Ludovico Sforza, anatomical drawings and many other representations figure and intermingle on these sheets. They represent not only every phase of Leonardo's mind but every phase of his development as a draughtsman and every degree of care and of haste, of finished product and of sketch. No autobiography could be as intimate. Leonardo's draughtsmanship, Mr. Clark tells us, possesses no automatic flourish. Almost on every occasion that he put hand (as a rule, left hand) to paper, he started, and perhaps completed, something freshly conceived. The *mélange* of representations and writing on certain sheets often possesses itself a beauty that no doubt was not consciously designed. Here are to be found the super-realistic masterpieces, the urgent Max Ernsts, the inevitable Kandinskys.

Mr. Kenneth Clark is the perfect guide, busy in relating Leonardo's drawings to his pictures and in giving dates and in defining his draughtsmanship and separating his work from

Chalk drawing of the figure of a woman standing in a landscape





Four designs of military devices: a combined shield and bow; two machines with revolving crosspieces for hurling cannon-balls and spiked clubs; and a horseman with three lances

that of pupils. Thus we come to know Leonardo's hand. Mr. Clark's refusal to discuss Leonardo's 'mind' is altogether admirable. (We are promised a more general study: it will be eagerly awaited.) Certain general judgments in the second appendix on the subject of Leonardo's caricatures are exceptional for their superficiality. The ideal profiles of youths and the caricatures, especially of age, are obviously linked. Mr. Clark has referred to them together, but he leaves them fundamentally unrelated. The basic link between them, of course, lies with Leonardo's divergent fantasies concerning himself. To those who are in a position to value it fully, Freud's essay on Leonardo remains the most revealing study of his genius. Mr. Clark does not mention this book. Nevertheless, the publication of Mr. Clark's volumes brings forward a wealth of confirmatory material that should stimulate those few men who are qualified to carry out Freud's study in greater detail.

We Have Reason to Believe

The Development of the Mind

By A MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

IN order to understand the psychological criticism of religion we must know something of what is believed to be the course of psychological development. Every child inherits the primitive instincts of humanity, which are the raw material and the ultimate motive force behind all our feeling and conduct. An instinct is an inborn tendency to react in a particular way to certain kinds of stimulus. Instinctive activity, and particularly the restraint or frustration of instinctive activity, tends to be accompanied by feeling, or emotion. It is entirely self-centred and strives to satisfy the impulse concerned without regard for any other consideration. Psychological development means, among other things, that primitive instinctive tendencies are modified, controlled, organised and directed by the growth of intellect and self-consciousness, the pressure of social opinion, and the development of deliberate purposes and ideals. A good deal of recent psychological work has been concerned with the ways in which from earliest childhood that development takes place, and the difficulties which are encountered before the individual is able to adapt himself comfortably to social life in a civilised world. One essential factor in that development is the process called repression, which means that certain impulses or feelings or memories are kept out of consciousness, refused recognition, because it would be painful to the ego, the conscious, socialised, civilised self, even to recognise these things as part of itself, and still more so to give them direct expression. The ego ignores them, and it does not know that it is doing so. Repression is an unconscious process. It is also, of course, an inevitable process; repression in a sense is civilisation. The most important repressions take place in early life, but we can see simple examples of it in ourselves every day. If two of your friends have a quarrel and each comes to tell you about it, you will notice that their accounts of what happened are often quite different, not because they are deliberately telling lies, but because they each repress, and really do not remember, the parts of the story which are unfavourable to themselves.

Repressed material passes into that part of the mind which we call the unconscious, where there is also much else of our mental inheritance, our little bit, as it were, of the common mind of humanity, and also much which is, so to speak, not yet ripe for consciousness. But the repressed material is not dead; there is still the primitive instinctive force behind it striving for some sort of expression. The result of that is a conflict in

the mind between repressed tendencies and the social or moral ideas of the conscious self. The conflict itself may be unconscious, we may not be aware of its existence, but something has to be done to relieve the tension of it. There are various unhealthy ways in which the tension of unconscious mental conflict may be relieved, the commonest being some sort of what are called nervous or neurotic symptoms. The question is, what is the healthiest way? And the answer is, the process called sublimation, which means that an instinctive tendency which is denied direct expression finds an outlet affording equal satisfaction in some other way which is socially useful and morally allowable. For example, every healthy boy has a primitive impulse to self-assertion by fighting, an instinct of pugnacity. If that instinct were to have direct expression there would be no peace in the home and no discipline in the school. We therefore arrange for it to have a sublimated expression in the form of games and sports, competition for school prizes, and so on, whereby the force of the primitive fighting instinct is made available for better school work, physical development, encouragement of fair play and the team spirit, and other desirable things. But remember that sublimation, like repression, is an unconscious process, and the more so the better.

It is always incomplete; there is in all of us repressed material which is seeking to gain ends which consciousness refuses to allow. That means that behind all our feeling and conduct there are motive forces which are unconscious, as well as those which are conscious. We conceal that from ourselves by a process of rationalisation, which means a finding of reasons—or excuses. You see that process constantly. Take the case of a man who announces that he has decided to limit his smoking. Instead of twenty cigarettes a day he is going to smoke only ten. Observe the reasons he produces for having an eleventh: he was extra tired after an unexpected bit of work; or a friend came in and he had to be sociable; or he was interrupted when smoking his fourth cigarette and didn't really get the good of it, so it does not count; or he found one less in his case than he expected and thinks he may have put in only nine by mistake; and so on. These are rationalisations to cover the humiliating fact that he wants to go on smoking and cannot stop. And, as we all know, self-deception of that sort can be perfectly unconscious and the rationalisations regarded as genuine and good reasons—at least for the time being. There is an immense amount of rational-

isation in connection with religion, its adherents and its critics being equally liable to illustrate the process.

Psychological Basis of Conscience

I have said that the unconscious contains repressed material some of which has once been conscious and some never fully conscious. There is one other element in it which I must mention if we are to understand the modern criticisms of religion. The child very early begins to form in his own mind an image or ideal of himself towards which he more or less consciously strives. That ideal is originally based on his parents: 'When I am big I will do so and so just like daddy'. Every child's idea of his parents—or those who take the place of parents—is, in early days, exaggerated and extreme; the father represents omnipotence to him: he also represents authority, and the power which restrains and condemns and punishes. That aspect of the father idea is also incorporated unconsciously in the child's mind to form what is called the super-ego. That criticising, condemning function in the child's mind is the psychological basis of what we call conscience, and in many cases it retains the exaggerated and extreme quality it had at the beginning, so that it is what you might call hyper-moral, and is the source in many people of a vague but powerful feeling of guilt which is not at all the voice of God, but an unconscious relic of childhood which has never been modified or grown up to.

What sort of person, then, would modern psychology regard as fully developed? I think the answer would be that adult psychological health implies freedom from infantile attitudes and repressions by development and sublimation, a harmonious, self-reliant and purposeful personality, with a sincere and comfortable adaptation to reality, to society, and to every aspect of life. Psychology can then say that anything which leads to evasion of reality, or of the difficulties of growth, which carries on infantile attitudes or encourages undue repression, is false and futile. Some psychologists have claimed that religion does these things and that, therefore, it is false and futile. The criticism takes various forms, and we may look in what can be only the briefest way at one or two of them.

Taking Refuge in Projection

There is a psychological mechanism known as projection, which means the putting out on to some real or imaginary object of attributes which do not belong to it, but are simply the fears or desires of the individual. It is by this mechanism that the bad workman blames his tools and the person with a secret guilt fears that people who really know nothing about him are viewing him with suspicion. In the case of religion there is, as we saw, a demand for something or someone to give the sense of protection and security which we instinctively crave, and the argument is simply that God is a projection of the ideas and feelings, both of love and fear, which the child originally associated with his actual parents and incorporated in his own mind. Religion also is frequently connected with feelings of inadequacy and guilt which are really due to the over-activity of the super-ego, which has never been fully grown up to. Religion is thus merely a continuance of a childish attitude to life, an indication of weakness and inadequacy which no fully developed and independent personality should have, and God is nothing more than a projection of the ego ideal and the super-ego.

Now if, when observing thought and conduct of the sort called religious, we at the same time knew that there was no external spiritual reality, no God, then this projection theory would be a very good explanation of it. It is in that way that we account for the delusions and hallucinations of people who are insane. If a man says he hears or feels or sees something which we know on other grounds does not exist, we say he is projecting something from his own unconscious and giving it an apparent existence which has no reality. But psychology does not and cannot know whether or not there is a God and cannot deny the possibility that there may be; and, if there is,

then all talk about projection becomes meaningless, at least so far as the existence of God is concerned.

Psychology recognises the tendency in man to look for a God, and it can only explain that tendency in its own terms; but when we consider that the universe has provided exactly what is required for other human tendencies, is it not at least conceivable that there may be something in it to meet this tendency also? The body needs certain kinds of food material and it is not regarded as very surprising that nature provides just the sort of foods needed. The lungs require a certain sort of atmosphere, but no physiologist claims that the lungs make air or invent air. In the same way it seems at least possible that there may actually be a God to meet and satisfy the very nature of the human mind and to lead it nearer to ultimate reality, that Augustine was right when he said, 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee'.

There remains the undoubted fact that projection is a real and common process whereby men do tend to make God in their own image, and psychology thus does religion a service in reminding it of the danger, in fact the certainty, of limited and inadequate and perverted conceptions of whatever God there may be. It is interesting to note that Christianity seems, as it were, to have anticipated that danger, because it claims that a Man once lived who showed men what God was like, and who said that they must test their ideas about God by His.

Is Religion a Neurosis?

This particular criticism of religion really amounts to saying that it is a relic of infantile attitudes, that it represents an inadequate acceptance of reality, in short, that it is what doctors call a 'psycho-neurosis'—a sort of nervous illness. It is quite true that there is much so-called religious experience and conduct which is more or less obviously neurotic and unreal; but it is also a fact that the noisiest and most obtrusive expressions of apparent religion are not necessarily or even usually the truest and best. If religion is a neurosis then the more neurotic a man is, the more likely will he be to believe in God and the only completely normal people will be the atheists. I rather doubt if that is the case: in fact, it is a matter of plain history that real religion does produce peace of mind, self-control, endurance and cheerfulness, the very qualities in which the neurotic is apt to be particularly deficient. A neurosis is an unsatisfactory attempt to adapt to life or solve a mental conflict. Religion may be regarded as a similar attempt, but at its best it is a satisfactory attempt. And we must remember that fair criticism, of religion or anything else, must examine not the worst examples of what is being criticised, but the best. Therefore it seems at least possible that religion is different in nature from a neurosis and that the object of its projection may well be real. Quite frankly, my own feeling is that it is very difficult to regard religion as nothing more than a nervous symptom. If we look honestly at history, at the lives of those who have done most for humanity, and at the lives of the best men and women we ourselves have known, there is a great cloud of them that bear witness, and if they are all the victims of neurotic illusion, then indeed human life and its values do not mean or matter very much. No scientific theory or explanation can be held valid unless it covers all the known facts. I hardly think that the projection theory can be held to cover all the facts of religious history and experience. As we shall see, there have been, and still are, failures and false trails and perversions and morbid features in this region of human development as in others, but, when all is said, it remains quite impossible to dismiss religion and all it has meant and all it stands for as nothing more than a neurotic symptom of the human race. When we come to think of it, it is surely rather presumptuous for any individual members of the race to make so comprehensive and sweeping a diagnosis. Religion is common to humanity, and if it is a disease it could be diagnosed as such only by superhuman beings. But even the best psychologists are still very human.

Music

Janacek's 'Missa Glagolitica'

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

Janacek's Slavonic Festival Mass (Msa Glagolskaya) will be broadcast in the Contemporary Music Concert (National Programme) on June 28

JANACEK composed this Mass in 1928, during his last months on earth. The complete manuscript was found among his papers, and the Mass given at Brno that same year, shortly after his death (which occurred on August 12; he was seventy-four years of age). In it he has given us something so different, in most respects, from any current or traditional conception of what a Mass should be, that quite a number of preliminary explanations are necessary.

To begin with, he used an old Slavonic translation of the Latin Mass; and a first unusual point is the setting of the Roman Catholic service to music which has many affinities with Slavonic secular music but none with Slavonic church music. Therefore, the Mass is not in line either with Western or with Eastern tradition. The music of the Orthodox Church, let it be remembered, has not followed the evolution of church music in Western Europe, one reason being that all instruments are excluded from it: it must consist only of a cappella singing. There would have been, anyhow, reasons of race psychology, outlook on religion, and musical culture, which need not be entered upon here.

Janacek was a Roman Catholic, educated at a school of the Augustine monks, in monastic surroundings, where a stern discipline of life and thought sowed the seeds of a humility and pessimism which, later, poverty and difficulties of all kinds were to confirm (as will presently be shown, no trace of this appears in the Mass). His studies of plainsong, and, later, of Czech and Moravian folk music developed in him a sense of the modal idiom, coupled with a profound dislike of the major-minor system of Western music: two theoretical books of his, published in 1897 and 1912 respectively, reveal the extent of his aversion to tonics, dominants, and leading notes. On the other hand, he did not base his musical idiom on that of folk-music, as Smetana had done. He regarded folk-songs as examples but not as models. His interests centring on dramatic music, he held that the psychology of folk-music, the relations between folk-songs and speech, were worth being studied closely by composers aiming at individual characterisation. His utterances on the matter and on scholastic conventions generally, and also his realistic ambitions, are very similar to Mussorgsky's, although there is no sign of his having studied Mussorgsky's music or heard of his ideas. It is worth while remembering, too, that he objected to being described as owing anything to Debussy's influence. The fact of the matter appears to be that, although he was not a pioneer either in the matter of breaking away from the conventions of the major-minor system or in his quest for musical realism, he found his path without help or indications from outside. It is only with Dvorák that he may reasonably be connected. He shows the same independence as Dvorák in the matter of harmonic combinations, abrupt juxtapositions and modulations, by which the boundaries of atonality are reached if not actually crossed. His melody is not only supple, but elusive, often blurred by its harmonic garb. He revels in sharp discords and dynamic effects; and he uses repetitions unsparingly—the repetition of short units, mere patterns rather than actual motifs, is a favourite device of his, serving as a substitute for working-out. In these latter respects he is, of course, very different from Dvorák.

All these features are present in his Mass, and contribute to give it the unusual character which has already been emphasised. It is recorded that, somebody or other having said: 'This Mass might have been composed by a very aged Slav of bygone times', Janacek retorted: 'It was composed, and could have been composed, only by the musician Janacek', thus proclaiming the thoroughly subjective character of the Mass. This is to be understood as the individual contribution of one artist, the expression of his personal conception and feeling. And so it does not conform in the least to a definition of music to be used in conjunction with the Divine Service which

Stravinsky gives in his Memoirs and which is fundamentally true. 'It should be music', he says, 'which can be listened to in a perfectly uncritical spirit, accepted with perfect submission'. Janacek's ignores the tradition of church music so thoroughly that not one critic has discussed it without expressing the view that it is unsuited for use in church.

The question whether it is or not does not seem to have entered the composer's mind. He has taken, at times, little notice of the practical conditions of the church service. There is, for instance, a fairly long orchestral introduction; and also, in the 'Credo', an equally long, very dramatic, orchestral interlude between the verse 'And was incarnate . . .' and the verse 'And was crucified. . .'. Many musical features, too, are in themselves startling: to quote instances at random, the sudden contrasts in tempo that occur frequently, or the Venusberg-like chromaticisms at the spot where, in the 'Credo', the text expresses faith in Christ. In short, a certain lack of restfulness and spaciousness makes itself felt. How far this feeling is due to the unconventionality of it all is hard to say. A similar question arose more than once of late with regard to modern paintings of sacred subjects, without ever receiving a conclusive answer. With music, the difficulties are even greater.

We may say, however, that there is no questioning the sincerity of Janacek's purpose. The Mass may be regarded as embodying, not a readjustment of artistic and spiritual values in accordance with the spirit of the time, but simply his own profession of faith, exultant and reckless, coming after his final liberation from the asceticism and pessimism of his early years, and set forth in his own rugged, unsophisticated language. Not long ago Mr. Francis Toye, writing on Verdi's 'Requiem' (THE LISTENER, April 3, 1935), remarked: 'Verdi could not do otherwise than write it in terms of the theatre. Not to have done so would have been a mark of insincerity, not of sincerity'. The same may be said of Janacek, who always thought in terms of realistic expression and characterisation. Maybe this score is enlightening with regard to Janacek only. This is enough to render it valuable. Most of us know far too little of the personality and output of this very individual, strange, intriguing, highly gifted composer, whose music, for some obscure reason, seems not to have fallen into place within the scheme of things, and stands overlooked, far away and apart; but whose principal works—the operas 'Jenufa' and 'Katia Kabanova', the song-set 'Diary of one who vanished', and the chamber-music among others—have won high praise from excellent judges. At the festival of the Contemporary Music Society in 1929, at Geneva, the Mass took most listeners by surprise, and was the object of sharp denunciations. Now, perhaps, it will be focused more accurately, and judged not according to any general conception of what religious music should be, but just as it stands.

Poem

Take courage, heart, for all expiring things
Resist and twist a moment as they die;
The spirit to this earthly bondage clings,
And falters forth to freedom with a sigh.
So all these strange conflicting thoughts that move
My troubled mind to madness and dismay
Are but the dying struggles of a love
Which will not yield though all is cast away.
Ah soon it will be over, time will calm
The sick surmise, the profitless regret;
Self-pity soothe, and petty spite disarm,
And then, unhappy heart you will forget;
And all this pain and passion, all will seem
No more than what it is, a dream, a dream.

WILLIAM GURNEY

Custom and Conduct

Is Humanism a Satisfactory Ideal?

By W. G. DE BURGH

'Men will unite', says the Russian novelist, Dostoevsky, 'to take from life all it can give, but only for joy and happiness in the present world. Man will be lifted up with the spirit of divine Titanic pride and the man-God will appear'. Here we have the ideal of Humanism in its extreme form, the gospel of the religion of humanity, of the coming of the human Messiah and the earthly sovereignty of man. If we turn to the more austere pages of the *Oxford English Dictionary* we find humanism defined as 'any system of thought or action which is concerned with merely human interests (as distinct from divine) or with those of the human race in general'. Now, of course, it is true that all experience—religious, moral, or any other—is human experience, in the sense that it is experienced by men. It is also true, as we shall see presently, that in a world-order that is governed by God, man and his interests have their appointed place. There is a humanism that is centred in God as well as a humanism that is centred in man. But when we speak of humanism simply, without qualification, we mean the humanism centred in man; and it is in this sense that I am using the term here. The question I shall ask is: Can the human spirit be satisfied with a humanist ideal? Does the ideal of a this-worldly human society suffice as the goal of the moral life? Does it not rather result in ideology, i.e. a travesty of idealism, powerless to remedy the evils of man's nature and of the world? In other words, does not morality point beyond itself to a higher plane of experience—that of religion and to a humanism that is centred in God?

Faith Centred in God—

Humanism and science are the two watchwords of modern civilisation, humanism furnishing the end, and applied science the means, for the moral life. It was not always so. Let us take a brief historical retrospect. Time was, in the Middle Ages, when men believed unquestioningly that the universe was created and ruled by God, and that the earth, man's habitation, together with the whole order of nature, was but a transitory scene of probation, the ante-room to Heaven and Hell. This was not the faith merely of uneducated people, but of great thinkers and poets, such as Anselm, Thomas Aquinas and Dante. We have changed all that, you may say; and it looks indeed as if we had. Now I am not suggesting for a moment that the world today will find salvation in a blind return to mediævalism. Morality and religion look forward, not back: the founder of Christianity Himself bade His followers to 'remember Lot's wife'. Yet there is something in the world-view of the Middle Ages that may be worth remembering. It was other-worldly, centred in God; the kingdom that was the goal of man's endeavour was a kingdom in which not man but God was king. And within this scheme there was room for human interests; for man, so it was held, was created good, in the image of God Himself, and, though he had fallen into sin by his free act, he was furnished with the means of redemption and the promise of enjoying the presence of God hereafter. This other-worldly humanism was no ideology, no fantastic dream; for its optimism rested on the full and frank admission of the dark facts of evil, and its faith was fixed not on a historical millennium to be realised here on earth but on an ideal beyond the bounds of space and time.

Then came the Renaissance—the awakening to self-consciousness of the peoples of the modern world. It was an age—from the sixteenth century onwards—which saw the unity of European civilisation broken up into fragments; each group, political or religious, asserting its independence of every other. In place of the Universal Empire of the Middle Ages arose the sovereign Nation-States; in place of the Universal Church a multitude of conflicting religious associations. So likewise in the field of thought: science freed itself from subjection to philosophy and theology, which in their turn drifted far asunder from one another; while, within the scientific sphere, the advance of physics was followed by that of chemistry, of the biological sciences, and of psychology—the

separation between such sciences being thinly veiled by fitful excursions beyond their several borders. The battle-cry of the Renaissance was the right of private judgment; freedom for the individual to work out the problems of knowledge by human reason, and the problems of practical life—public and private—by human effort and for human ends. Descartes, by his assertion 'I think, therefore I am' established the individual thinker as the foundation-stone of modern philosophy. He inaugurated an epoch of humanism in the field of thought. This assertion by the individual of his independence bore marvellous fruits, especially in the domain of physical science, with Copernicus, Galileo and Newton. Henceforth Man's interest was concentrated on the world he lived in, and above all on himself; business interests grew rapidly to dominate the practical life of individuals and nations; the discoveries of science revolutionised industry and commerce. The other-world, God and the supernatural, was excluded alike from the sphere of knowledge and from that of action; to control nature and society for human purposes was all in all. Not that men's outlook was wholly without religion, at least not in the earlier phases of the epoch; but the centre of interest had changed; Western civilisation had set its course firmly towards this-worldliness in thought and life.

The tendency to this-worldliness was most clearly seen in France, where the leading thinkers have always been remarkable for the logical working out of principles. Voltaire, in the eighteenth century, still believed in God, freedom and immortality. But his God was the God of Deism—i.e. a God who, after creating the world and establishing immutable laws of Nature, had retired long ago on a pension of homage from his followers. Revelation and Providence went by the board. Such a 'God of the philosophers' was obviously very different from the living God of religious worship. Science, it was held, could account for everything in the world when once the world had got there; but how it got there at the start remained a mystery. So God was brought in as a First Cause to account for what science left unexplained.

—and in Man

A generation later, the thin trappings of the religious tradition were cast aside by the thinkers of the French revolution. This also was an age of faith, of faith not in God but in man. Study the writings of the Marquis de Condorcet, guillotined under the Terror, who wrote in prison his *Outline of a historical picture of the progress of the human mind*. What were the articles of his belief? Faith in the liberty of the individual and the indefeasible rights of man; faith in man's natural goodness which had been marred only by the machinations of a corrupt society and was destined, when social iniquities had been swept away, to realise its full capacity for perfection; faith in the speedy advent of an earthly Paradise where liberty, equality, and fraternity would blossom unchecked; faith in happiness, in the satisfaction of man's natural desires, as the end for each and all; faith in the spread of education and science as the means to ensure man's unlimited mastery over the natural world. Who could tell but that, thanks to medical science, he might conquer not only disease but death itself? A like optimism marks the writings of William Godwin and of the utilitarians of the school of Bentham in this country. If the French Revolution brought temporary disillusionment, the faith could always refresh itself with fresh draughts of the water of life from the wellspring of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. It persisted in France throughout the nineteenth century, in the communistic dreams of Fourier and St. Simon, in the abortive revolutions of 1830 and 1848, and as a golden thread of inspiration in the novels of George Sand, the greatest woman writer who ever lived. It reached its climax in Auguste Comte's religion of humanity. In England, the influence of the Utilitarians cut deeper and still persists, with slight variations, in the social teaching of Mr. Bertrand Russell. The optimism indeed has vanished; who can seriously believe in human perfectibility and progress after the tragedy of the late War? Humanism no

longer promises the new Jerusalem; it is rather a City of Refuge for those who can no longer believe in God. To quote Bunyan's allegory, it is the Castle of Giant Despair.

The interest of this tragic story lies in the way in which the creed of humanism, when pushed to its logical conclusion, collapses through internal contradictions. Its faith in science, for example, is clearly inconsistent with its faith in man's freedom to work out his own salvation. For the science in question conceives both the physical world and the human mind as a mechanism, in a way that leaves no place for freedom of action. Now we saw in the first talk that without freedom there can be no morality. Bentham was perfectly consistent in his desire to banish the word 'ought' from the vocabulary of morals; his inconsistency lay in not seeing that, on his principles, morality should be banished too. If character be the inevitable product of circumstances, human personality is robbed of all its meaning and becomes lost in the blind play of natural forces. In fact, throughout its history, humanism has always been a creed of the heart rather than of the head. Its appeal is to the emotions, not to scientific reasoning. So in Russia today dialectical materialism is materialism only in name; for its 'matter' might equally be termed 'mind'; it is really a form of idealism, which has no use for God and immortality, but recognises man as a free agent. It appeals to science in order to rid the world of the demon of superstition and to furnish man with instruments for the execution of his active purposes. But in so far as science denies a place to free activity, it is thrown overboard to make room for emotional faith.

Humanity Becomes a Cult—

Let us look more closely at the effects of this opposition of faith and reason. Humanism started on its course by relegating God and the supernatural to a realm apart, trusting to reason as the sole guide both in knowledge and in action. In the next stage, it confined reason to the sphere of scientific knowledge, while as regards action it held blindly to emotional faith in man's perfectibility and in the ideal of human happiness. Later still it discovered that there was nothing left for men to worship, and that without worship life was cold and uninspiring. So Comte reintroduced religion in the form of the cult of humanity; with all the accompaniment of rites, priesthood, canonisation—in fact, a travesty of the mediæval religious system, without a God. But man cannot bow in worship before an abstract idea; above all, when the abstract idea is himself exalted into a deity. Comte's project never existed save on paper; it perished of sheer emptiness. In Russia, on the other hand, the religion of humanity became a reality. The dream of a millennium has haunted for centuries past the imagination of the Russian people; it is none the less Messianic now that the coming Messiah has been identified with the ideal proletariat. The prevalent faith in Russia is not political or economic but religious. Its temper and behaviour, as shown in the insistence on orthodoxy of belief and the suppression of heresy, in propaganda and control of education, in the claim to enlist art, science, philosophy in its service, are the temper and behaviour of religious enthusiasts. Only by coming forward as a religious gospel could it have succeeded in inspiring the loyalty and self-sacrifice of a whole people. Thus the history of humanism both in France and Russia bears witness that though you may strike God out of the picture, what Hobbes called 'the seed of religion' is ineradicably planted in human nature.

—and Man is Sacrificed

Again, to take another example, consider the fate of the individual in the story of modern humanism. Here indeed the wheel has turned full circle. Humanism from the moment of its birth meant freedom for the individual to develop his personality, unhampered by social restrictions or external authority. Its cry was Liberty, Equality and Fraternity; to be realised in a democratic society, with governmental interference at a minimum, and free play for the enjoyment by man of his natural rights. Observe that here also, just as in the expectation of a millennium, the seeds of the faith were sown on religious soil. Both the Stoic philosophers of ancient Greece and the first Christians had believed that men were by nature free and equal, and that law and government were tokens of degeneracy from a primitive state of innocence or a Golden

Age. For modern humanism God and the sense of sin are back numbers; the ideal society is a dream of the historical future, to be realised one day on earth and by man's own strength. What in fact has been the issue? The French Revolution opened the eyes of the most ardent champions of individualism to the fact that their gospel led to anarchy. Democracy, with its watchwords of Liberty and Equality, is a theory of means for the expression of the popular will, not of ends; if exalted into an end it means drifting wherever the changing moods and passions of the majority may for the moment point. The essence of liberty lies, not in independence of authority but in the direction of the will towards the good. So with Equality; when it is understood not as equality of opportunity, but in the sense that 'one is to count for one and for one only', it is both untrue to facts and disastrous to the claims of personality. For it implies a levelling down to a mean average, compensated by a levelling up that entails an all-round standardisation, to the sacrifice of the unique vocation which is the birth-right of every individual. No wonder that in the middle years of the last century the workers turned their backs upon the champions of individual liberty, and, scorning their doctrines of *laissez-faire* and freedom of contract, set their faces towards Socialism and the Authoritarian State. Comte, under the influence of the mediæval tradition and the political philosophy of Hegel, taught the solidarity of mankind, asserting that 'the individual man is a mere abstraction, and there is nothing real but humanity'. Today in Russia, humanity is conceived under the form of the ideal proletariat, which is destined to absorb all classes and all culture within its province. The individual has sunk into a unit of no significance: the class—whether the actual class or the class that is to be—is all in all. In practice, man is dragooned into the Messianic kingdom by governmental authority. It is the same in Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany. 'For forms of Government let fools contest'—the menace lies not in Communism or Fascism as such but in the ever-increasing standardisation of human life. This is the nightmare that threatens all alike, the artist and scholar as well as the worker in the factory or at the plough. It is the poisoned fruit, engendered by the union of science and non-religious humanism, the two agencies which, at the dawn of the Renaissance, were invoked to regenerate humanity. Confronted by the tragic scene of world-disillusionment, we can but echo the words of the prophet of old: 'The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means: and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?'

'Grand Tour'

Our annual migration of summer holiday-makers to Europe is beginning; but modern tourism is but a democratisation of the Grand Tour of the youth of the English aristocracy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when foreign travel was regarded as setting the seal upon a man's education. Next week THE LISTENER will commence publication of a series of articles by various well-known writers who will take as a basis the traditional Grand Tour, and conduct in imagination our readers over the routes most frequently followed through France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany and the Low Countries. The series will be introduced by Miss Mona Wilson, author of the chapter on travel in *Early Victorian England*, who will describe the origin and rise of the Grand Tour and trace the routes of some of the most celebrated of our travellers, such as Evelyn, Addison and Mrs. Radcliffe. Then the tale will be taken up by our 'literary couriers', Douglas Woodruff and Edmund Blunden for France, Janet Adam Smith for Switzerland, Sacheverell Sitwell for Italy and Malcolm Letts for Germany and the Low Countries. These writers will describe the sights that our travellers saw in Paris, Florence, Rome, Venice, Nuremberg, Amsterdam and elsewhere. They will compare conditions of travel, costs, scenery and hotels then and now, quoting the adventures and opinions of the most famous Englishmen who passed that way. Finally, Mona Wilson will describe the decline and vulgarisation of the Grand Tour when the railway age set in. This series of articles will be profusely illustrated with old maps, prints and engravings of persons, places and episodes involved.

RADIO NEWS-REEL

JUNE
17-23

A pictorial summary of the news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



ANGLO-GERMAN NAVAL AGREEMENT

Above is a photograph of Herr Ribbentrop, taken in London during the Anglo-German Naval talks, which have been in progress for some time. Agreement was reached at the beginning of last week and announced on July 18. The main terms are as follows.

It is agreed that the total tonnage of the German Fleet shall not exceed 35 per cent. of the aggregate tonnage of the naval forces of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Within this general ratio, however, Germany has the right to possess a submarine tonnage equal to ours; but she undertakes not to build above 45 per cent., without first discussing the matter with the British Government.

SPADA EXECUTED

On the left: a photograph of André Spada, the notorious Corsican bandit who was guillotined in public in Bastia, the chief city in Corsica, at 4 o'clock on Friday morning.



ITALY AND ABYSSINIA

On June 20 yet another note was received in Geneva from Abyssinia. It suggests that the League of Nations should send a committee of neutrals to the Italian-Abyssinian frontier to examine the situation. No statement has been made in official circles in Rome regarding the new note, but it is strongly felt that there is no chance of Italy accepting such a commission as is suggested, and that her aversion to any interference in her colonial affairs by the League of Nations is as strong as ever.

Above is a photograph of the Conciliation Committee set up after Mr. Eden's visit to Geneva with the object of finding a peaceful solution to the dispute.

GERMAN EX-SOLDIERS IN ENGLAND

On the right: Some of the 29 German ex-prisoners of war who arrived in Brighton on June 20, on an official visit to this country.

**Trans-Pacific
Air Route**



'FLYING CLIPPER'

A photograph of the *Flying Clipper* leaving San Francisco on her flight to Midway Island.



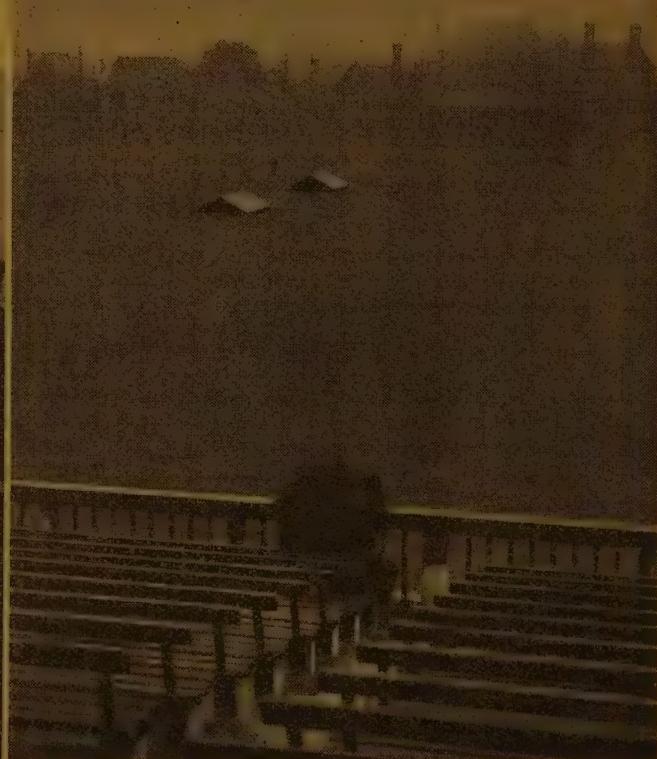
THE EMIR SA'UD

His Highness the Emir Sa'ud, Crown Prince of Sa'udi Arabia, arrived in England on June 17. When he alighted at the Admiralty Pier, Dover, a salute was fired from the battery at Dover Castle. He was welcomed at Victoria Station by the Earl of Dunmore, Lord-in-waiting, on behalf of the King.

The Prince is a young man of magnificent physique. Only a few weeks ago he saved the life of his father by thrusting himself between the King and a would-be assassin.

ASCOT

On the right is a photograph of the Royal Box taken during a brief interval of sunshine on the first day of the Ascot Races. Rain, however, spoilt much of the spectacle, and the procession in carriages had to be abandoned.



END OF THE FIRST TEST MATCH

This photograph was taken at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, on Tuesday of last week.



Pan-American Airways are shortly going to run trans-ocean flights from California to the Orient, using Midway Island as a landing-place in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Two months ago the island was virgin jungle. Then a supply ship landed, and 150 men have been working day and night to build an air station, complete with electric power and light.

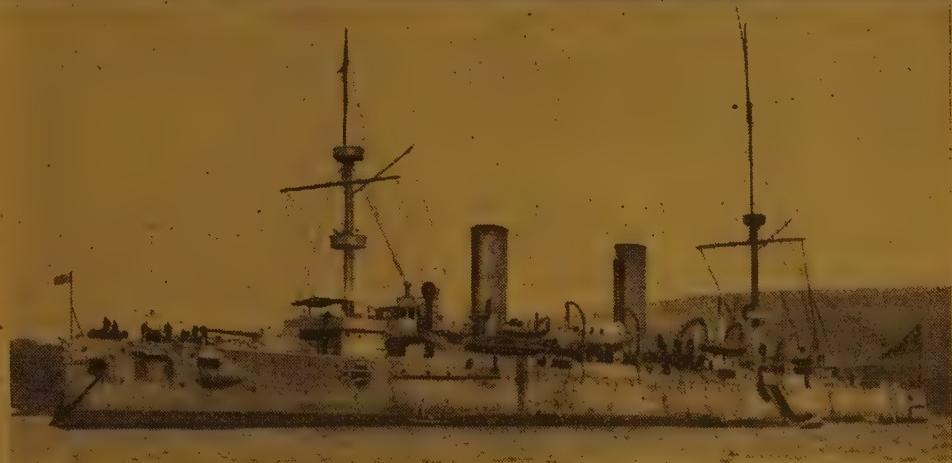
Meanwhile the seaplane *Flying Clipper* has made a preliminary flight out and back from San Francisco. On the return journey she flew blind. All curtains were drawn immediately after she left the ground, and the pilots relied solely on their instruments for direction, speed and altitude.



**TO AFRICA AND BACK
IN A DAY**

On June 17, Captain E. W. Percival flew to Africa and back. He took off from Gravesend at 1.30 a.m., and arrived at Oran, Algeria, in the middle of the morning. The return flight was made between lunch and dinner.

Captain Percival said that night over the wireless that the physical strain was negligible—less in fact than driving from London to Manchester and back—and the navigation difficulties not much greater. He foresaw a day when day trips to considerable distances will become quite common.



THE HAICHI

Two Cruisers belonging to the Canton Government mutinied on June 16, and left the Canton River. They were fired on by the forts, but they succeeded in escaping into British territorial waters at Hong-kong. They were the *Haichi* (shown above) and the *Haishen* both built at the end of last century.

It was at first thought that the mutiny was probably the beginning of a revolutionary movement in Canton against Nanking. But the Governor of Canton telegraphed the Premier in Nanking pledging his loyalty to the Central Government at this time of national crisis.

Meanwhile the position in North China became easier. The Chahar incident, when three Japanese Secret Service men were arrested, has been settled. China has agreed to punish those responsible, including the General in command, who has been dismissed, and to withdraw the Chinese division from the province.

According to the most recent reports, Japan intends to take no further armed action in North China now that the Nanking Government has submitted to all the demands.



FUNERAL AT REINSDORF

The funeral of the victims of the munitions works disaster in Germany was held on June 18. Herr Hitler and General Goering were present and 60 coffins were carried in the procession.

WRECK OF THE *Usworth*

The court of inquiry into the wreck of the *Usworth* has found that the failure of the steering gear—of a kind which involves special risks—was responsible for the loss, and that as regards the manning of the ship there was no apparent margin of safety, although there was compliance with the law.

On the right is a photograph of the actual wreck, last December, in which fifteen men were drowned.





THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN VOICE

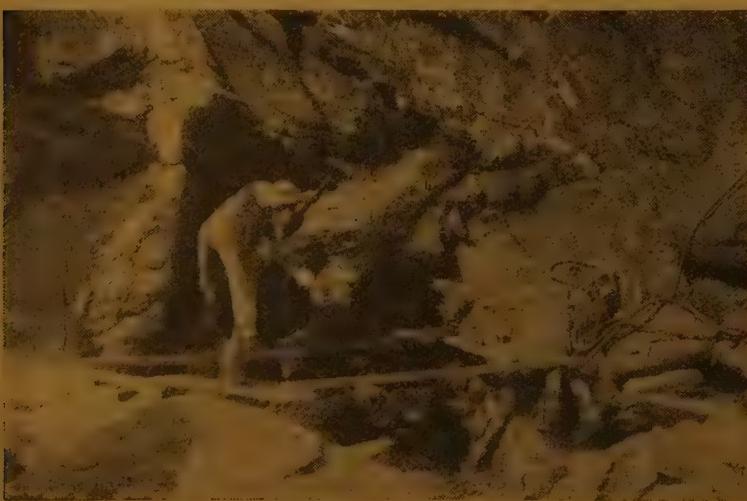
Miss E. W. Cain, of the Victoria Exchange, was chosen on Friday to make the records for the automatic clock which will answer telephone subscribers wishing to know the time.

She is here seen receiving her prize from Major Tryon, the new Postmaster-General.



LONG DISTANCE RECORD

France won the record for a long-distance flight by a seaplane when the *Croix Du Sud* landed at Senegal on Sunday afternoon. She had flown 2,615 miles from Cherbourg and beaten the Italian record by about 100 miles



SILVER IN DEVON

Three seams of excellent quality silver have been laid bare by blasting operations near Combe Martin. Several years ago attempts were made to find silver which was believed to exist nearby, and on June 19 a workman installing pipes noticed the gleam of bright metal among the rocks. An expert confirmed that this metal was silver, and it is possible that mining operations may be started.

TIDE WAVE

On the right: a picture of Greenwich Beach last Sunday.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY,

WHAT IT IS.

WITH ALL THE KINDES,
CAUSES, SYMPTOMES, PROG.
NOSTICKES, AND SEULE
ALL CYKES OF IT.

IN THREE MAINE PARTITIONS
with their severall SECTIONES, MANNER
BIRE, and SUBSEC-
TIONS.

PHILOSOPHICALLY, MEDIC-
ALLY, HISTORICALLY, OPE-
RED, AND CURE.

BY
DEMOCRITVS Iunior.

With a Satyricall PREFACE, containing the
following Discourse.

MACROS.
Omniscium, Nullorum.

AT OXFORD,

Printed by JOHN LICHFIELD and JAMES
SHORT, for HENRY CREEPS.
Anno Dom. 1621.

MISSING BOOKS. British Museum

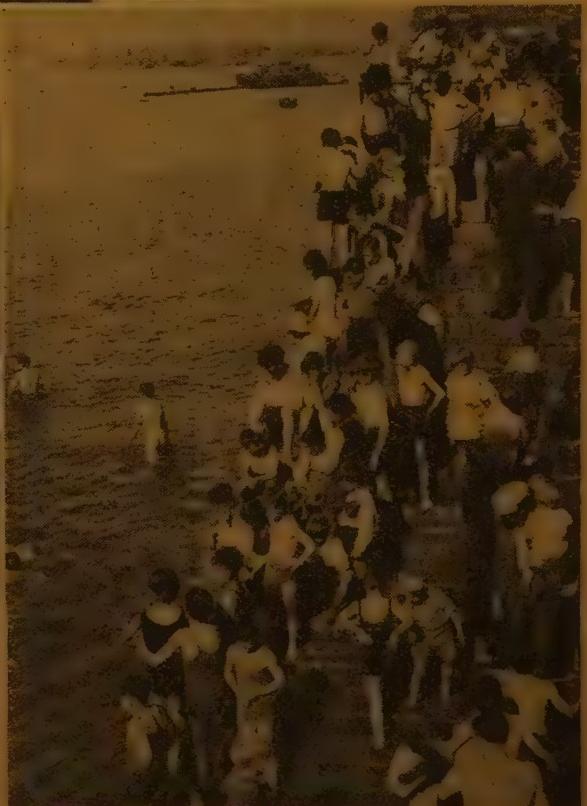
Thirty-four books missing from Christ Church, Oxford, have been traced to the library of the Rev. H. F. Lyte (who wrote 'Abide with Me'). The most valuable, a copy of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, is now in the British Museum.

1621

Ex dono Roberti Burton &
anthoris, felis Plinii aliam

INSCRIPTION. British Museum

The copy was presented to Christ Church by Burton himself.



The American Half-Hour

Contemporary Literature and Humour

By ALISTAIR COOKE

IN a half-hour I don't propose to try and sketch contemporary American Literature, or even to call the telephone numbers of the more fashionable reputations. Our Englishman in America has heard many an author's name he will rarely hear in England. Let's imagine him in a modest library, any library . . . a library in a house in Phoenix, Arizona. He wanders round the shelves and going along the names in order lights on Benchley, Robert.

Like Mark Twain who once wrote a puzzled article about a huge mural which meant nothing until he decided it was a build-up to the painting of a suit-case in the right bottom corner, Benchley is best when he is writing familiarly about dignified and celebrated men, about the Ancient Mariner or Michaelangelo. Easy-going, large, genial, Benchley has the quality that most endears a humorist to an American public, the quality of hard-boiled gentleness. Here he is settling for all time the question of who killed Rasputin.

Let's have an end of all this shilly-shallying. I killed Rasputin. The thing has dragged on long enough, with even Mike Romanoff claiming that he did it, and my uncle claiming that it was done by the boys of his curling club. Well, as a matter of fact, I am the one who did it and here is how it happened.

We were sitting around in the cellar of the Winter Palace, Rasputin, Mike Romanoff, a Grand Duke whose name I have forgotten, and I. We had a couple of dancing bears in for the occasion and things were beginning to get a little rowdy.

According to a pre-arranged plan between Mike Romanoff and myself, a tray of hors d'oeuvres was brought in for us to dip in our vodka. Each canape consisted of a little mound of elk-poison, covered with grated egg and, to make things safer, the egg had been poisoned too. Four elk had been killed in the out-of-town try out, so Mike and I were in high good humour.

Naturally, the tray was passed first to Rasputin, for if anyone else was served first, he was one mad monk, I can tell you. He took four canapes in one hand and two in the other and put them all in his mouth at once, I took one and palmed it and Mike said: 'No, thanks, they're so much poison to me', which I thought was a pretty funny crack, coming from Mike. By this time all eyes were on Rasputin.

He wiped the crumbs from his beard, took a swig of vodka and said: 'Those are mighty nice cookies. Where did you get them? Then he got up and went to the window and looked out. 'It looks like snow', he said. 'By George, it is snow'. And he danced up and down in delight to see the little flakes swirling down through the air. Those Russians are just like kids when it starts to snow.

I looked at Mike and he shrugged his shoulders. 'Mike', I said, 'how about whamming old Rasputin over the head with that iron bell-clapper, just to see if he likes butter?'

Rasputin turned to see what was up, just as Mike crashed down on him with the heavy clapper we had taken from the church of St. Sophia earlier that day. The hair on the Mad Monk's head went down so far that it got into the hair of his beard, but he opened up a little space in it with his fingers and said: 'Come on, cut out this kidding. I've got work to do this afternoon, even if you boys haven't.'

'You try it, Bob', said Mike, trying to dislodge the clapper. So I took out my gun and holding Rasputin at arm's length, said: 'One to get ready—two to start—and three to go-o!' I fired four times into him and hit him over the head with the gun-butt for the pay-off. I have never seen a guy so sore in my life. 'Hey, what is this?' he said. Let somebody else be "it" for a while. I'm all out of breath'. So I made him believe that we were friends again and put my arm around his shoulder. 'O.K., Rasputin', I said, 'let bygones be bygones, and don't be a baby all your life. What about a little stroll down to the lake to throw fire-crackers at the fish?'

He was pleased as Punch at the idea, and we walked arm in arm, down to the lake which was frozen over, except around the edges. Rasputin tried to hypnotise me on the way, but I slapped him down. 'None of your mad monk-ey business', I said, and while he was laughing at my play on words, I rolled him under the edge of the ice so far that I had to put skates on to get out to where he was.

I skated around him for a while, cutting figure eights, until Mike joined me and then we two went fishing through the ice for him. Every time we caught him we threw him back until finally, tiring of our sport, we replaced the block of ice over the hole, stamped it down and left him.

Now that is the true story of how Rasputin was killed, and I

don't think there's a jury in the country that would convict me. So let's have no more talk about it, please.

Next to Benchley, he finds a piece by a man who perhaps of all living American humorists is most in the direct line of Yankee humour, the kind of humour we possibly never associate with America, because it is such a commonplace there it never seems new enough to export. Like nine out of ten Americans, Thurber never uses a wisecrack. The humour of Broadway, the rattling, irreverent smart-aleckry of George Kaufman, say, is a side-line of American humour. More typical of all sorts of Americans is James Thurber, posing as a slightly mad, very gentle enquirer, with an irony he never seems conscious of.

I left the University in June, 1918, but I couldn't get into the army on account of my sight, just as grandfather couldn't get in on account of his age. He applied several times and each time he took off his coat and threatened to whip the men who said he was too old. The disappointment of not getting to Germany (he saw no sense in everybody going to France) and the strain of running around town seeing influential officials finally got him down in bed. . . .

The Columbus draft board never called grandfather for service, which was a lucky thing for them because they would have had to take him. There were stories that several old men of eighty or ninety had been summoned in the confusion, but somehow or other grandfather was missed. He waited every day for the call, but it never came. My own experience was quite different. I was called almost every week, even though I had been exempted from service the first time I went before the medical examiners. The second time I went up, I tried to explain to one of the doctors that I had already been exempted. 'You're just a blur to me', I said, taking off my glasses. 'You're absolutely nothing to me', he snapped, sharply.

I had to take off all my clothes each time and jog around the hall with a lot of porters and bank presidents' sons and clerks and poets. Our hearts and lungs would be examined, and then our feet; and finally our eyes. That always came last. When the eye specialist got around to me, he would always say, 'Why, you couldn't get into the service with sight like that!' 'I know', I would say. Then a week or two later I would be summoned again and go through the same rigmarole. The ninth or tenth time I was called, I happened to pick up one of several stethoscopes that were lying on a table and suddenly, instead of finding myself in the line of draft men, I found myself in the line of examiners. 'Hello, doctor', said one of them, nodding, 'Hello', I said. That, of course, was before I took my clothes off; I might have managed it naked, but I doubt it. I was assigned, or rather drifted, to the chest-and-lung section, where I began to examine every other man, thus cutting old Dr. Ridgeway's work in two. 'I'm glad to have you here, doctor', he said.

I passed most of the men that came to me, but now and then I would exempt one just to be on the safe side. I began by making each of them hold his breath and then say 'mi, mi, mi, mi', until I noticed Ridgeway looking at me curiously. He, I discovered, simply made them say 'ah', and some times he didn't make them say anything. Once I got hold of a man who, it came out later, had swallowed a watch—to make the doctors believe there was something wrong with him inside (it was a common subterfuge). Since I didn't know what you were supposed to hear through a stethoscope, the ticking of the watch at first didn't surprise me, but I decided to call Dr. Ridgeway into consultation, because nobody else had ticked. 'This man seems to tick', I said to him. He looked at me in surprise but didn't say anything. Then he thumped the man, laid his ear to his chest, and finally tried the stethoscope. 'Sound as a dollar', he said. 'Listen lower down', I told him. The man indicated his stomach. Ridgeway gave him a haughty, indignant look. 'That is for the abdominal men to worry about', he said, and moved off. A few minutes later, Dr. Blythe Ballomy got around to the man and listened, but he didn't blink an eye; his grim expression never changed. 'You have swallowed a watch, my man', he said, crisply. The draftee reddened in embarrassment and uncertainty. 'On purpose?' he asked. 'That I can't say', the doctor told him, and went on.

Then Speaight pounces with a warm feeling of familiarity on a copy of Hiawatha but wonders why the title is mis-spelled. But 'Hiawatta, witt no oder poems' is not by Longfellow, but by Milt Gross, who, living in a borough of New York City, has spent his time re-writing history and schoolboy

literature as it might be said by a typical German or Polish immigrant in Brooklyn or the Bronx.

From Milt Gross to Benet is no jump at all on the bookshelf, but for Speaight it is a quick change of offering. Of contemporary poets, the most traditional American lyric is written today by Stephen Vincent Benet. And this is his poem on 'American Names'.

I have fallen in love with American names,
The sharp names that never get fat,
The snakeskin-titles of mining-claims,
The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,
Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat.

Seine and Piave are silver spoons,
But the spoonbowl-metal is thin and worn,
There are English counties like hunting-tunes
Played on the keys of a postboy's horn,
But I will remember where I was born.

I will remember Carquinez Straits,
Little French Lick and Lundy's Lane,
The Yankee ships and the Yankee dates
And the bullet-towns of Calamity Jane.
I will remember Skunktown Plain.

I will fall in love with a Salem tree
And a rawhide quirt from Santa Cruz,
I will get me a bottle of Boston sea
And a blue-gum nigger to sing me blues.
I am tired of loving a foreign muse.

Rue des Martyrs and Bleeding-Heart-Yard,
Senlis, Pisa and Blindman's Oast.
It is a magic ghost you guard
But I am sick for a newer ghost,
Harrisburg, Spartanburg, Painted Post.

Henry and John were never so
And Henry and John were always right?

Granted, but when it was time to go
And the tea and the laurels had stood all night
Did they never watch for Nantucket Light?

I shall not rest quiet in Montparnasse.
I shall not lie easy at Winchelsea.
You may bury my body in Sussex grass,
You may bury my tongue at Champmédy,
I shall not be there. I shall rise and pass.
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee.

'I am tired of loving a foreign muse' . . . there Benet has hinted at a nostalgia that many writers, mostly easterners of the last century, have been proud to feel. It was not only a fashion. For many people it was a colonial conviction that they would solidify their talents by making them European. It was a movement which only Emerson and James Russell Lowell resisted—a movement at its height with Henry James, claiming its last disciples in Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. But now, in painting, in music, in architecture, and more than ever in literature, the American likes to work at home, to sharpen his American qualities. The apprenticeship to Europe is over. This problem of the expatriate has been most movingly expressed by the most distinguished of America's established younger poets, Archibald MacLeish. Son of a Scottish emigrant, MacLeish had more reason than most to feel a backward call for Europe. After the war he stayed there for seven years. And then went home. At first he couldn't settle. Europe was in his bone and his memory. After a year he knew himself for an American, and it was then that he wrote his poem 'American Letter'. It is written back to a friend in France. It starts with chanting French names, recalling with longing the sights and smells of Normandy and Sussex . . . the red roofs and the olives, the smell of gorse.

But then he thinks of his own land and the body of the poem is the reason for its title, 'American Letter', is the reason it is being written back to an exile in Europe.

Broadcast Drama

History and Fantasy

WHY MUST WE BE SO solemn about our centenaries? Cobbett's life was exciting enough, yet I found the version of it given last week, 'Peter Porcupine', intolerably dull. These historical chronicles are, no doubt, hybrid forms, and it must be difficult to steer between the impersonal accuracy which is permissible in a talk and the imaginative freedom proper to a biographical play. Yet some recent examples show that it can be done. So it was disappointing to find 'Peter Porcupine' an uninspired textbook summary of the events of Cobbett's life, plus occasional speeches from actors who represented Cobbett himself, his friends and his family. And even these speeches were not dramatic; they scarcely carried the narrative forward and were only there to illustrate points which the narrator had already described. The whole thing was a fine example of the misuse of the freedom of the microphone. The writer of a stage play would have been forced to select from the mass of his material a few significant scenes and make them convey the essence of Cobbett's personality. But the microphone could tell us anything; so we were told everything that Cobbett did and were made to feel nothing of what he was.

★ ★ ★

The prologue of Mr. Sydney Horler's 'The Mystery of the Seven Cafés' fulfilled its function last week, as far as I was concerned, by making me just sufficiently interested to want to know who would be killed off next time. I thought both material and treatment rather crude, but I did not mind this very much. What I did resent was that a story written for the microphone should be conceived in terms of stage scenes. The setting was described by an announcer and each incidental noise, the clinking of glasses, the drawing of curtains and so on, helped to complete the illusion that I was listening to something that I would have preferred to see as well. That this feeling can be avoided was proved by the delightful broadcast of Hans Andersen's 'The Nightingale' on the following evening. During the whole of this fragile and enchanting tale of an Emperor and his two nightingales—one real, the other a jewelled toy—I never paused to wonder where the characters were. When it was necessary to know a word was enough. A voice said, 'It is forbidden to enter the Emperor's kitchen', and we were in the Emperor's kitchen with-

out all the heavy realism of approaching footsteps and opening doors. When the Court went in search of the Nightingale we were swept along through vast fantastic gardens by gay processional music set against the delicate tinkling of bells. The call 'Way for the Emperor's Nightingale' echoing through infinite distances created the illusion of formal magnificence and huge palaces. The result of all this imaginative rather than realistic treatment of sound was that it never struck me to wish to see. Hearing alone gave me the rare and satisfying feeling of moving freely in time and space.

It must have been difficult for the actors to strike exactly the required note between artificiality and realism. I thought that Mr. Felix Aylmer as the Emperor succeeded completely, and Miss Lilian Harrison as the Nightingale, Miss Sophie Stewart as the Girl, Mr. Percy Rhodes as the Fisherman and Mr. Frank Cochrane as the Chancellor all seemed well in key. Only in one or two of the minor parts, courtiers and so on, was the tone a little forced. But this small detail could not spoil my enjoyment of one of the most charming entertainments I have heard.

★ ★ ★

How moving Galsworthy's 'Justice' still is in the theatre, and how little of its quality came over when it was broadcast last Sunday. The final scene, in which the weak Falder, haunted by the fear of prison, rushes to kill himself rather than be taken back there, is so powerful that it came over with something of its full effect. But most of the rest was only the ghost of the stage play. This was, I think, partly due to the production, which was too 'stagy', too emphatic for the microphone; partly to the poor enunciation of some of the actors (Mr. Malcolm Keen as the Judge, and Miss Ffrangcon-Davies, as Ruth Honeywill, were notable exceptions); but much more to the fact that Galsworthy excels in putting on the stage the reticent English whose emotions are seldom fully expressed in speech. The result is that his most telling moments are silent ones, and need to be seen if they are to be effective. It is this visual appeal which makes Galsworthy's plays such excellent theatre, and it is just this which makes them unsatisfactory material for broadcasting.

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE

Taming the Golden Eagle

By Captain C. W. R. KNIGHT

Introducing Mr. Ramshaw, who accompanied Captain Knight to the studio when he broadcast to the Empire on June 17

I SUPPOSE it is difficult—impossible—for anyone who never had the actual experience to visualise the feeling of helplessness, of utter inability to do anything that overwhelms one when a huge eagle with deep-set glinting eyes, curved talons held at the ready, and a 'woof-woof' of wings, comes hurtling straight at your head. What can one do in such a situation? It is no use standing there and waiting for someone else to do something about it. Safety lies in quick decision, and the safest thing to do is to fling out, before it is too late, the lump of meat or rabbit that you should always have by you when you let your eagle fly loose, in the hope that the bird will change its direction and crash on to that instead of on to your face.

A much more dramatic move, if you can nerve yourself to chance it, is to extend your fist, covered in three thicknesses of horse-hide glove, in a dead straight line between your face and the oncoming form of the eagle. The eagle will not deviate from its course, but, if you steel yourself and your aim is good, will land with an almighty whack against your glove; an impact that will in all probability send you staggering backwards. It is then just as well to get a grip with your unoccupied right hand on the leather straps, called jesses, that are attached to each of the eagle's legs, thus preventing it from persisting in its determination to close with your face.

I have, at home, an enormous Crested Eagle that I brought over with me from South Africa and which I often fly loose. It is a very heavy, an exceedingly powerful, and all too frequently a much too ferocious bird. When, for some private reason of its own, it makes up its mind to return to me, there is no thwarting its purpose. It comes at me with immovable determination and with the speed of an express train. Even I, who am pretty well accustomed to such apparitions, cannot quite control the feeling of apprehensiveness that will get the upper hand each time the huge bird bears down on me.

Of course, one must know how to handle these eagles. Not so long ago a nephew of mine, noticing that this African Eagle seemed pretty docile and easy to handle, asked me if he might carry it for a while. I naturally agreed, and succeeded in transferring it from my arm on to his. Then I took the liberty of suggesting that it would be a good idea if he were to get a grip on the jesses so as to deprive the eagle of the opportunity of striking with its foot. He agreed that it looked a good move and lowered his head slightly to suit the action to the word. Suddenly and without the slightest warning, the eagle shot out its great foot. Whop! I heard a quick gasp of terror; his hands

went up to his face as he flung the eagle aside. It was a nasty crack and a good deal of blood resulted, but, luckily, the eagle didn't hang on. One of the talons had penetrated less than an inch from his right eye.

A similar thing happened to me, only the bird concerned was a female Golden Eagle, far bigger and more powerful than a male. She had always been awkward, but I had persevered with her, as indeed I have done with most of the others, because I was anxious to record her flight in slow-motion photography. When the day for photography arrived we had two cameras going, normal speed and slow-motion, with a man

to work each, and it was arranged that I was to shout to them to begin taking and shout again when I wanted them to stop. Up to a point things proceeded according to plan. I gave the word to 'go', and the eagle flew to me without hesitation, landed on my arm, steadied herself with her great outspread wings, and sat gazing at, and listening to, the shrieking slow-motion camera. No sooner, however, had I shouted 'stop' to the camera-men than the eagle, perhaps irritated by all the excitement and noise, or perhaps in the hope of making a meal off my flushed cheek, suddenly shot out her right foot and seized the left side of my face with such force that I was momentarily stunned. I might as well have been kicked by a horse. And the eagle hung on! Such awful, such incredible strength is



A South African crested eagle alighting on Captain Knight's hand

contained in the grip of those talons that the idea of trying to make the eagle loose its hold is fantastic. If an eagle means to hold, no man, no two men, could open its foot. And the two camera-men gazed at me speechless, open-mouthed, too dumbfounded even to move! I could feel one talon grinding against my cheek-bone, another had penetrated deeply beneath my left eye, a third was clean through my ear. It looked as though the eagle had made up her mind that I should not escape this time. Desperate, I gripped the eagle's leg and literally tore it away from flesh and skin. Anything to be free. What luck that none of those talons had sunk into the eye-socket! Who then, short of killing the eagle first, would have separated us? As a result of the encounter, I developed a face that suggested a chronic attack of mumps, was injected against tetanus and had three stitches put in one of the gashes. Nevertheless, we got the pictures. In the end this eagle was liberated. I made arrangements for release in a district where hares and rabbits abound and where she would have no difficulty in fending for herself; on one of the Duke of Sutherland's deer forests, where golden eagles are strictly preserved.



Mr. Ramshaw at the microphone

Other eagles that I have possessed have been equally awkward—Miss America, for instance, who was given to me by Dr. Mann, Director of the National Zoological Park, Washington, U.S.A. Dr. Mann was of the opinion that I should never tame her. This particular sort of eagle, which has a white head and tail, is the emblem of the United States, and Dr. Mann said that no one had ever tamed one yet. I must admit that for a time I despaired of doing any good with her. She refused to sit up on my fist, persisted in hanging head downwards like a slaughtered fowl, and when she did sit up spent her time in trying to come to grips with my face. The worst of the American Eagle is that it uses its beak as well as its feet. This makes it a little awkward at times. The eagle, sitting serenely enough on your arm, seems to be surveying the surrounding country and not in the least interested in you. Suddenly, all unexpectedly, its head swivels round, shoots out in the direction of your face and with a hissing noise endeavours to remove a mouthful from your cheek! But in spite of everything I *did* tame Miss America, and I am inclined to think that the slow-motion pictures that I secured of her flight are among the most effective in my collection.

The trouble is that with eagles—eagles, that is, that are in perfect health, keen, full of vigour as they should be—you never know. Even Mr. Ramshaw can be ugly. His thousands of friends in this country, in the United States, in Canada, in South Africa, will find that difficult to believe. They always see him when he is on his best behaviour; probably in some lecture hall where, having done his stuff, he has a jolly good feed and everything looks rosy. Children gather round to stroke his golden head, some of the more reckless ask if they might hold him on *their* arms for a bit. And Ramshaw puts up with it all—even enjoys the notice that is taken of him. It is only when he feels that he has been treated unfairly, has had his food taken away before he has even tasted it, that he sometimes becomes resentful and forgets himself for a few moments. I know exactly the things that make Ramshaw furious and try to avoid doing them. After all, I should know Mr. Ramshaw pretty well: he has crossed the Atlantic with me ten times and has accompanied me to South Africa twice. He seems quite to enjoy the trips. Of course, from time to time

the most hair-raising or ridiculous incidents have occurred. I quite thought that I had lost him in New York the last time we were there, for when I went out on to the roof of the hotel, where he lives when we are in residence, as it were, I found he had gone. The chain by which he is tied up had parted company in the middle, and half, therefore, had gone away with Ramshaw. Here was a nice to-do! He might have flown anywhere, might be caught up by his chain and unable to move by this time. He might be hanging head downwards waiting till death came to put him out of his misery. And then, Heaven be praised, I caught sight of him sitting on a church steeple on the other side of Fifth Avenue. Lowell Thomas told the story over the radio that evening. How I had dashed into the hotel for a piece of beef, how bell-boys, waiters, guests came crowding on to the roof to see the fun. How I swung the beef on the end of a piece of blind cord and called hysterically to Ramshaw. How he took not the slightest notice until I ordered everyone into the hotel. And then how Ramshaw sailed with all the majestic grace of his wild relatives across Fifth Avenue back to my side.

At last I could breathe freely again! Lowell Thomas said that traffic was held up in Fifth Avenue. I was far too anxious about Ramshaw to think about that. Much more amusing—to me—was a little incident that occurred in Chicago. I had reached the hotel at some unearthly hour the previous night and had smuggled Ramshaw up to my room and had fixed him up on his hamper placed in the bath tub. Next morning I went off to try to find the Manager to ask him if I might fasten Ramshaw out on the roof. I got the necessary permission and was returning to my room when I heard a shriek ahead of me, my door was flung open and a white-faced maid rushed screaming out into the passage! She had gone, all unthinking, into the bathroom to find herself face to face with an apparently ferocious eagle!

These are just a few incidents that have happened in the



Captain Knight and Mr. Ramshaw checking in at a San Francisco hotel

course of Ramshaw's career. We have been through much together and therefore we know each other pretty well. Yet, in spite of his usually charming disposition, his intelligence, his tolerance towards me, Ramshaw is capable of forgetting himself if he feels that he has been treated unjustly, as is suggested by the bruises and scars on my arms, shoulders and back—the result of a little difference we had the other day.

Kitchen Sense

A Scheme for Savouries

By AMBROSE HEATH

TOWARDS the end of a recently published cookery book the author has a short section on savouries which is prefaced by the following remark, among others: 'The savoury is the paradise to which all good left-overs go when they die'. Now I should have thought that this was quite the most apt description of what a savoury should *not* be. I hate to start with a negative, but it is better to say at once that if we are going to confess (as I certainly do) that we like savouries, we should be quite definite about it, and demand our savouries to be specially made for us, and not what is often a strange and unsavoury conglomeration of those left-overs, disguised by a dash of sauce of some kind, some chopped pickles and goodness knows what, decorated with chopped egg and surrounded by an air of mystery into which it is better not to probe too deeply.

I don't know why there should be so much fuss about savouries. They always seem to be so difficult—at least, that is what other people say. A neighbour of mine complains that she always has cold stuffed eggs given to her when she dines out. I have suffered myself from an appalling repetition of mushrooms about autumn time: some are pursued by herrings' roes, others by cod's roe, or sardines. Why, goodness only knows. For if ever there was a chance to exercise the most elementary kitchen sense, savouries give us the opportunity.

My theory is to think more generally about them. I've done it for years and never found it fail. Take a look round the larder, and then at the clock, and see what you can do.

The Theory of the Basic Ingredient

Perhaps a good example would be this, my wife and I are both very fond of duck, and—I suppose with vague thoughts of *pâté de foie gras*—we dislike the idea of adding the liver to the rest of the giblets to make stock. Well, we found ourselves the other day with a beautiful duck's liver, and wondered how we could find an end for it which it deserved. We fried it, pounded it, mixed it with a very little cream and a dash of sherry, salt, pepper and cayenne, of course, and that paste spread hot on toast was one of the very best savouries I have ever eaten. A trifle rich, perhaps, but delicious all the same. Another discovery was thin slices of smoked salmon under scrambled egg. But to come to my theory of the basic ingredient: what I mean is, some people like cheese, others eggs, others fish, others something with bacon, so let us take one of these bases and think round it.

Let us take eggs, for instance. Even the stuffed eggs of which my friend complained so eloquently are quite another thing if you have them hot instead of cold, stuffed with various sorts of fish, herbs, onions, a curry powder mixture, asparagus, and not merely just perched on their toasts, but coated as well with some contrasting sauce: a smoked haddock- or asparagus-stuffed egg with a coat of cheese sauce, an onion stuffing with a tomato sauce and so on. And those little bits of toast remind me how useful savouries can be for using up stale bread.

Bacon is another good ingredient. Bacon rolls are always made in the same way. Get the thinnest rashers of streaky bacon you can, then just roll them round the kind of stuffing you want, tie them with thread or cotton, or skewer them, and either grill them or bake them in the oven for about ten minutes. Angels on horseback are the best example of this sort of savoury, the stuffing being simply an oyster. But when oysters are out of season, you can use chickens' livers, or mushrooms, or slices of smoked salmon, or different purées or pastes, haddock, shrimps, lobster, savoury herbs. But you must bind these with a little yolk of egg to prevent them from oozing out in the cooking. When they are cooked, cut the cotton or take out the skewers, and perch them on buttered toasts.

Fish savouries are very much liked, but you will find that the fish is usually mixed with egg or with cheese, so that it almost comes under the other headings. Here is a very pleasant fish savoury that is quite easy to remember. Pound some prawns—

better fresh ones, but tinned would do—pound them with a little butter and moisten them with a little fish stock. Season with cayenne pepper and when the mixture is like thick cream, mix it well with an equal quantity of fritter batter. Drop this in spoonfuls into deep fat and fry till crisp and golden. Serve with fried parsley.

Cheese in Various Aspects

Now for cheese: what should we do without it? What a difference it makes if you sprinkle it on the top of chickens' livers on toast, for instance, or stuffed tomatoes, or smoked haddock, or asparagus tips—particularly good this last one, asparagus tips on toast, sprinkled with cheese and just browned for a second under the grill. Even sardines can be made more exciting with cheese if you dip them in melted butter and then in finely grated Parmesan cheese. Put them on their toasts, or fried bread, and put them into a hot oven for about five minutes.

Now here is a savoury which I fancy very few of you will have eaten. It is fried Camembert. I can assure you it is good, and I know it must be very unusual, because I asked for it the other night at a very well-known London restaurant and I had to tell them how to cook it. You must have an unripe Camembert, not at all runny inside, cut off the rind and then cut the cheese into slices about a third of an inch thick—they must not be too thin—egg-and-breadcrumb them twice, and then fry them in deep fat for a minute or two, till they are golden. As a matter of fact, you can do the same thing with those little silver-paper covered gruyère cheeses; but they are not so good. And don't make the mistake of an inn where I dined recently. I asked for a Welsh Rarebit, and when it came, I found between the cheese and the toast a thin strip of silver paper.

There is one other aspect of cheese, and that is cheese pastry. Everybody loves cheese straws, but only a few think of using the paste in other ways. I often use it for making little patty cases in which we can put various savoury fillings, or make biscuit shapes and use these as a base for savouries like buttered egg or a purée of some kind. And they are awfully good cold, too, but in this case you pile them up with some well whipped cream flavoured as you like, but especially with anchovy.

Here are two more quite simple but quite admirable cheese savouries. Cut some very thin squares, about two inch sides, or long strips if you like, of stale breadcrumb, the thinner the better. On each of these put a very thin slice (what we used to call a slither) of gruyère cheese. Cover this with a very thin slice of lean cooked ham or bacon (ham is better), then another slither of cheese and finally a slice of bread. Fry these sandwiches in enough butter to come half-way up them, and when one side is golden, turn them over and fry the other. Drain them very well before serving. The cheese melts and sticks them together, but if you like you can tie them round with a bit of cotton. The second savoury is simpler still. Put some soft herring's roes in the bottom of a buttered soufflé dish, cover with cheese soufflé mixture, and bake in the usual way.

Mushrooms, after all, in spite of their predominance as a savoury, are really very good, and especially this way. Cut your toast to the size of the mushrooms. On the buttered toast put a grilled rasher of bacon, cut also the same size; on that a grilled or fried mushroom, and on the top, a poached herring's roe, or a piece of pickled walnut, or a stuffed olive, but best of all some poached beef marrow.

I do hope these few examples have given you some idea of what I mean. Remembering recipes is not the secret; it is discovering them. If you use your kitchen sense and think about savouries in this way, you need never be at a loss in an emergency. Don't fly to your cookery books every time you want a new one. Have a go at something of your own. Try it on your husband, or some other savoury-minded person. But don't rely on old favourites, and don't use left-overs. And don't forget the principal bases I've told you: eggs, cheese, bacon.

Adrift in the 'Roaring Forties'

By W. J. CONNOR

PASSENGERS on steamships today perhaps hardly realise the isolation of a disabled vessel in mid-ocean before the advent of wireless. Assistance was only likely if a rescuing vessel was within visual distance, a limited range indeed. Despite the fact that our trade routes bore many ships, it was therefore possible to drift helpless for many days in an unbroken vista of sea and sky, cut off from the rest of the world. The drift I shall describe is the longest one in the history of ocean travel. Coaling had never before been accomplished under similar conditions, whilst the two thousand six hundred miles tow was the longest informal one ever made.

The *Waikato*, an eight thousand tons cargo steamer of the New Zealand Shipping Company, left London on May 4, 1899, bound for Port Chalmers, New Zealand. I was a member of the crew. We anticipated an unbroken and monotonous run of some nine weeks; no port would be touched, for we carried sufficient coal for the whole voyage out. There were no passengers. A month from London we passed Cape Town, Table Mountain a misty blot on the horizon, much too far away for us to signal by flags our vessel's name and destination.

Thirty-six hours later, soon after midnight, a terrific clatter was heard below—the engines racing at about six times their normal speed. Silence soon followed, for the engineer on watch quickly shut off steam. No attempt was made to start the engines until daylight, when steam was applied very gradually. They turned all right, but the propeller did not, and investigation proved that the 'aftermost' section of the shaft was broken. This part was enclosed in a phosphor bronze tube, weighed several tons, and was accessible only in port. Our position at this time was one hundred and eighty miles to the south of Cape Agulhas, the southernmost extremity of the African Continent. We soon, however, increased this distance, for ocean currents run strongly there.

The first day of our breakdown passed. We felt a mild surprise that no vessel had hove in sight, for ships are fairly numerous around the Cape, but we had no doubt that the second day would bring assistance, with a nice bit of salvage for the lucky crew. But the second day proved a blank; several days more, and we began to think we really must do something about it. We must sail her, or try to. We rummaged about, dug out all our old canvas and began to make some sails. We already possessed some, for the *Waikato*, like many steamers

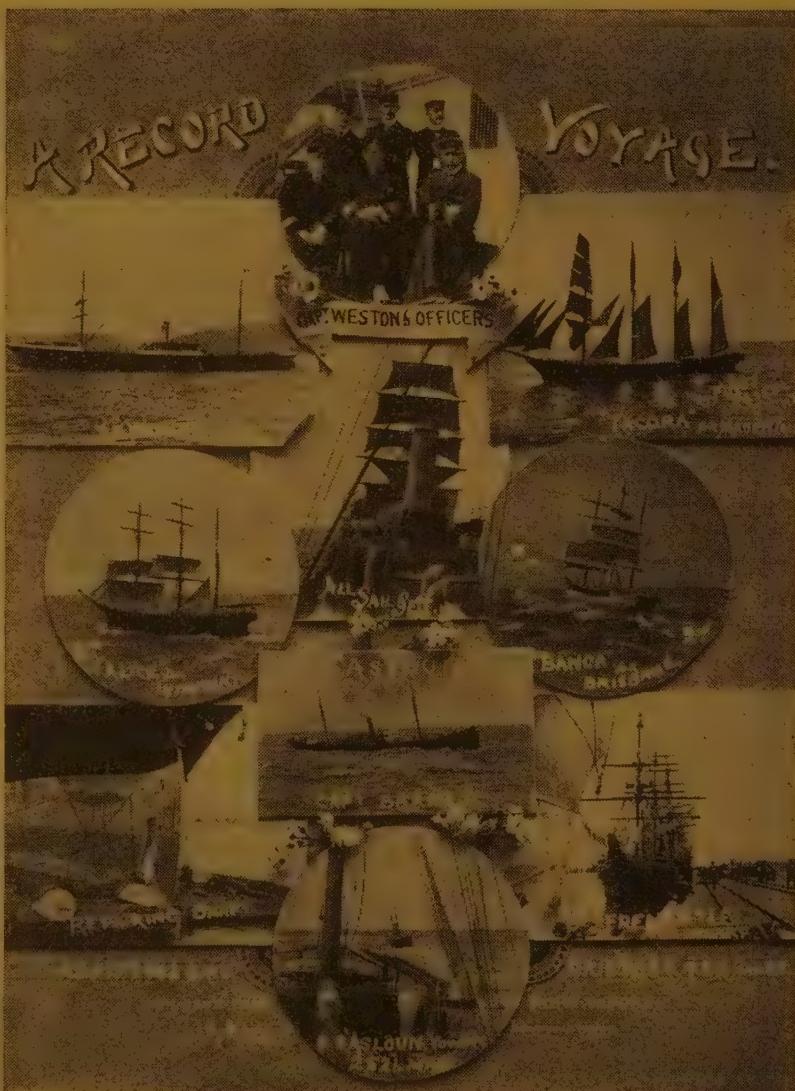
of her day, was square-rigged on the foremast. These square sails were believed by optimists to add a couple of knots to her engine speed—provided a gale was blowing in the right direction! With the extra canvas rigged on a jury-mast, we might attain three knots. We got our sails up, but the ever-varying currents of those latitudes opposed our intention of sailing towards the north.

We next tried a sea-anchor. This idea, of course, was not to assist our sailing, but to prevent drifting, the direction of which was taking us farther each day from land. This sea-anchor consisted of three booms, lashed in the form of a triangle, with canvas suspended from it to form a sort of huge floating bucket. We trailed this gadget astern; the position of the base of the triangle relative to the ship was manipulated by wire ropes. It gave no worth-while results despite our constant pulling and hauling, and, when it finally broke adrift, some of our crew (myself included) rejoiced, for our task had been an unthankful one.

We became an object of much attention from the natives of those waters, the albatrosses. They flew round the ship continuously, at times passing close over our heads, squawking their resentment at our intrusion. We captured several and endeavoured to win their friendship by offering tit-bits of food, but they met our advances with raucous and bitter hostility. On the fifty-third day, we sighted our first sail. The vessel was a barquentine, the *Tacora* of Liverpool, bound for Mauritius. She came up rapidly, passing right under our counter. She looked very small, and small she was. Could she tow us through those big seas?

Her Captain cheerfully essayed the task. A hawser was passed between the two vessels and the tow began. But it was apparent she was inadequate for the job. Her tonnage was eight hundred, ours eight thousand: a modern comparison would be an Austin Seven trying to pull a motor-bus. The white wings of the *Tacora* could drive her graceful hull, but the added weight of the *Waikato* made her resemble a crippled bird. There was a lull in the wind, but a short one, then a change in its direction, and the *Tacora* bore down on us, striking amidships with a crash. We were relieved to find that no great damage was done, but by common consent the tow was abandoned and, promising to report us, the *Tacora* was soon hulldown.

We continued our wallowing, but more hopefully. Contact



A memento of the *Waikato*'s adventure

was established again with the world. If one ship could discover us, then why not others? The weather became worse, decks were awash, lifelines along them were essential. To be caught by the big seas which broke aboard meant 'man overboard' unless one's grip on the lifeline was secure. It was necessary to watch for an opportunity—for a momentarily even keel—and then, if lucky, a mere dousing.

A few more days elapsed, and—Sail ho! She came up with us rapidly and announced herself as the *Aalborg*, a Danish barque. She declined our alluring invitation to a tow and stood away, after leaving us a sack or two of 'hard tack'. It was rightly named. Previous sea experience had accustomed most of us to astonishing qualities in ships' biscuits, but these were of a hardness I should never have imagined attainable with mere flour. We had, for some weeks, been lacking that article of food, also potatoes, so we forgave the donors and tackled the hard tack.

We wallowed and rolled on our erratic way, changing our direction with wind and current, our canvas rapidly being reduced to rags, when a lucky day brought us a good Samaritan, an American barque which gave us flour, potatoes and canvas in generous quantity. Her cheery skipper promised to report us and resumed his course for New Zealand. These timely gifts almost reconciled us to our position. We had subsisted for many weeks on tinned herrings, peas and cocoa broached from the cargo. We had survived the ordeal, even thrived on it, but we did really feel the need of a change, for these articles of food are apt to become cloying.

We had now fully realised that only a steamer could assist the *Waikato* and we must await, if impatiently, its arrival. It came at last. On September 15, the one hundred and second day of our drift, a steamer was sighted. We sent up smoke signals, and it soon became apparent that we were seen, her course was changed, she headed directly for us, and was soon abeam, engines slowed down. Her name was *Asloun*, her destination Fremantle, Western Australia. Like the *Waikato* she was a cargo vessel, and again, like us, she was no thing of beauty, but we welcomed her heartily nevertheless. A few critical remarks were made perhaps. Her small size and probably small engine power were likely to increase the towing difficulties, for a big stretch of ocean lay between us and Australia.

It became obvious also that the *Asloun* could beat us at our own speciality—rolling. We learned that her cargo was mainly machinery—a deadweight which does not make for steadiness in a heavy sea.

Well, a boat was sent across the short distance between the two vessels and soon returned with the news that the *Asloun* could tow us. There was, however, a difficulty to be overcome. The *Asloun* had sufficient coal to enable her to reach Fremantle, but not with the *Waikato* in tow. Her speed would be reduced by at least one-half, but her coal consumption would not, so she must be supplied from our surplus. Amsterdam Island, which lay six hundred miles away would provide a 'lee', for some shelter was necessary.

A heavy steel hawser was passed between the two vessels and the tow began. The Island was reached without mishap and coaling commenced. It was a tedious job, for it involved bagging up the coal in our bunkers, hoisting it to the deck and lowering into the ships' boats used for ferrying it to the *Asloun*, which maintained the hawser in a state of tension meanwhile. This was necessary, for had the line sagged too

much it might have fouled our rescuer's propeller with the result of a second disabled vessel. The heavily-loaded boats travelled slowly between the ships, accompanied by sharks hopeful of a meal. They had quite a reasonable chance, too, for swamping was likely. Thirty hours' coaling sufficed and the tow was resumed.

The *Asloun* plugged along, the *Waikato* sometimes in her wake and sometimes yawning till our tow-boat appeared, to us, abeam. The weather had been heavy since leaving the island, and its effect on the *Asloun* was painful to watch. With a bad cargo she rolled appallingly, not with a slow motion, but with a savage rapidity that, at times, might have caught the best of seamen without their sealegs.

On the thirteenth day of the tow the weather became worse and by night-time a gale was blowing and a tremendous sea running. Some of us off-watch had turned in, some were seated on their sea-chests, barely visible to each other in the dim light of a small oil lamp which was the only source of illumination. Suddenly a loud 'boom' was heard, the *Waikato* shivered violently, then heeled over, till we thought it her last roll. A rush was made for the fo'c'sle door, but as it was opened a sea burst in washing men, chests and their gear about in wild confusion. We sorted ourselves out and getting into the open looked for the *Asloun*. She was quite a distance from us, considerably farther than the length of the towing hawser. And we realised then that we had broken adrift. Both ships were firing rockets in the hope of maintaining touch, but in a few minutes the *Asloun* had disappeared from view. We anxiously awaited the dawn, but it revealed no *Asloun*. What had happened?

We thought of her extraordinary rolling and, remembering her cargo of heavy machinery, we fervently hoped that the stevedores of London who stowed it had done it truly and well. The morning passed slowly, all hands on the look-out, and, about noon, a smudge of smoke was seen—faint but unmistakable.

Smoke signals were made on our vessel, and it was soon evident that they were seen, for the distant steamer headed directly for us. We hoped it was the *Asloun*; we should have been disappointed had it been a stranger, for we had developed a real affection for the vessel and her crew. We looked forward to the day when we could meet, at closer quarters, the men who had cheerfully undertaken so big a task.

It was the *Asloun*. After losing sight of us on the previous night, the crew had entertained grave doubts of our survival. They had found it imperative to keep head on to the huge seas and, knowing the *Waikato* could only wallow in the troughs, they expected the worst. Both crews relieved their feelings by cheers and, despite the heavy weather, we succeeded in passing a light line, then a heavier one, and finally a steel hawser to the *Asloun*. By the second dogwatch we were again on the move. We now made steady, if slow, progress and finally both vessels dropped anchor off Rottnest Island, Fremantle, Western Australia.

One hundred and fifty-seven days had elapsed since the *Waikato* left London. We had drifted for one hundred and two days, covering in that period 4,450 miles. The *Asloun* towed us for twenty-two days, covering a distance of twenty-six hundred miles. For four months we had rolled without cessation. At the first opportunity we invited the crew of the *Asloun* to the time-honoured ceremony of 'splicing the mainbrace'.

Microphone Miscellany

Short extracts from recent broadcasts

Work for Miners' Welfare

The Thirteenth Annual Report of the Miners' Welfare Fund was issued on June 20. The fund is derived from a levy on the annual value of mining royalties and an output levy on every ton of coal produced.

IT IS NEARLY fifteen years since Parliament laid the foundations of the Fund, but few people outside the mining industry know of its existence. Yet its work is bringing about something like a

revolution in the conditions under which coal-miners and their families live.

During the life of the Fund the receipts have reached the huge figure of £14½ million, and nearly all of this has already been spent. Five million pounds have so far been devoted to providing outdoor recreation, indoor amusement and leisure occupations for the 800,000 or so employed in the coal-mining industry. As a result, the mining communities nearly all have their village halls, institutes and sports grounds and pavilions, bowling greens, tennis courts, children's playgrounds, and all manner of other

adjuncts, including, in some cases, indoor and open-air swimming baths.

Another activity of the Fund is to provide accommodation at collieries for the miners to change their clothes when going to work, to have a bath after work, and to dry their working clothes. Already 154 new pit-head baths, accommodating more than 200,000 workers, have been built, and about 40 more have been planned or started—at a total cost of nearly £3 million. A further £3 million have been spent on health schemes. Fifteen convalescent homes have been established—some of them endowed—at a total cost of £2 million; large grants have been made to hospitals in mining districts; and over £120,000 has been expended on ambulance and nursing services.

Education, too, has had a generous share of the Fund—more than a million pounds, in fact. In 1926 the Fund endowed a National Scholarship scheme, of which the annual income of £8,000 is devoted to helping selected miners and their children to take full University courses. And finally, about £850,000 has been allocated to the research work carried on at Sheffield and Buxton by the Safety in Mines Research Board.

The operation of this whole scheme depends upon the voluntary efforts of public-spirited people in the villages and towns, and the management committees include representatives of both employers and employed, who work together harmoniously towards the common object.

Such, in brief, is the work of the Miners' Welfare Fund to date. Figures themselves are often dull, but almost every figure of the Report can be interpreted in terms of human happiness and well-being. I suppose that the miner's life is one of the most dangerous and difficult. Great efforts have been made to render the mines safe, but accidents are inevitable, and, from time to time, serious disasters occur. Added to this, there has lately been what is a still heavier burden—that of unemployment.

The nation owes these fine men a debt of gratitude. There are not only the miners themselves to consider, but the wives and the young people of the mining districts. I have had the chance to go about the country a certain amount in connection with the Miners' Welfare Fund, and I should like to say how much I have been struck by the splendid spirit in which the inhabitants of the distressed areas are facing their troubles, and by the astonishing amount of work being done both by public and by private bodies to alleviate distress. It is without parallel in the world, whether in extent or type—a work of which every man and woman in the country should be aware and proud.

SIR FREDERICK SYKES

Africa and Back in a Day

Broadcast on June 17

I HAVE BEEN TO AFRICA today. The object of my flight to Africa and back in a day was to demonstrate the remarkable advance that has been made in the construction of light planes. The actual flying time to Oran and back was 14 hours 30 minutes—an average of approximately 160 miles an hour. I left Gravesend at 1.30 this morning and arrived at Oran when the Algerians were enjoying their early morning coffee. I had some breakfast, a light lunch, and was back at 6.20 p.m. And so, for the first time, a flight from England to Africa and back in a day, was accomplished.

Of the flight itself there is little to be said. The machine behaved perfectly, and although the weather was of a somewhat mixed nature it was not particularly bad. However, especially during the early morning part of the flight, I flew over cloud-banks which completely obscured the ground for some hundreds of miles. The physical strain was negligible. Indeed I think it would have been a greater strain to drive from London to Manchester and back. And the navigation difficulties were not much greater. It follows that with the advance made in light plane design, day trips to Africa or some such distance will, in the near future, be as commonplace as trips to Margate!

CAPTAIN E. W. PERCIVAL

Queue at Covent Garden

IF YOU LISTENED TO the Grace Moore broadcast of 'La Bohème'* you must have noticed something rather unusual in the air. It was the audience almost as much as the performers who made the occasion. The odd thing was that it was an audience many of whom had never been in an opera house in their lives before. You

all know what happened on Grace Moore's last appearance at Covent Garden. How the queue began to gather almost two days before the curtain was due to rise. How it became entangled with another queue for the following night's performance. How it was broken up by the police, and how, after the two queues had been sorted out and rearranged in their proper order, they almost completely encircled the vast opera house. Seven hats, five cloth caps, three ties and one collar were found lying in the street next morning.

Such a thing had never happened in Covent Garden before. For the Covent Garden queue is the best-behaved and probably the quietest in the world. Nowadays you won't hear a barrel-organ or a ballad singer there. Acrobats and even fruit-sellers are forbidden to parade before the queue, and the coloured gentleman who used to recite speeches from 'Othello' has retired, I am told, to write his memoirs.

The queue now sits on its camp-stools for the most part in rapt silence, studying orchestral and vocal scores. Some read highly technical treatises on economics and the more abstruse theories of politics. Hardly anyone can be seen reading novels or the evening newspapers. Most of them belong to what the older of us are learning to describe as the younger generation.

Queueing-up for Covent Garden isn't the severe physical exercise it used to be—unless Miss Grace Moore happens to be singing. In the old days, a few years ago, you had to stand there from the moment you hired your stool till the doors opened. Today you arrive about ten o'clock in the morning, put down sixpence for a stool, get a numbered ticket and come back about an hour before the opera is due to begin.

There is still, however, a school of galleryites which prefers to endure the ordeal of a twelve-hours wait, complete with thermos flask and picnic parcel. They are the sort of people who bring electric torches to read the musical scores in the darkness of the theatre and who, if needs be, would bring a tent with them and camp out for a night or two under the noses of the Bow Street police.

But do not laugh at these people because of their enthusiasm and their odd notions of dress, for they have been often described as the real critics of opera. I have never seen opera-goers leave the stalls in the middle of a performance. But not so many years ago I saw the gallery at Covent Garden suddenly become half empty because the principal tenor or soprano was singing out of tune. The gallery at Covent Garden never praises with faint dams. Its opinions are unmistakable, and they are usually the right ones in the long run.

H. L. MORROW

Men Among Sheep

Part of a broadcast by a Selkirkshire Shepherd

WHEN I WAS AT THE schule, the Domnie used to tell the drones that they should be herds, so that they could at least say they were men among sheep. That is partly why I was a herd, and partly because my faither was ane; my gran-faither ane; and likely his gran-faither as weel. Herding sheep is a trade that rins in the bluid, the same as being miners, or fishermen. It may not be so dangerous a life as the miner's—there is not much fear of the roof falling in on the top of us—but in the snaw-storms in winter, the herd's job is not to be envied. We whiles gang in blizzards when we cannot see six yards in front of us, and snaw drifts gathering ten or twelve feet deep in the shortest of notice.

It is not the thocht of our pay, or anybody looking after us that keeps us going, but the thocht of the sheep's lives being at stake, and by times a herd has perished himself, trying to save his sheep. The most of a herd's work is never seen. We're left to our own resources, with two or three thousand pounds' worth of sheep, so that a dishonest herd wad be waur than a decent burglar. We don't bother much about either time or unions. They are not much use in our line. It's a League o' Nations we would need. We would need the sheep, the weather, and the mawk flees a' controlled before a rigid eight-hour day would fit us.

We have lately come through the lambing season, and an eighteen-hour day was nearer our limit. Parliament decreed that the sun was to start its Summer session on the twenty-first of April, but it never let on it heard them, and instead, some of us on high hills were wading among snaw, carrying hame half-perished lambs, and again in the middle of May, we had a drift and starvation mair suitable tae the shortest day.

Some lambs will not suck to start with, some are deserted by their mithers, and some get into holes and drains, so by the time

a herd gets all seen to, and their mither's driven hame, he may not be in the best of fettle. At least, we aye get the blame of being gey thrawn in lambing time. A herd's wife was once meeting the grocer at another herd's hoose, so the herd there asked her how the lambing was doing. 'Oh', she says, 'my man never speaks, but by the way he is kicking the chairs aboot, I don't think it will be very guid'. However, I'm going to tell you something—if the herds' wives set a clockin' hen with fourteen eggs and only get four chickens oot o' them, their feet are bad for catching on the chairs tae.

Our next busy time is the clipping. It is a big job gathering all the sheep. We start off at twae in the morning, and may still be slipping at ten at nicht. After the clipping is past, we have all the sheep to dip. Each one has to be caught singly, and put into the dipper—a gey sair job on a warm day. Then next comes the spaining, and preparing the lambs for the market. That is the time the farmers get interested in the sheep, but the herds are juist as pleased as the farmers, when the price is worth the labour that has been put on them before they get the length of the butcher, so when you are eating chops tae your dinner dinna forget the toil and hardships o' the puir herds before the chops get the length of your plate. If it is a guid sale, we may get a bit dram tae celebrate the occasion, but if it is an ill sale, we hae a' the mair need o' aye, tae keep up our spirits.

Herds often stay a long time in the same place. They get into the way of the sheep, and some herds ken every sheep as weel as they ken their ain family. This tickles folk not used among sheep. I once heard a lawyer proposing the Toast to the herds at a herds' supper commenting on this. He said sheep were so much alike that he could not see how any man could know one from another. However, the herd who replied said there was no mystery in kennin' sheep. They were not as like ither as the lawyers. There was a man, Jamie Geddes, herded at Oliver in Tweedsmuir for fifty years, but when he left he said it was a perfect humbug staying as lang in ae place; he wad change his mind if he did the same thing again.

The herd's best freen' is a guid collie. We are no use at any job without them, and plenty of dogs can find a lamb in a hole or a sheep in a snow wreath that no man would ever see, till too late.

If we hae lang days at times, we get short anes forment them.

A farmer was once hiring a herd, and they were not like to agree about the wage. 'Mind ye', said the herd, 'I'll hae tae rise wi' the sun every morning'. 'Aweel', said the farmer, 'you'll get some grand lang lies in the winter time'.

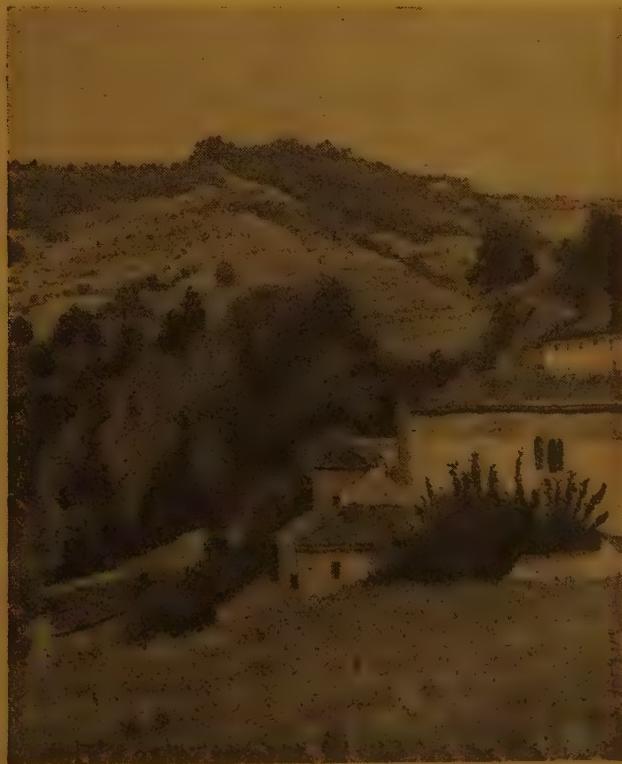
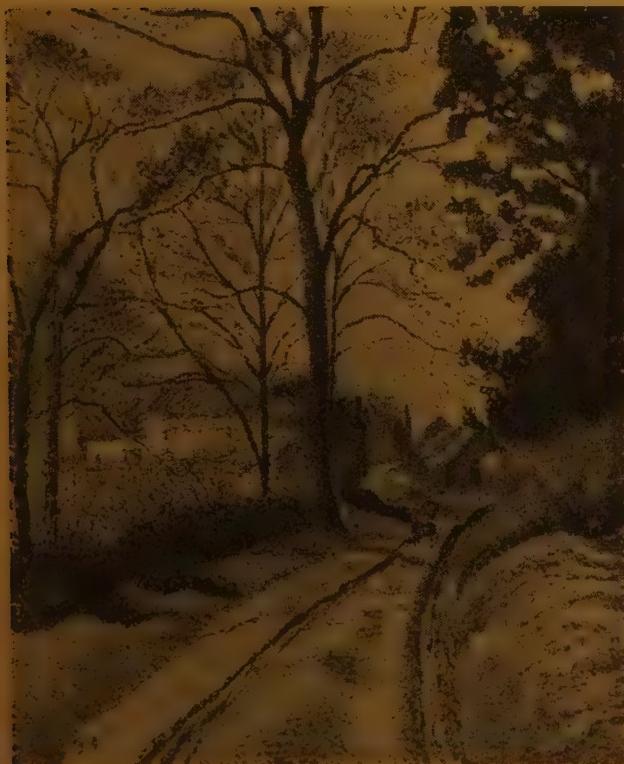
JOHN DICKSON

A Hint for the Rock Garden

I HAVE JUST BEEN having a go at my little rock garden; I don't think it has ever looked quite so miserable as it has this spring. My saxatiles—the big yellow ones, and the aubretias, arabis, ivoreas, and so on, flowered for about ten minutes or so, and then fizzled out this year. So they have all gone into my incinerator, and I have filled their places with lobelias and sweet williams, and violas, ageratum, Tom Thumb nasturtiums and dwarf antirrhinums. I suppose that is a dreadful thing to do, and a still more dreadful thing to broadcast; I am not advising you to do it. I only say it is what I am doing because it looked so miserable. I want to see some colour in it, and I really think that it ought to make quite a show in the summer, and when the autumn comes round again I can replant it properly with good stuff. And I think, when I do, that I shall have to go in for some of that *Semper Vivum*, commonly called the house-leek—that is, if I can afford to. They are very pretty things. I saw an old rocky wall recently planted with them, and it appealed to me tremendously. They have all sorts of delicate shades and colours with very pretty little spiky rosettes, and some of them are covered with what looks like a sort of veil of cobwebs, and it makes them look like a rare cactus of some sort. If you are sowing any, try and sow some of the good ones. They come from the old house-leek, but they are much more refined and very much more beautiful, and they spread about and fit themselves in nicely between the stones; and the drier it is the better they like it. But what I particularly like about them is that once they are planted they do not need any further attention; and that is a very great advantage. At least it is to my mind; it suits me down to the ground when I can try anything like that. Once they are put, they stay put, and they look very nice without any further titivating or pulling about. So just have a look round and see if you can get some of this *Semper Vivum*, and I am sure you are going to like it.

C. H. MIDDLETON

Paintings by Pissarro



Crockford Lane (left), and Les Rives, Congnac, from the current exhibition of paintings, water-colours, and pencil drawings by Lucien Pissarro at the City Art Gallery, Manchester

G. B. S. on Freedom

(Continued from page 1072)

tinguished service. They elected only one woman—a titled lady of great wealth and exceptionally fascinating personality.

Now this, it is said, is human nature; and you cannot change human nature. On the other hand, it is maintained that human nature is the easiest thing in the world to change if you catch it young enough, and that the idolatry of the slave class and the arrogance of the master class are themselves entirely artificial products of education and of a propaganda that plays upon our infants long before they have left their cradles. An opposite mentality could, it is argued, be produced by a contrary education and propaganda. You can turn the point over in your mind for yourself; do not let me prejudice you one way or the other. The practical question at the bottom of it all is how the income of the whole country can best be distributed from day to day. If the earth is cultivated agriculturally in vast farms with motor ploughs and chemical fertilisers, and industrially in huge electrified factories full of machinery that a girl can handle, the product may be so great that an equal distribution of it would provide enough to give the unskilled labourers as much as the managers and the men of the scientific staff. But do not forget that when you hear tales of modern machinery enabling one girl to produce as much as a thousand men could produce in the reign of good Queen Anne, that this marvellous increase includes things like needles and steel pens and matches, which we can neither eat nor drink nor wear. Very young children will eat needles and matches eagerly—but the diet is not a nourishing one. And though we can now cultivate the sky as well as the earth, by drawing nitrogen from it to increase and improve the quality of our grass—and, consequently, of our cattle and milk and butter and eggs—Nature may have tricks up her sleeve to check us if the chemists exploit her too greedily.

And now to sum up. Wipe out from your dreams of freedom the hope of being able to do as you please all the time. For at least twelve hours of your day Nature orders you to do certain things, and will kill you if you don't do them. This leaves twelve hours for working; and here again Nature will kill you unless you either earn your living or get somebody else to earn it for you. If you live in a civilised country your freedom is restricted by the laws of the land enforced by the police, who oblige you to do this, and not to do that, and to pay rates and taxes. If you do not obey these laws the courts will imprison you and, if you go too far, kill you. If the laws are reasonable and are impartially administered you have no reason to complain, because they increase your freedom by protecting you against assault, highway robbery, and disorder generally.

But as society is constituted at present, there is another far more intimate compulsion on you: that of your landlord and that of your employer. Your landlord may refuse to let you live on his estate if you go to chapel instead of to church, or if you vote for anybody but his nominee, or if you practise osteopathy, or if you open a shop. Your employer may dictate the cut, colour and condition of your clothes, as well as your hours of work. He can turn you into the street at any moment to join the melancholy band of lost spirits called the Unemployed. In short, his power over you is far greater than that of any political dictator could possibly be. Your only remedy at present is the Trade Union weapon of the strike, which is only the old oriental device of starving on your enemy's doorstep until he does you justice. Now, as the police in this country will not allow you to starve on your employer's doorstep, you must starve on your own—if you have one. The extreme form of the strike—the general strike of all workers at the same moment—is also the extreme form of human folly, as, if completely carried out, it would extinguish the human race in a week. And the workers would be the first to perish. The general strike is Trade Unionism gone mad. Sane Trade Unionism would never sanction more than one big strike at a time, with all the other trades working overtime to support it.

Now let us put the case in figures. If you have to work for twelve hours a day, you have no freedom at all. If you work eight hours a day you have four hours a day to do what you like with, subject to the laws of the land and your possession of money enough to buy an interesting book or pay for a seat

at the pictures, or, on a half-holiday, at a football match, or whatever your fancy may be. But even here Nature will interfere a good deal; for if your eight hours' work has been of a hard physical kind, and when you get home you want to spend your four hours in reading my books to improve your mind, you will find yourself fast asleep in half a minute, and your mind will remain in its present benighted condition.

I take it, then, that nine out of ten of us desire more freedom, and that this is why we listen to wireless talks about it. As long as we go on as we are—content with a vote and a dole—the only advice we can give one another is that of Shakespeare's Iago: 'Put money in thy purse'. But as we get very little money into our purses on pay-day, and all the rest of the week other people are taking money out of it, Iago's advice is not very practical. We must change our politics before we can get what we want; and meanwhile we must stop gassing about freedom, because the people of England in the lump don't know what freedom is—never having had any. Always call freedom by its old English name of leisure; and keep clamouring for more leisure and more money to enjoy it in return for an honest share of work. And let us stop singing 'Rule, Britannia' until we make it true. Until we do, let us never vote for a parliamentary candidate who talks about our freedom and our love of liberty; for whatever political name he may give himself, he is sure to be at bottom an anarchist who wants to live on our labour without being taken up by the police for it as he deserves.

And now suppose we at last win a lot more leisure and a lot more money than we are accustomed to. What are we going to do with them? I was taught in my childhood that Satan will find mischief still for idle hands to do. I have seen men come into a fortune and lose their happiness, their health, and finally, their lives by it as certainly as if they had taken daily doses of rat poison instead of champagne and cigars. It is not at all easy to know what to do with leisure unless we have been brought up to it.

I will therefore leave you with a conundrum to think over. If you had your choice, would you work for eight hours a day and retire with a full pension at 45, or would you rather work four hours a day and keep on working until you are 70? Now, don't send the answer to me, please: talk it over with your wife.

Photography Year Book

More than 1,700 photographs taken by 522 photographers drawn from all parts of the world are collected together in the first *Year Book of Photography*, edited by T. Korda and published by the Cosmopolitan Press (21s.). The main section consists of pictorial and commercial photography, and there are smaller sections on trick, scientific, and applied photography, printed salesmanship and the camera in advertising. The volume is a remarkable enterprise, successfully indicating the immense range and versatility of the modern camera, and nearly all the examples included have interest. Unfortunately the number of pages (464) makes necessary great reductions in the size of many of the photographs reproduced, with some consequent loss of effectiveness; further, the juxtaposition of five or six photographs, generally of entirely different subjects, on the same page, tends to weary and distract the eye; and in many cases there is room for improvement in the presswork of the volume, especially the inking. It is hard to see how, with such a large number of photos to be accommodated, these drawbacks could have been totally avoided; but probably a more rigorous selection and grouping according to subject would have made things easier for the reader. Still, as a stimulus and for reference purposes this volume should be much prized. It is curious to observe how totally uninterested in social problems the photographers of the world continue to be. A Martian inspecting this volume would get a fair idea of the manysidedness of our sporting, commercial, scientific, and artistic life, and of the beauties of nature and the human body; he would not learn from it of even the existence of unemployment, slums, strikes, poverty, wars and preparations for war. To all these topics photography, as evidenced by this volume, turns its blind eye.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns.

Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Mr. Chesterton on Freedom

I listened with great enjoyment to Mr. Chesterton's epigrammatic but obvious fallacies. For instance, a man is not forbidden to drink at five minutes past three; if he wants to he can stock his house with drink at five minutes to three and then drink every hour of the twenty-four. The State only regulates the trade, which is just what his beloved guilds did in the Middle Ages. In the same way, if you and I meet we can make a bet on anything we please; it is only the trade in betting that the State regulates.

As for the peasant owning his house and land, he did nothing of the sort: he paid rent in the form of labour to the lord of the manor (who in some cases was the Church!) and he could not give up his house, being practically a serf up to the time of the Black Death. Nowadays any thrifty man can buy his house by instalments with the aid of a building society, and thousands do. In fact, the only defect in our freedom today is the workman's insecurity of tenure, but in the Middle Ages it was the lord's tenure of the peasant that was secure!

Brading, I.O.W.

E. A. C. STOWELL

It may be argued that the restriction of hours for public houses promotes freedom in three ways. In so far as it prevents public disorder, it increases the freedom of the peaceable citizen. In so far as it restrains the toper from drinking at times unwholesome for him, it helps him to freedom from bad habits. It gives more freedom to barbers and barmaids, whose hours are long enough, and are by no means confined to the actual hours of legal public sale.

Lincoln

C. G. HALL

If Mr. Chesterton's thesis is sound—that only Roman Catholic countries have ever enjoyed freedom—we should expect to find in the history of Austria, Italy and Spain, for example, countries which were practically untouched by the Reformation, a startlingly different development to that of our own benighted land. Has plutocracy, which Mr. Chesterton says is all that our 'freedom' amounts to, been altogether unknown in those happier, priest-ridden regions? Is there no trace at all there of 'propertied and propertyless' classes? And when the religious orders have become unpopular and have been (from time to time) expelled was this because they were too poor and Christ-like, or because they had grown inordinately rich?

In the sphere of freedom of thought, again, how does the Inquisition fit into Mr. Chesterton's rose-coloured scheme?

HAROLD BINNS

Trading Checks

It has appeared to some of my listeners to the talk on 'Freedom from the Worker's Point of View' that I was misrepresenting facts when I made allusion to the Clothing Club system. I want to point out to the writer of the letter in a recent issue of THE LISTENER that it is necessary, when making such accusations, to be sure that one is not guilty of a like offence. Whereas I stated that 'These checks are negotiable only at a limited number of shops', my friend would have readers believe that the phrase used was 'a very restricted number of shops'. Unfortunately for himself he immediately goes on to point out that his company finds it necessary to issue a list indicating at which stores its checks are negotiable, thus proving that my statement was, after all, perfectly correct.

Regarding the difference between the purchasing power of a clothing club check and a £1 banknote, I will put one simple question. If there is no appreciable difference in purchasing power, why is it possible to see notices in the windows of cash stores, in any of our cities and towns, bearing the following inscription: 'No club checks taken here'? Do my readers consider that these clothing clubs are promoted out of deep-rooted devotion to the working class; do they believe that collectors spend hours gathering in the payments just for a voluntary spare-time occupation; do they think that shop-keepers deal with the checks

just for the pleasure of doing so? No, indeed, even the most credulous of them would not be prepared to admit that the 1s. poundage on the check is an adequate amount to cover all the expenses involved.

I admit that our present system of credit is not confined to the working class, but, while the well-to-do family obtains credit for convenience, for which it can well afford to pay, the working-class family has often to do so out of sheer necessity. Whilst clothing is a necessity of life, many of the articles which can be obtained on 'deferred terms', 'hire purchase', or 'easy terms' are luxuries which can easily be dispensed with. In stressing the fact that clothing club checks have been found to be 'a positive blessing' to tens of thousands of workers (a very doubtful blessing, in my view) my critic proves, up to the hilt, the point I made in the course of my talk, since it was in dealing with the economic limitations of the workers that I mentioned the clothing club system.

If there is no better defence, than that of my critic, for the clothing club system, then I think that readers will agree that my remarks were perfectly relevant. Our lowest-paid workers being at the greatest economic disadvantage, are often compelled, because of that fact, to pay more for their goods, and, in addition, to suffer the limitations mentioned above. This is my final statement which I reiterate without fear of contradiction from any source.

Bradford

JOHN MOORE

Salvation Outside the Church

It is rather rash of Frs. Martindale and Lattey to assume that one who demands chapter and verse from them is necessarily ignorant. At Heidelberg, in 1887-8, I used to talk over these matters with the Old Catholic Pfarrer; and, though there is no *Who's Who* in this mountain hamlet, I believe that, in distant years, neither of my two opponents had emerged from the chrysalis stage.

Fr. Lattey, after a month's search, has at last found one Cardinal who goes a long way with him, but who bears out my suggestion that this doctrine was not even tentatively stated until it had become necessary to placate Protestants and unbelievers. De Lugo, dying in 1660, knew that it was hopeless to exterminate Protestantism by fire and sword, and that his Church would do wisely to make some reasonable concessions. Let Fr. Lattey turn, as I suggested, to St. Bernardino (d. 1444), whose sermon might have been composed in prophetic spirit for the express purpose of confuting De Lugo. It is printed, so far as I remember, in the second volume of his collected works; somewhere about fifteenth in a course of Lenten discourses. He there states what had been, and was long to be, the teaching of the Roman Church: that *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* must not be tampered with, and that the doctrine of 'invincible ignorance', however true academically for exceptional cases, must not be appealed to in excuse for non-believers *en masse*. That, he says, would be highly improper (*inconveniens*), since it would deprive the dogma of all real meaning.

Fr. Lattey asks if I count Pius IX among those who were anxious to placate Protestants and Agnostics. Unhesitatingly, Yes; and Fr. Lattey himself proves it. Pius IX, by common consent, was not learned or a great theologian, but he was one of the great politicians of his century, and knew very well how to give timely sops to Cerberus. Thus Fr. Lattey is able, by choosing a few words from his allocution, to attribute to him a doctrine for which St. Bernardino would willingly have seen him burned; while the rest of that allocution (still unaccountably ignored by Fr. Lattey) would have had St. Bernardino's hearty approval.

Fr. Lattey may plead that THE LISTENER cannot print all these documents—the missing quotations from Pius IX would, by themselves, fill half a column. Let me challenge him, therefore, to discuss it with me in letters which I undertake beforehand to publish at my own expense. Some of your readers, certainly, would like to know how this dogma could pass current for thirteen centuries in the Roman Church, generally in its

crudest form, before it occurred to De Noris to soften it down. I do not welcome the idea of turning aside to such a discussion from work which comes more directly within my duties as University teacher; but certainly the public has a right to full information on this subject, as apart from incomplete and tendentious quotations.

G. G. COULTON

As one of your many appreciative younger readers, I think my reactions to the recent protracted and gently venomous correspondence on the above subject might be worth recording. Frankly it is a revelation to me that intelligent human beings can, in these times, give such evident thought and energy to a discussion which seems to me to be utterly removed from any sort of adult rationality. Have these wranglings about faggots, eternal bonfires, and the ideologies of long extinct popes any real bearing whatever on the question of salvation today, individual or collective?

Salvation is essentially a religious question, but the scientific mentality calls for a fresh religious outlook just as it calls for fresh material conceptions. These letters clearly show the dangerous power of authority over human minds. While we admire and revere the efforts of great men in past ages, we have got to realise that their facts were limited, their modes of thought subjected to narrower and less versatile criticism. One is apt to feel that these notions of exclusive private salvation as an eternity of bliss in some imaginary paradise belong to some half-forgotten civilisation, and it is a chastening reflection to find them conscientiously argued in an important weekly today. It seems evident to me, who must be fairly representative of younger people today, that this life is the one we have to live and find our salvation in. The unity of the species for the conscious development of its life on earth is plainly the only alternative to the disappearance of these potentialities in a new dark age.

What we need today is not salvation from sin and death—psychology and biology are giving us an understanding of the former and a recognition of the latter as an essential part of evolution. We need salvation from the feeling of futility, the futilities of individual and national selfishness, of the use of the fruits of scientific co-operation for mutual destruction, of fairy-tale 'religion' in a world of threatening realities.

Wimbledon.

A. H. GILBERT

Multiple Reviewing

May I be permitted to suggest that the writer of your leader on 'multiple reviewing' (June 12) errs in his conception of the functions and duties of a reviewer? I submit that it is not his place to sit in judgment on the opinions of authors, or to express his disagreement with them; his duty is to summarise or explain these opinions (pointing out, if needs be, errors of fact or construction), to expound the author's purpose, and then to leave the public to judge of the work, on its merits. Your leader assumes that it is the duty of the reviewer to agree or to disagree with the author, to be either an appreciator or a detractor, and that once having 'had his say', he should not enter the lists, for or against, a second time.

Moreover, your admission that there may be justification for 'multiple reviewing' in cases where the reviewer 'feels that he has a great deal to say and the limits of one review do not give him space enough to exercise all his views', involves the assumption that the public wants these appreciative or condemnatory views, rather than an impartial summary of the book's contents—an assumption in which most readers will not readily concur. I am aware that there are papers which regard and use book-reviewing as an indirect means of supporting the political and other opinions with which the editorial policy is identified, but I venture to assert that this is a misuse of the reviewer's proper functions. These should be primarily literary and always impersonal. I may illustrate my point by citing the notice in the current LISTENER of Major-General Rowan-Robinson's *Security*, where the reviewer has used the book as a peg on which to hang an exposition of his own peculiar pacifism.

Aldeburgh

J. O. P. BLAND

Race Problem in America

Mr. S. Morgan's letter in THE LISTENER of June 12 raises too many points for me to do more than sketch a reply.

Throughout the South the negro problem is still intense, since it invades all spheres, political, economic, social, cultural. Locally it is most intense in counties where the negro population is as high as from 50 to 80 per cent. Nevertheless, in spite of

lynchings that make news but are incidental to the total situation, there is clear evidence that very great progress has been made in the last fifteen years towards a mutual understanding; the liberation of the negro from his disabilities, and the liberation of the white from his fear. For instance, the historic reception accorded to Mr. Harrison and the play 'Green Pastures' by both negroes and whites throughout the South would have been unthinkable between 1920 and 1926. This remarkable progress is a tribute to the racial consciousness and conscience of negroes and whites in North and South.

Moreover, the negro problem in the South is to some extent paralleled on the West Coast by the Japanese problem which finds expression in foreign and domestic policy, by the Polish problem in New England, by the Jewish problem (a social one) in most large cities, etc. The most discreditable features of these problems are a hang-over from the past and do not represent the dominant tendency in American racial readjustments. The work of the American public schools is daily and rapidly leading to the dissolution of racial and ethnological barriers, and to the establishment of a new entity in world affairs, the American people. It is at first difficult for an Englishman to appreciate this fully, since the situation is complicated by the successful challenge at this moment being made to Anglo-Saxon hegemony. The process of fusion on a democratic social and cultural basis is real, irreversible, and fundamental.

Blandford

C. R. SPENCER

A Layman Seeks Enlightenment

I venture to reply to Mr. Sorensen from a personal standpoint. For me religion is not a creed, it is not a dogma, it is the life proper to the highest principle in man, which we call the soul.

Historically such life is vouchered for as found in spiritual and mystical union with Christ. The nature of this latter experience cannot be defined, in a sense analogous to that in which we cannot define the manner of the satisfaction which we derive from the contemplation of beauty in nature, art, or literature.

But man soon reflects on his every experience. Such reflections on daily experience have culminated in the Sciences. On the other hand, man's reflections on the spiritual content of his experience leads to the formulation of philosophies and theologies. At this reflection stage differences of opinion inevitably arise in the realm of these higher reaches of thought, but this is the case also in our schools of scientific thought.

Where then shall we seek truth and authority? I should think in the gradual evolution, or unfolding of man's powers of thought in response to an earnest and unbiased pursuit of truth. The first step in the attainment of such standards of truth is the quite frank realisation that 'personal circumstances, temperament and prejudice' (I use your correspondent's expressions) may quite well bar the road to all progress. It is never an easy task to square thought, or reason, with experience and intuition.

Lyford

R. D. PARKER

Mr. Sorensen has brought up some interesting points, and no doubt many like him are puzzled by the contradictions of accredited exponents of Christianity on other questions besides those of Hell and Birth Control. It is well, therefore, at the outset to realise that it is in the nature of things to expect a conflict of opinions.

This is so, because Christianity is a movement, not a ready-made religion. To recognise the significance of the Life of Jesus—all that it has meant and is to mean to man—can only be a gradual process. In fact, the process is still going on. We are at the moment engaged in adjusting the problems of this generation to his Revelation. At every step, the Christian Church (and in fact the individual too) has been forced to review the situation and make a choice between this and that. It was and is, therefore, quite natural (unless the church or man is to be a mere pawn on the chess board of God's world) that such a factor should lead at each stage to a conflict of thought and even to a split. Only gradually is there evolved in the body an appreciation of the essential truth and the closing of the door against error.

Huyton

W. HERBERT STEEL

The Quetta Earthquake

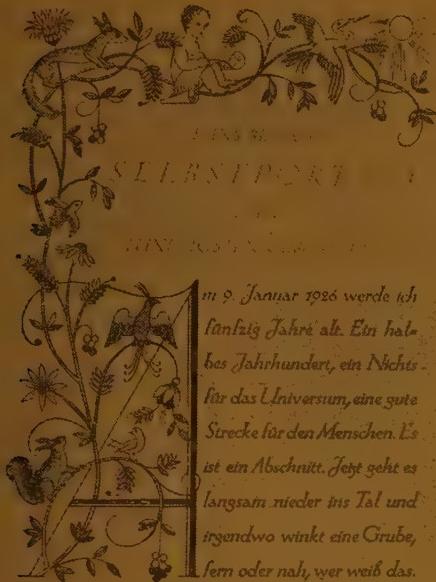
In a letter from my husband who is stationed at Fort Sandeman, Baluchistan, he says that they did not know there had been an earthquake at Quetta till they heard of it on the wireless, and they were dependent for all their news on the B.B.C.

Newton Abbot

D. G. M. SHEWEN

A Famous Typefoundry

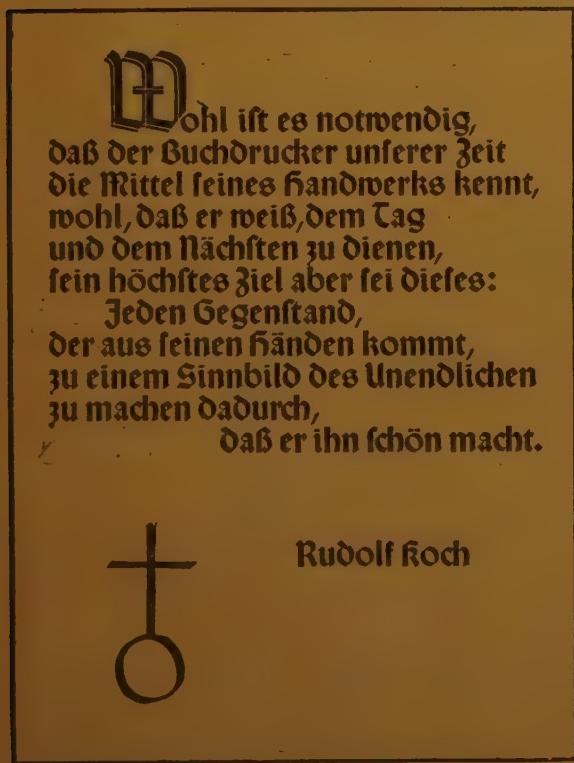
Examples of the work of the Klingspor Typefoundry of Offenbach-am-Main are on exhibition at 12 Bedford Square. The most important of the continental types used for display by English typographers have been those designed for Klingspor by Rudolf Koch, calligrapher, wood-engraver, metal worker and maker of beautiful tapestries



MÄI	
1 Freitag	Philip. und Jakobus
2 Samstag	Sigismund
3 Sonntag	Kantate, Kreuz-Erfindg.
4 Montag	Florian
5 Dienstag	Gottthard
6 Mittwoch	Dietrich
7 Donnerstag	Gottfried
8 Freitag	Stanislaus
9 Samstag	Hibob
10 Sonntag	Rogate, Gordian
11 Montag	Mamertus
12 Dienstag	Pankratius
13 Mittwoch	Servatius
14 Donnerstag	Himmelfahrt Christi
15 Freitag	Sophia
16 Samstag	Peregrinus
17 Sonntag	Eraudi, Jodokus

Example of Antiqua Kursiv with decorative initial by Rudolf Koch.
designed and printed by the Klingspor Press

Page from a Klingspor calendar, set in Wallau Type, engraving
by Willi Hawerth



Example of Wallau Type designed by Rudolf Koch



Digressions from an alphabetical theme. Letters B, I, G, W

Among the British Islanders

Art and Literature

By WYNDHAM LEWIS*

A Martian reviews our books

OUTWARDLY the modern English are orderly in the extreme. They inspire the interstellar traveller with great confidence. One feels safe with them. They sniff one a little suspiciously, yes. But they refrain from interference—one may go where one will, and say just about anything. In the routine of business these not unengaging islanders are admirable machines. But what goes on behind those quiet eyes, this peaceable demeanour, is a little startling, to say the least of it. And there is only one satisfactory means of discovering what occurs inside their heads, and that is by examining what they demand of their writers, newspapermen, actors, musicians, and the picture- or sculpture-makers. And to this I have applied myself during the last seven days. Here are my conclusions.

'A word that shrivels up at once the man about whom it is employed'



These Britons have a saying that the French—their nearest Continental neighbours—are 'logical'. By this they mean that the French *write*, and apparently *think*, things that have some direct connection with what they *do*. Furthermore, these 'logical' Frenchmen give practical effect (sooner or later) to what they have written and what they have thought.

Not so the English. It is the exact opposite with them. They have carried to a fine art a thinking in one way and acting in another. They are even proud—extremely proud—of this ability to keep theory and practice in watertight compartments. You may be perfectly certain that what you find written, in a widely-read and warmly-applauded book, in England, will never, in any circumstances, have any counterpart in real life. It would almost seem that someone, with a gift for scribbling, had been encouraged to write it all down, so that it should never be acted upon. It is like their orators' platforms in their principal park—named (symbolically perhaps?) after the double of Dr. Jekyll. There anyone is encouraged to get up (in the shadow of their Marble Arch) and scream to his heart's content, so that all this ill-regulated energy should waste itself in words.

Then, after all, what you find written in a book is an 'idea', is it not?—and as such nothing to do with reality. For if it were ever to be applied, that would come under the head of 'planning'. And 'the English way' (this is insisted upon) is to 'muddle through': to grow—spontaneous and unconscious—like a tree; or like a dockleaf.

I will now proceed to illustrate this, and show you how this very odd system works. First of all, I will take a philosopher and playwright. The most famous of all their writers is undoubtedly a person called Shaw. By nationality he hails from another island, called Ireland (a small and turbulent state—chiefly known on account of its lottery or 'sweepstake'—ruled at present by a gifted Spaniard): but that is a minor point. No

man is a prophet in his own country. Abolish visas and passports, and you would automatically dry up the supply of prophets. We have observed the operation of this law even upon Mars!

This bearded veteran is, however, of the most consummate insolence, according to our Martian standards—always with an arrogant smile on his face and arrogant words on his lips, so that you would take him for the great panjandrum in person, or some autocratic tribal potentate, from the airs he gives himself. But his position is that of a sort of glorified Grock. He is nothing more than that. He has been sanctioned to publish his thoughts only on condition that he destroys them in the act of uttering them. But they are not very original.

Well, this national philosopher of theirs advocates, to start with, a communist utopia, and for this is lauded to the skies—in spite of the fact that ninety per cent. of Englishmen are confirmed monarchists, and such frantic individualists that you can never get two of them to agree on any point—except that individualism is obsolete and wicked. Then this mechanical Mr. Shaw—who has all the correct 'opposition' ideas, coining them with the monotony of a reversing machine—advocates quick love-making according to laws of evolutionary survival, in defiance of the laws of Church or State (and this in spite of the fact that it has been long recognised that it is not the *fittest* even—much less the finest—who survive by conforming to the crude and dismal laws of evolution). But the English possess far stricter codes regarding the 'relations of the sexes' than any other nation. They use their worse word CAD (a word that shrivels up at once the man about whom it is employed) of anybody who goes in for over-quick love-making, or cutting across the marriage-lines. Yet this evolutionist bore of a Shaw is their major prophet! Oh Martians, what confusion of thought is here!

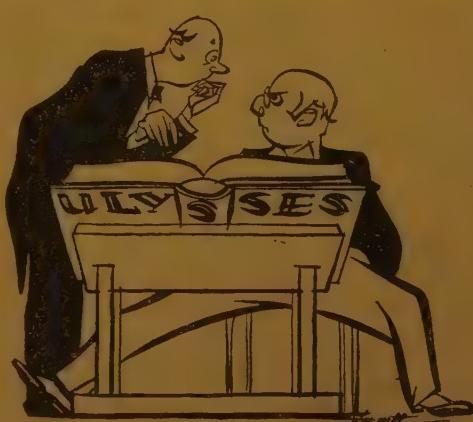
Lastly, his beard bristling, this same Shaw of theirs advocates 'conscientious objection' in the event of war, and holds that soldiers ought to refuse to fight. Yet even the possessing class in England gets itself slaughtered wholesale in the most reckless manner when 'king and country calls'.

What are we to make of this, Martians? It is wrong-headed, it is illogical. It makes nonsense, does it not? Yet there it is! So much for Shaw. He is the Englishman's most glorious paradox. But there are others.

The second most celebrated man of letters is a man called Wells ('H. G.' for short, if any-

thing could be shorter than Wells). This person wrote an *exceedingly* offensive book about us, I should perhaps start by saying. He wrote a most fantastic libel on the Martians, in which he attributed to us a physique and a mentality the details of which I will not distress you by

Pages of mystification'



repeating. I have drawn up a memorandum, as a matter of fact, which I have forwarded to the proper quarters: and the book, I hope, will shortly be withdrawn from circulation. When first I landed in England I discovered I had a great deal to contend with on this account. For when I wished to secure an interview with some public man, I found in many cases that he was loath to receive me—believing, as I subsequently found out, that I was some unsightly spider, with goggling eyes and hairy tentacles.

But to return to the opinions of this slanderer of our planet



who has blackened the name of Mars throughout the length and breadth of Anglosaxony: this Wells, he too, advocates a vast system of bureaucratic slavery, just the same as Shaw—in place of the personal rule of an amiable sovereign. And yet this extraordinary people honours him above all other prophets or writers, except Shaw. And he was responsible for a most scandalous *History of the World* (Mars came into it, but I will refrain from repeating what he said) in which he treated terrestrial creatures as cheesemites and their traditional rulers, temporal and spiritual, as savage and ridiculous puppets: and, believe it or not, this book sold more copies than any other book in whatever language. If the Earth were what this prophet of democracy says of it, it would be the dullest planet in the universe, instead of being, as in fact it is, the most clownish, and rather amusing than otherwise.

But these are the world-famous mouth-pieces, you understand, of British civilisation. There are, of course, others, less universally popular, yet even more highly esteemed by the educated. Again, the most eminent of those chances to come (or is this really no chance after all?) out of Ireland. I bought his latest masterpiece the other day. Joyce is the name in which this person rejoices. I found that it neither advocated regicide nor polyandry. I was surprised. On the other hand, it was completely incomprehensible. I showed it to the waiter at my hotel. He assured me that he could not understand a single line of it. I asked him if it was English, and he said no, it was unquestionably *not* English. I asked him if he thought it might be Irish: and he said that he did not know any Irish, but that it might be that. I showed it to my solicitor, a most learned man, and he confessed that he was thoroughly mystified. He said it definitely was not Greek. It is apparently gibberish. This is the alternative to revolutionary politics—namely, pages of mystification.

On a lower level than this (for that is very high, you understand) there are people whose name one often encounters. There is one D. H. Lawrence for instance—he died a short while ago, and there are many lives of him, and his books are very numerous. The moral turpitude of the characters in his best-known books is such that the most licentious race would recoil from having him as their spokesman. Yet he is one

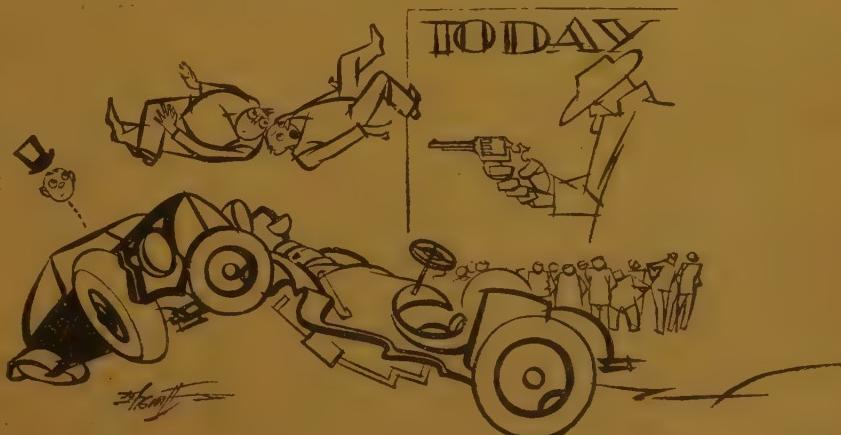
of the half-dozen 'biggest noises' in this highly respectable community, and is by way of being the national novelist, in succession to Thomas Hardy. What, oh Martians, are we to make of this unaccountable and confusing circumstance?

But there is worse to come—sons of the happiest and least lunatic of all the planets! There are great masses of books—which appear, circulate for a month, and are then crushed back into pulp. And these in their way are as disconcerting as are the books by their half-dozen 'big shots'.

They call this mass-produced type of book 'best sellers'. Ninety per cent. of them deal with the most boring type of homicide. Some person of no interest or importance is done to death upon a golf links in the first chapter. The remainder of the book is occupied with the exceedingly stupid attempts of a variety of persons, apparently semi-imbecile, to discover *who did it*—and this in spite of the fact that the competent authorities (of the Scotland Yard) are on the spot, and pursuing their grueling and unenviable duties with a praiseworthy thoroughness.

But their popular Press, like their popular books, is mainly devoted to wearisome reports of homicide. Always *killing!* Their more serious papers are devoted to the arguments in which their Ministers of State engage with the Ministers of other countries, as to whether there is any way of avoiding a new Great War in the immediate future. I have been unable to discover any reason why they should wish to kill each other. Indeed, there seem to be excellent reasons why they should not—especially why these English should cultivate their garden, for a change. But it appears to be an obsession with them.

But even in their cinemas people are always killing one another for no particular reason. Yet the Anglosaxons are quite safe to live amongst, as I remarked at the outset. No one has so much as hinted at homicide, where I am concerned—up to the present. Nor have I, so far, so much as seen a single person killed—except by one of their motor-cars, in which



Drawings by R. S. Sherriffs

'Yet the Anglosaxons are quite safe to live amongst'

they rush aimlessly about. That seems their only outlet for these murderous instincts that are unquestionably seething underneath.

These are the bare facts, no more, oh brothers upon Mars. Make what you can of them. Earth-minds are tortuous and perverse in the extreme—and the Anglosaxon exceeds all others in keeping his right hand in blissful ignorance of what his left hand is busy with, and of course *vice versa*.

The concluding lecture by a Martian visitor to the British Isles will appear in our next issue. Mr. A. P. Herbert will describe the British conceptions of 'Law and Justice,' as a disinterested Martian observer might find them.

Books and Authors

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Quack, Quack! By Leonard Woolf
Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

MR. WOOLF IS A passionate champion of reason—too passionate and too bitter to be the perfect exponent of the quiet methods of discussion which he advocates. Civilisation, he says, is a precarious thing, imposed upon the community by a few people, mostly belonging to the comparatively wealthy class. But, he argues, most people remain savages at heart, and a time comes when, if continuity is to be preserved, the advantages of civilisation—the wealth as well as the orderly civilised habits—must be shared by all. At that time, many of the ruling group prefer to destroy their civilisation rather than to share it. Reason is then attacked as a degenerate weakness, and all that is primitive and savage in man is revived. The primitive fear of the stranger is encouraged, 'national' sentiment is fostered, the truth about political events is stifled, the individual is subjugated to the tribe, and each man, instead of thinking earnestly about the problems of his age, salutes a tribal leader whose oracular pronouncements are regarded with superstitious awe. Against all this, and against similar but less developed tendencies in England, Mr. Woolf believes in the civilised patriotism of a Pericles, in reason, in government by free discussion, and in the gradual abolition of all class distinctions. These are chill ideas for most people, especially when treated unrhetorically: they call to the future, not the deeply rooted past, there is a greater appeal in the resonant claptrap of the new dictators. Mr. Woolf is acute, bitter, and amusing: he quotes some fine nonsense from his enemies, and his exposure of the dangers which they offer to what most of us consider a civilised and decent life deserves to be widely read, but there is a deep pessimism about his writing, a sense of weariness and futility, spurred for a moment into protest. He knows that it is useless to demonstrate that Mussolini's speeches are empty of constructive thought, yet he can think of no other approach to the problem. He gibes at the mummification of Lenin's body, yet he ignores the practical achievements of Bolshevism and Fascismo. A fascist would call him the typical 'anaemic', 'futile', 'degenerate' pacifist intellectual whose liberalism has broken down before the overpowering confidence of Fascism and Communism. There is some truth in this, but Mr. Woolf does not look for the flaw in himself and his own doctrines. He attacks Carlyle, Spengler, Bergson and Keyserling, for their varying betrayals of the intellectual-liberal position. He mocks at intuitions and absolute beliefs, they are all quackery, but he does not see the limitations of reason. Reason can show us how a thing can best be done, but it cannot modify or co-ordinate our basic inclinations, as religion and poetry attempt to do, and as the politician needs to do. We need some criteria of right and wrong, beauty and ugliness, as well as of truth and falsity, and we need to persuade others to accept those criteria. The problem is not to destroy all rhetoric but to teach people to distinguish between good rhetoric and bad, good poetry and bad. The liberal-rationalist assumes that he can get on without rhetoric or poetic use of language at all, and that every relation of power between individuals is bad: consequently he speaks only to people like himself, and the field is left to the quacks with their false rhetoric, their sentimental poetry and their bullying use of the power of personality.

Mr. Woolf prints some amusing comparative photographs of Mussolini, Hitler, and the Hawaiian War God, Kukailimoku. The similarities of expression are very striking, and there is certainly a case for arguing that the psychological effects of the faces are, and are intended to be, the same, but heaven help us all if this method of argument is to become general.

Murder in the Cathedral. By T. S. Eliot. Faber. 5s. The murder of Archbishop Thomas Becket at Canterbury, in 1170, by political gangsters—such is the highly topical theme of Mr. Eliot's new play. In the first act we see Becket return to Canterbury after seven years of absence: his welcome by the townspeople is shadowed by doubts of what the future will bring; a chorus of women expresses the fears of the timid, discreetly acquisitive man-in-the-street:

We do not wish anything to happen.
Seven years we have lived quietly,
Succeeded in avoiding notice....

The doomed Archbishop then receives four visitors: the

embodiments of four temptations which beset him. The first Tempter is fawning and sly:

You see, my lord, I do not wait upon ceremony:
Here I have come, forgetting all acrimony,
Hoping that your present gravity
Will find excuse for my humble levity
Remembering all the good time past.

His plea, and that of the two who follow him, is in substance the same: Make the best of both worlds; resume the Chancellorship and the temporal power. Becket dismisses them all three without hesitation. But the fourth Tempter is subtler. He urges Becket to become a martyr, for the sake of glory after death. It is this temptation: 'To do the right deed for the wrong reason', which troubles the Archbishop and interests Mr. Eliot the most. It is the theme of the Christmas Sermon which forms the Interlude: 'Martyrdom', Becket concludes, 'is never the design of man; for the true martyr is he who has become the instrument of God'. Having thus argued with and quieted his conscience, he is ready to die. In the second act we witness the arrival of the four knights and the doing of the murder. When Becket is dead, the knights in turn address the audience, explaining the motives for their deed. But the final guilt, says Mr. Eliot, lies with the cowardly underlings of this world, who 'fear the injustice of men less than the justice of God'. The chorus confesses itself ultimately responsible for the death of Becket and his kind, of all martyrs and of all saints.

In writing this play, Mr. Eliot has avoided, as was to be expected, every occasion for pageantry or realistic physical drama. The conflict, throughout, is severely spiritual: and this austerity of treatment makes the work extremely interesting. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Eliot seems uncertain how to approach his subject, even within its self-imposed limits. The topical aspect of the murder, with its numerous counterparts in present-day Europe, at once interests and repels him. He toys with anachronisms, but so gingerly that they merely startle us. The apology-speeches by the knights, with their familiar impudence: ('He could still have easily escaped . . . that was just what he did not wish to happen . . . I think, with these facts before you, you will unhesitatingly render a verdict of Suicide while of Unsound Mind. It is the only charitable verdict you can give, upon one who was, after all, a great man') are excellent bold satire. How well we know the tone of such a 'statement to the foreign journalists'! But their brisk 1935 microphone-manner disturbs the timeless mood of Becket's religious meditations: they belong, rather, to the world of Mr. W. H. Auden. Mr. Eliot's confusion of aims reacts upon his style: his careful, academic verse, with its reverent accents and sober, formal beauties, comes into occasional shattering collision with doggerel couplets which recall the least inspired juvenilia of the Poet Laureate. One fine chorus: 'I have smelt them, the death-bringers . . .' achieves the intensity of the 'Waste Land'. Mr. Eliot, who now offers to our generation the consolations of orthodox Christianity, is still at his best when voicing only its dismay and its despair.

Civilisation and the Growth of Law

By William A. Robson. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Dr. William Robson is well known as a stimulating writer and lecturer on administrative law and local government. In this book he has worked a new and larger field of law. He describes the writing of it as a strange and exciting adventure; and it is clear that he enjoyed the adventure. He has taken a synthetic theme: the study of the relations between man's ideas about the Universe and the Institutions of Law and Government. He is concerned to show the interaction through the ages of legal institutions and religious and philosophical ideas, the relations of the law of nature with juridical law. The desire to find synthetic principles covering large regions of thought is a striking feature of our time. In this aspect the present work invites comparison with Professor Toynbee's *Study of History*. In the introduction Dr. Robson writes:—"I am convinced there is a definite need to make our thinking more comprehensive than, for the most part, it is in these days of minute specialisms. Hence every tendency towards drawing together the disparate threads of our compartmental knowledge ought to be encouraged".

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between scientific thought and social and legal institutions suggests many striking observations. Thus the connection between Newton's discovery of the Solar System and the founding of the United States is not at first obvious; but it is there all the same. For the Government of the United States was constructed upon a theory of political dynamics which was essentially Newtonian. Mr. Robson has collected apposite quotations from many literatures and many disciplines, and throws out daring suggestions and parallels as he surveys together the political ideas and scientific and legal ideas from antiquity to the present day. He examines particularly the relation between the nature of law and the law of nature and reinstates that last conception. When he comes to the scientific and legal ideas of our own time, he attempts a final synthesis. In antiquity it was generally believed that natural phenomena were governed by causes which had the same divine origin as the laws of human society. Then, in the age of reason and scepticism, there was doubt about any relationship between the laws of nature and the laws of man. In recent times a tendency is marked towards reintegration. The synthesis of man with the remainder of the universe starts from the basis that the human mind both formulates the pattern of physical conduct we call natural law and establishes the pattern of social conduct we call human law. Human law, indeed, aims at uniformity of conduct, while in the processes of nature we observe uniformities which are perfectly constant. In juridical law there is a voluntary element which is lacking in the law of nature. But the modern doctrines of physics have given up the idea of inexorable and immutable validity, and emphasise the subjective element contributed by the human mind in formulating laws of nature. Looking to the future, the author suggests as a conclusion of modern thought about law and the physical universe that man is free to choose, and may aim at the creation of whatever type of society he desires. Even the idea of 'the inevitability of gradualness', derived from the scientific theory of evolution in the physical world, is obsolete.

Enough has been said to indicate the suggestive and original nature of this book. It does not give conclusions which are closely and exactly reasoned, but rather guesses at truth and gleams of a philosophy. But the very experimental character of the theme makes it the more stimulating.

The Fall of the German Republic. By R. T. Clark Allen and Unwin. 15s.

Mr. Clark's book is so good that one ought not to grumble because it is not better. It is easily the most comprehensive analysis that has yet appeared of the German Republic and the reasons for its downfall. But it is not always the 'plain straightforward account' its 'blurb' declares it to be. Especially during the account of the Bruening period the book becomes difficult and involved. We are given so much information of ministerial comings and goings that one reader at least received quite a shock upon learning that Dr. Bruening formed a government in which 'the only absentee was Wirth, a notable departure for a not unnotable reason', and on discovering that the reason is not given. The vain search for it is an indirect compliment to Mr. Clark, but it also shows up the weakness of his method. There is such a mass of historical detail, valuable at the time but irrelevant now, that the absence of yet one more detail assumes a tremendous but fictitious importance. Every student of German affairs has struggled to follow the intrigues which ruined the Reichstag and the Republic. Mr. Clark merely struggles with him; he does not show the way through the jungle. This criticism would be less serious if Mr. Clark were not so good a writer. But his sketches of Schleicher, Papen, Bruening and others are so masterly that he should have written two separate books—one for the scholarly historian and the other for the normally intelligent man who wants to find out all he can about foreign affairs. And his second book would have been a best seller in the best sense of the word. In this long history one figure stands out far above all others. In fifty years commentators will probably put Stresemann as the greatest figure of the nineteen-twenties, and Mr. Clark's story of his fight and defeat would provide an excellent background for a drama. To other leaders he is less complimentary, for he hates everything to do with dictatorship. Hitler he sums up thus: 'Actually he is in a real sense what a flatterer called him, "the unknown soldier of the Great War", symbolised anonymity, in himself essentially ordinary, recognised by his associates as ordinary, but to those who are not his associates, tremendous because in him ordinariness is raised to the nth degree. He is the apotheosis of the mediocre, the

reductio ad absurdum of democracy, so much, so utterly a product of his age that he had to wait for his hour until 1933'.

The Communists receive treatment which is just as harsh. Their leadership, he writes:

achieved two things, and two things only; it split the working-class movement in Germany, and prevented any attempt to realise the Socialist state, and it held impotent the revolutionary spirit of the country. The first was in keeping with Moscow's traditional policy of weakening every Socialist party that is not prepared to submit to the control of its rulers, and intelligible to all those who despised the Social Democrats as declassed traitors; the second was less intelligible because it was concealed with cloudy rhetoric and represented as clever tactics. The Communist party was there to await a divinely ordained event, not to prepare it; it could only prepare for it. The preparations took most elaborate forms, including the formation of a Red Guard, propaganda, illegal drilling, the issue of handbooks for civil war, espionage, secret codes and the like, much of which was utterly useless, but served to keep the uncritical busy.

The Social Democrats themselves come in for a great deal of criticism for the way in which they preferred discretion to valour, but there is no space here for further quotation. Such quotations as have been given may serve, however, to show that Mr. Clark, who certainly knows his subject thoroughly, can also write trenchantly about it when he wants to. The indignities which were put upon German Social Democracy by the Versailles Treaty had perhaps a greater part in the collapse of the German Republic than Mr. Clark suggests, but his history contains clear and important lessons for democrats of every nationality.

The Lindbergh Crime. By Sidney B. Whipple

Methuen. 5s.

Knave's Looking Glass. By William Roughead

Cassell. 10s. 6d.

Continental Crimes. By E. L. von Sonnenburg and O. Trettin. Bles. 10s. 6d.

As it is less than two months since Bruno Hauptmann was found guilty of the murder of Colonel Lindbergh's baby, Messrs. Methuen have shown remarkable enterprise in so promptly bringing out a full account of the whole tragic story—told moreover in a fair, accurate, and restrained manner by its author, Mr. Sidney Whipple. Since the newspapers gave long accounts of the actual course of the trial, the main interest of this book lies in its revelation of the detective methods employed to bring Hauptmann to justice, which have hitherto not been fully described in this country. The one sure means that the police possessed of capturing the then unknown kidnapper was by tracking down the ransom money when it filtered through into circulation in dollar bills and gold certificates. A marvellously elaborate organisation was created for identifying and recording any of these bills or certificates; but it is doubtful whether even this organisation would have served its purpose, had not President Roosevelt, taking the United States off the gold standard early in 1934, called in all gold certificates into the treasury for conversion into dollar bills—thereby forcing the kidnapper to liquidate his main hoard of ransom money. It was through his attempt to cash a ten dollar gold note at a petrol-filling station that Hauptmann was caught at last, this being followed by the discovery of a large part of the ransom money secreted in his house. *The Lindbergh Crime* is of great interest solely as a record of detection: but it has many other features which raise it far above the level of ordinary crime stories. The nature of the tragedy, the persons concerned, the rogues who collected round its outer fringe, the various innocent people suspected of the crime, the actual criminal's long immunity from discovery and plausible defence when arrested, and lastly the fantastic staging of the trial itself—all invest this book with considerable psychological and dramatic value, which is brought out by Mr. Whipple to the full. He eschews mere sensationalism, and provides as complete an account as most readers are likely to want.

Mr. William Roughead has added another to his many volumes of accounts of crimes new and old. *Knave's Looking Glass* is a mixed bag, its main content comprising several extremely well worn, not to say hackneyed, stories. Do we really need, at this time, fresh accounts of Oscar Slater, Burke and Hare, Deacon Brodie, and Jessie McLachlan? Mr. Roughead tells them well enough, but most of his readers will be more interested in the less familiar subjects which he includes, particularly the sixteenth century case of John Kello, Minister of Spott, who murdered his wife in 1570, and the curious St. Fergus Affair of 1853,

which was ended by a 'Not Proven' verdict. Mr. Roughhead is best when he is not writing in a vein which allows him to indulge in irony at the expense of the criminals or suspects with whom he is dealing.

An escape from the beaten track of criminal cases is provided by *Continental Crimes*, which is the work of two distinguished officials of the Berlin C.I.D. The English reader, of course, will have to accustom himself to continental procedure, both judicial and legal; but he will then certainly find in this volume several extraordinary cases, remarkable either for the brutality of the crime committed, or for the strangeness of the train of events which led to its discovery. Twenty-two cases are related, all of them rather briefly, so that it is the events rather than their interpretation which provide the reader with his chief interest.

A Primer of Chess. By J. R. Capablanca. Bell. 10s. 6d.

For five thousand years chess has been the solace and delight of mankind, and as we play it today it is the same game that mediaeval Europe knew. Senor Capablanca can claim no such antiquity, for he is not yet fifty, and became world's champion at thirty-three. But no one writes with more authority than this ex-champion. In many ways this is likely to prove the most useful of his books. It starts at the very beginning; you need never have played, or have seen the pieces. It is, in fact, rather a luxury to be taught the elements by so great a master. But the moment these are out of the way the special qualities of the teacher begin to show themselves. Capablanca's strategy turns essentially on time. He is Napoleonic in winning his battles by so building up the preliminary positions that he can shift the weight of his forces more rapidly than his opponent can. The average player will find much that will be new to him about the ways of increasing congestion and immobility for his opponent. Capablanca treats openings last, thinking them of very little use to the ordinary player. What he sets out to teach, and teaches clearly, are underlying principles of position-building and position-breaking. He illustrates a principle, for example, that 'Control of the centre is an essential pre-requisite to a successful direct attack against the King', by demonstrations with diagrams of diminishing simplicity. Too many masters today are reminiscent of opening professionals batsmen, they play a game of attrition, seeking to gain a small advantage and then to exploit it till it ends as ruin, slow ruin, to their adversary. Players of this school think mathematically, and may be accused of approaching chess in the spirit of draughts, seeking to accumulate gains, and believing that the man who is a piece down should resign and not make the game of attrition drag through to the end. Senor Capablanca, by

contrast, is the supreme exponent today of the spirit of D'Artagnan on the chess board. He would not be the master he is if he were not a tremendous realist, and he warns his pupils not to think they can sacrifice as much as a rook and hope still to win. But for him risks may be run, for the sake of great designs and swift triumphant burnings of Cadiz.

When Masters play for amusement, he says, their games take about a quarter of an hour. Ordinary players he expects to take about half-an-hour, or forty or even fifty minutes. Deliberate moving need not be slow moving, and the idea that chess must be played in slow motion has done too much to diminish the popularity of a game which is so unrivalled a recreation precisely because it absorbs the mind, but which only proves absorbing when the intervals between moves are not so long that whole short stories can be read while some dawdling or timid opponent takes his time over his moves.

Stonehenge and its Date. By R. H. Cunnington Methuen. 5s.

Stonehenge, our most remarkable prehistoric monument, still has its puzzles, some of which may be solved by future excavation. It was dated on astronomical grounds by Sir Norman Lockyer about 1680 B.C., possibly two centuries earlier or later; on antiquarian grounds by W. Gowland about 2000 B.C. Frank Stevens (1927) argued for a neolithic or Early Bronze Age period, roughly 1800-1700 B.C. Others definitely favoured a Roman origin. T. D. Kendrick (1932) found Colonel Hawley's excavations productive of extraordinarily little direct evidence, and confirmed the doubt whether the monument is a one-period structure. Colonel Cunnington now reviews all the evidence, both external and internal, to date, arguing very closely from point to point. The sarsen and blue stones of the central structure he considers far superior in architecture to any megalithic building: tenon and mortise fitting, curved lintels and compensation for perspective argue strongly for La Tène times. His conclusion is that the main monument is of Early Iron Age date, say 400 B.C. to the time of its 'slighting' by the Romans. It is comforting to stand on rock amid the shifting sands. His is the most careful and cogent piece of work yet produced on Stonehenge, and, though it can hardly be expected to silence discussion, it must certainly be seriously reckoned with when the excavation of the other half is undertaken. Apart from argumentation, the history of speculation and all parts of the monument are described in minute detail. How important as archaeological clues are exact measurements, and such minutiae as snail shells and the smallest fragments of pottery, may be realised from these pages.

Poems from 'The Listener'

Poems of Tomorrow. Compiled by Janet Adam Smith. Chatto and Windus. 5s.

'Of tomorrow,' because most of the writers represented in these pages are not yet accepted, but from among them, no doubt, will emerge the good, perhaps the great, poets of this generation. Some are poets who have already made their mark, others have scarcely appeared except in *THE LISTENER*, for this is an anthology compiled from poems that have appeared in these pages. It needs no defence against those who are deaf to modern poetry, for if these are not to be swayed by Miss Adam Smith's admirable introduction, there is no hope that they will ever open their ears to the new sounds now being produced. It is difficult to understand why people continually want the old sounds: the music of modern poetry bears the same relation to that of the old as, say, the work of Debussy bears to that of Beethoven. This is not to say that all the poems of this book belong to the new school: the old tunes reappear here and there, but the main interest of this extremely interesting collection lies in the examples of the new breakaway. And there is a definitely recognisable tune; the voice comes from a different part of the throat, the impact on our ears and on our consciousness is something new. With these new sounds go also new material, and new sets of images and metaphors, surprisingly original. This poetry keeps you alert, it does not lull you to sleep. If one were to try to hit upon what is characteristic of this new movement (fashion, if you like; live art is always changing its fashions) one would say that it was concentration combined with lucidity: one is often reminded of George Herbert when reading these poems. Some of them are little more than clear-cut images, infinitely suggestive, like K. J.

Raine's little lyrics; some are profound, the profoundest, perhaps, being those of Herbert Read, who is rapidly developing a singing quality somewhat submerged and tenuous in his earlier work. The Auden-Day Lewis-Spender group is well represented, but of them one need not speak: the vituperation to which they are sometimes subject is a tribute to their power. There are one or two examples where the consciousness of the political atmosphere has been transmuted into poetry, as in R. E. Warner's completely successful unrhymed sonnet, 'How sweet only to delight lambs and laugh by streams', in which he has absorbed the Gerard Hopkins technique and made it his own, more surely than in another example of his work given here. One is glad to meet again Dylan Thomas's 'Light breaks where no sun shines', and also to become better acquainted with the poems of George Barker, at present a somewhat uncertain quantity. We get a whiff of metaphysical poetry in Richard Eberhart and John Macomish, of 'imagisme' taken further than it used to be taken in Clifford Dyment. One can mention the names of Muir, Porteus, Madge, Plomer, Roberts, among those who by greater or less modernistic treatment produce something very individual. It is safe to say that no anthology of recent years has so well, so cleanly represented the growth, and, one dares say, establishment, of a new school of poetry, with new but indubitable standards of beauty, taking the shifting pattern of the world as its material, and bringing to precision the thoughts and emotions proper to our age.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

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The Broadcast Word. By A. Lloyd James. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.
Reviewed by Professor H. C. WYLD

WHATEVER may be the ultimate effect of broadcasting upon the character of our spoken language, there can be no doubt at all that the spread of wireless has directed the attention of the public at large upon it, and aroused a new interest in questions which until recently but few persons had considered at all. Our early education in the school is so much concerned with books and the written word, that many find it difficult to realise that language is first and foremost something uttered, and heard, and that men *spoke* for thousands of years before they *wrote*. In fact we are encouraged to look at letters rather than to listen to the sounds of speech. But the B.B.C. is rapidly changing this state of things. Millions of our countrymen listen every day to talks, lectures, sermons, plays, recitations and so on, and in the absence of something to look at, the mind of the hearer is intently concentrated, not only on what the performer says, but on how he says it. This large band of listeners is becoming very critical of pronunciation; they note all kinds of differences between their own speech and that of the announcers and other speakers. They want to know just why the announcer uses this or that pronunciation; why this way of uttering a word is considered 'better' than that other; what is 'correctness' in speech; what constitutes a 'standard', if indeed this exists at all; they wonder why English is so differently pronounced by different speakers on the wireless. Almost certainly many listeners who have come for the first time to observe with some care the speech vagaries of the invisible men who delight or bore them on the air, carry this new-found faculty of observation into ordinary life, and apply it to their own speech and to that of their friends. In fact the B.B.C. has opened up new fields of interest for tens of thousands, and has set their minds voyaging on strange seas of thought and speculation. They are learning, in many cases for the first time, really to *hear* the sounds of living speech. To all such Professor Lloyd James' excellent book may be confidently recommended. It will clarify the ideas of many, and will indicate just what are the problems of the critic of English pronunciation today, and how they should be approached. The book will prove an invaluable guide to a large body of those facts and principles which underlie spoken language, a proper understanding of which is essential not only for the practical linguist, but also for the philologist whose main concern is the historical development of language. Professor Lloyd James is an accomplished phonetician, and teacher of phonetics at the London School of Oriental Studies; he is also a man of immense experience as a broadcaster, and trainer and selector of announcers; he has examined critically, and has systematically analysed, practically every type of pronunciation to be heard in and around London, from that of primary school children, to that of university students; from the accent of actors and clergymen, to that of the brightest and youngest of bright young things. As Hon. Secretary of the B.B.C. Advisory Committee on Spoken English, he has the advantage of ascertaining the views on English pronunciation of a large circle of persons of various ages, occupations and classes, both by word of mouth and by correspondence. Upon all this mass of material Professor Lloyd James brings to bear unrivalled and highly trained powers of observation. It would indeed be hard to find a man as competent as he, in every way, to undertake the task which he has so well accomplished in this little collection of essays and lectures.

It is interesting to learn (Ch. III) what are the most unpopular types of pronunciation throughout the country. 'The speaker who uses a Southern extreme will be called mincing, Oxford, or Cockney. He will be more violently disliked than the other speaker (*i.e.* one who uses a "Northern extreme"), and the protest will probably be more vigorous, other things being equal'. Here are the features of the 'Southern extreme' which are actively disliked: (1) What Mr. Lloyd James calls 'the so-called "Oxford-cum-East End"', the characteristic of which appears to be that 'short a' is pronounced as 'short e', *e.g. thet* for *that*, *men* for *man*, etc.; (2) either of the two

extremes in pronouncing *day*, *take*, *James*—the Cockney extreme of *die*, *tike*, *Jimes*, and the 'Brighter London' extreme which shortens the vowel, or diphthong, and pronounces *də*, *Lloyd Gems*, etc.; (3) the Cockney extreme in words like *now*, which pronounces *nah*, and the 'Brighter London' extreme, a combination almost of long *ah* and long *oo*; (4) the diphthong in *my*, which becomes in the Cockney type *moi*, and in the other 'which rubs shoulders at Charing Cross, where East meets West, with *maaaai*'; (5 and 6) the levelling of the two diphthongs in *fire*, *wireless*, and *tower* respectively to *ah-fah*, *wahlis*, *tah*. Thus the words *tar*, *tire*, *tower* all sound alike in this jargon; (7) the pronunciation of the unstressed vowel in *actor*, *never*, *idea* as *ah-actah*, etc.; (8) 'intrusive r', *e.g. Chinari and Japan, Indiar Act*, and so on. Mr. Lloyd James includes under this heading the example *the lawr of England*. But I should have thought that this last, and *I sawr it*, belong to quite a different and lower social grade from the others. It is one thing to avoid the hiatus between an unstressed vowel and another word beginning with a vowel—the *idear of such a thing*—and quite a different thing to insert an *r* after a stressed, long vowel as in *lawr of*.

Now all these things, it seems, make listeners very angry. All of them, with the exception of No. 8 *Indiar Act*, etc., belong to the speech of persons either vulgar, or affected, or both. At any rate, the B.B.C., with the help of Mr. Lloyd James, have seen to it that they are eliminated from the announcers' pronunciation. How careful are the tests imposed in the selection of these gentlemen is explained on pages 21–24. Candidates for these posts are required to pass the test before a microphone, and are listened to by a board of officials in another part of the building. They are asked to read a short news bulletin, an S.O.S. in French, and a programme of music in French, German and Italian; all this they are allowed to see beforehand. They further have to read, without preparation, a piece of prose. The board includes a phonetician, who has to report whether the voice is suitable; whether there are defects of speech, however small; whether the dialect of English is suitable; whether the pronunciation of foreign languages is moderately good; whether the candidate can read aloud intelligently. The points in which most candidates fail are: the kind of English they speak, the pronunciation of foreign languages, and the power to read intelligently. Many also have indistinct and lax articulation. Successful candidates are taken on probation as vacancies arise.

During their period of probation they have regular practice in the routine, and systematic instruction in the technique, of their work. A good deal of this instruction is concerned with English, and an attempt is made to get rid of such pronunciations of vowel and diphthongal sounds as have been found unacceptable in the country at large.

On the results of the methods of selection, and of the training given, I think most reasonable listeners will agree that the B.B.C. is to be congratulated. The principal announcers, at least, perform a difficult task remarkably well. They have pleasant voices, a clear utterance, and an English accent to which as a rule no serious exception can be taken. They read the most varied items of news with the right amount and kind of 'expression', neither too emotional nor too cold-blooded. If certain listeners from the North object to what is, rather absurdly, called 'Southern English', such criticism is surely merely vexatious, and based upon a misunderstanding of the facts concerning the 'common dialect' of English, and its currency today. I should enjoy the task of criticising the speech of these critics as a medium of broadcasting! They do not seem to realise that the type of English which, just because they are accustomed to it, they would like to hear on the microphone, is today a provincial form confined to a relatively small area, while that which they choose to condemn is current over England far beyond the narrow bounds of a given county or province. Indeed, these critics may easily hear the latter type in and around York, or Durham, or Carlisle, if they go to the right quarters.

I have left myself too little space to do more than mention a few of the many other important issues raised by Mr. Lloyd James in the course of this book. He has some very interesting things to say on such questions as standards of speech, Standard English—does such a thing exist?—the relation between the spoken and written word, speech in the modern world, the 'Oxford accent', the clerical voice and accent, reading aloud, reading the Bible, Minority Languages. The author approaches these problems as a phonetician, and he is entertaining and stimulating, and, what is very valuable, often provocative. I wish space were available in which to discuss in detail several of the questions raised. I should, for instance, venture to join issue with the views expressed on the reality of a Standard English. The Professor seems to me unduly sceptical on this point. Again, I think the so-called 'Oxford accent'

is given an importance in excess of its deserts. The term, I take it, denotes a certain type of over-careful, would-be 'refined' English, characterised by an affected, mincing pronunciation, often accompanied by a squeaky voice. This kind of English was fairly prevalent 35 or 40 years ago, in Oxford Common Rooms. But I can assure Mr. Lloyd James that the old and extreme forms have died out very rapidly of late years, and indeed are now but rarely heard. You can imitate this accent in almost any Common Room, and no-one's withers will be wrung. In Oxford, as elsewhere, there still are affected and pedantic speakers, but that Oxford has invented a new kind of pedantry of its own may be doubted. Why, by the way, do we never hear of the 'Cambridge accent'?

I must take leave of this lively book with the best wishes for its success, and the hope that it may be widely read.

Inquiry Into Trade Unions

Are Trade Unions Obstructive? An Impartial Enquiry. Gollancz. 5s.

IN THIS VOLUME a group of 'editors' have made themselves responsible for the conduct and conclusions of an enquiry into certain aspects of British trade unionism. They have brought under review thirteen industries—nearly all the important industries of this country—and have examined in each of them the nature and the effects of the stipulations made by trade unions as to the conditions of employment. They have based their enquiry essentially upon interviews and discussions with representative employers and trade unionists. The confidential nature of the discussions made it impossible to give the names of the persons interviewed, so that the reader cannot check easily the completeness of the investigation, but the names of the editors (John Hilton, J. J. Mallon, Sam Mavor, B. Seebohm Rowntree, Sir Arthur Salter, and Frank D. Stuart, assisted by Vida M. S. Heigham) are sufficient guarantee of an intention, at any rate, to cover the ground and omit representation of no characteristic point of view or important fact.

The principal types of trade union stipulation investigated relate to recruitment and utilisation of labour, hours and overtime rates and conditions, output and systems of remuneration. The report for each industry is set out in a common form including, first, an introduction with a brief description of the industry concerned; second, the employers' point of view; third, the trade-union reply; and fourth, a summary of conclusions for the industry.

A final chapter of summing-up is itself summed up in the statement that 'our first very definite feeling is that the obstructions to industrial efficiency and improvement set up by trade unions are nothing like so serious as is commonly alleged, or taken for granted, in places where industrial small-talk is exchanged.... It is, moreover, clear to us that restrictive practices imposed by trade unions are actually fewer than they were and of less importance'. That said, the editors go on to observe that 'some of the trade union restrictions detailed in the evidence seem to us injudicious, and others strike us as wholly indefensible'. They suggest that 'the unions practising trade restrictions might usefully be subjected to pressure by the inner councils of trade unionism'.

The reports on the separate industries are the main interest of the book; they show clearly how each industry has its own distinctive problems. In one case the employers' complaints are chiefly about demarcation; in another industry this trouble is barely mentioned, but much is said on restrictions on overtime; in a third the bone of contention is the question of piece work; in another industry, just as important, piece-work is accepted without question, but complaints are rife about limitations on entry to the trade.

Each of the chapters must be read for itself, and each is full of human and economic interest. It will be enough to refer only to three which the alphabet fortunately brings together—cotton, docks and electricity. In the cotton industry, employers and workmen appear in disastrous deadlock about the looms question and methods of production; to say that the officers and crew are quarrelling while the ship is sinking may be an exaggeration, but in face of shrinking markets and overwhelming competition the ship of the cotton industry is clearly in great peril, while the deadlock in substance continues. In the docks we see what is perhaps the just but none the less lamentable Nemesis of past carelessness of employers about casual employment: for years

this made dock labour the common sink into which all the unfortunates of all industries drained. Now, the shortage caused by the War and the development of militant trade unionism have raised wage rates and the cost of loading and unloading ships, but have not touched the evil of casual labour. By way of contrast to these two industries, each seething with difficulties, in the new electrical industry all is content and co-operation. Is that because the industry is prosperous? Or is it one of the causes of prosperity? Those who read the book must make up their minds on this and other problems.

As stated already, the general conclusion of the editors is one of reassurance, but this conclusion needs to be taken with several grains of caution. First, in some cases at least, matters have become worse and not better. In building, for instance, 'the evidence leaves little room for doubt that in many cases the level of output is lower than it used to be'. Second, complaints about restriction are most serious in those industries in which restriction is most dangerous. The industries where complaints of restriction are least are those which make for the home demand. There may be as many restrictions there in fact, but their burden falls upon the consumer.

Third, there is one notable limitation in the scope of their work of which the authors make frank admission. Though they realise that wage policy is the most important thing about trade unionism, they do not discuss wage policy at all:

We are aware of the views held by some high authorities that the maintenance of over-high wages enforced by trade unions is a major cause of the continuance of our trade depression and unemployment.... But we are aware, too, of the views of equally high authorities that to let the wage level down is to intensify trade depression.... We are not going to take sides in that world-wide disputation. Our position is that the trade union policy of standing out for the highest general level of wages and working conditions that can be got without general hurt is not, for our purposes, a 'trade union restriction'.

This passage seems to rest on a misconception of the points on which economists differ. Whatever some economists have said either in favour of maintaining the total wage bill and so of encouraging spending (as against hoarding) in certain stages of the trade cycle, or about wages in a closed economy, if the question is put whether maintenance or raising of wage rates in one country only at all times and seasons can be pursued successfully 'without general hurt', the opinions of those qualified to speak would not be divided as evenly as the editors suppose. In saying this, it may be well to guard in advance against another misconception: to ask whether the wage policy pursued by unions since the War, with the reinforcement of social insurance and the encouragement of some economists and of general public opinion, has been wise or not, is not to damn trade unionism as such or to question the need for a machinery of collective bargaining.

In the passage cited above, the words 'without general hurt' in fact beg one of the questions to which Britain most urgently needs an answer. And, even at risk of appearing ungraciously to criticise the editors for not writing a book which they never meant to write, this should be made plain. The book is not an answer to the question in its title. But, within its limits, it deserves nothing but praise; it is an admirable objective study of one side of trade unionism, well arranged, clearly written, and full of interest.

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The Competition for Power

The State in Theory and Practice. By H. J. Laski
Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

IT IS A PITY that the subject which the author teaches with such striking ability at London has become commonly known as Political Science. The term suggests an objectivity of approach and a certainty of result which are entirely unattainable. How can men reach any sure conclusions about the State, when they disagree fundamentally about human nature? All treatises on political theory therefore tend inevitably to become tracts for the times. But they are not works of science; they are speculations about human nature, interpreted through history.

Professor Laski indeed tells us that the purpose of his book 'is not to justify but to analyse'. His whole thesis, however, is that every conception of social good is necessarily conditioned by the environment of the thinker. How, then, can the analyst of social good escape the prison of his environment? The author, like every honest political thinker, is telling us what he thinks the State ought to be, with the special intention of influencing his own generation.

This book has rare merits. It is written with great lucidity, is closely reasoned, and implicit with a learning never irrelevantly flourished. It is, moreover, entirely free from that mechanical and sordid jargon which writers who accept a materialistic interpretation of history are not the most careful to avoid. It disdains the flashy devices of rhetoric. Difficulties are not shirked, the arguments of opponents are carefully examined. It is, of course, violently controversial in the sense that very many people will utterly disagree with its entire thesis, and all its applications. It cannot fail profoundly to disturb many complacencies, and it insistently demands an answer from an opposing pen of the same quality.

In general, the argument is as follows. 'The justification of coercive authority is in the measure of its effort to satisfy maximum demand'. Such supreme coercive authority is to be found only in the State, which organises the collective life of a given society. It is always in effect the government which successfully operates the power of coercion. Consequently 'those who control the use of the armed forces of the State are in fact masters of its sovereignty'.

Now in obeying the State all citizens ought to feel that they are obeying an association which promotes their well-being without bias. The criterion of obedience must therefore be the individual conscience. Armed resistance or revolution become inevitable as soon as sufficiently large bodies of people are convinced that the State is refusing to promote their well-being. Every group which possesses the sovereign power will always try to satisfy its own wants as far as possible; it will inevitably identify the common good with its own advantage. 'The economic factor is the bedrock upon which the social superstructure is built; and . . . it mainly operates through the struggle of economic classes to possess the State-power'. The modern regime, which the author calls 'capitalist democracy', has in his opinion reached a crisis. Its success has been due to an expanding economic system which has enabled governments to keep the proletariat quiet by continual doles of increased well-being, which did not threaten the foundations of capitalism. This system is now contracting; all stability has been lost. We are therefore entering upon an age of violence and revolution. The author sees in the Fascist State the naked violence of a ruthless capitalism alarmed for the safety of its creed. He believes that other such revolutions from above will follow; and that they will be generally successful. For a considerable period he envisages the growth of dictatorships and the suppression of liberty. The condition of Russia in 1917 was too peculiar to afford any precedent for successful Communist revolutions elsewhere. As long as governments can rely upon the support of their armed forces, so elaborately and terribly equipped, they will win. As there will be revolutions at home, so will there be wars abroad, for 'the postulates of the imperialist phase of capitalist development necessarily involve war; an effective international order is, *a priori*, incompatible with it'.

Such is the gloomy, even horrifying, outlook with which Professor Laski presents us. The final alternatives seem to be a relapse into barbarism or the triumph of Socialism. In the latter Professor Laski evidently sees the only guarantee of stability and order, nationally and internationally. It is difficult to see why. He reads history in the light of a continuous struggle of classes for economic power; it is a monument of man's competitive

selfishness. If so, would not a new struggle inevitably begin within the Socialist State for the distribution of State-owned products? Given the psychology of selfishness, would not a collection of Socialist States be just as ready to prey upon each other in the interest of monopolistic capitalism, as the existing Capitalistic States in the interest of individual capitalists? If the history of man is the history of competition for power to secure a predominant economic position, no change of constitution can effect a change in man's nature.

C. R. CRUTTWELL

The Scientific Borderland

New Pathways in Science. By Sir Arthur Eddington
Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

THIS BOOK IS INTERESTING from two points of view, although the reader, in practice, would probably not bother to separate them. On the one hand, we have a very readable account of some of the latest facts and theories that are concerning scientific men, and on the other hand, we have this information presented in a critical and speculative context woven by one of the most interesting minds of our time. The book is neither an exposition of certain facts and theories of modern science, nor is it a treatise on their philosophical implications. It is, somewhat unevenly, both. Some of the chapters are almost pure scientific exposition; some are almost pure philosophy. But, on the whole, the two threads are intertwined, perhaps the most perfect example of fusion being the chapter 'The Theory of Groups', where a recondite branch of mathematics is given popular exposition and, at the same time, is shown to reveal the essential function of science in relation to the world of experience.

The book is not a systematic survey of the present position of physical science. It is, rather, an account of scientific matters that happen to have interested Sir Arthur during the last six years. And its resemblance to a survey is still further diminished by the fact that Sir Arthur has not bothered to write again about matters on which he has already extensively written. Thus there is no elementary account of the Relativity Theory in this book, a fact for which the industrious reader of popular scientific books will doubtless be grateful. But even from the survey point of view there is a great deal that the reader cannot get elsewhere—e.g. that beautiful chapter on 'The Theory of Groups'. And there is the chapter on 'The Constants of Nature', which more or less describes Sir Arthur's own private and particular research on the essential constituents of the physical universe. He rather apologises for including this chapter, but we doubt if the reader will think the apology necessary. Other chapters deal with the end of the world, the constitution of the stars, sub-atomic energy, the expanding universe, etc., etc.

One of the most important issues in modern science centres about the so-called Principle of Indeterminacy. Is the physical universe rigidly determined, a strict cause and effect affair? This question is obviously of immense philosophic importance, and the scientific world is at present divided into two camps about it. Sir Arthur gives a very acute and interesting discussion of the whole question, and his verdict is decidedly against determinism. The variety of opinions on this subject admirably illustrates the fact that philosophical predilections play an active part in modern science. The theory of the expanding universe, according to which the finite space in which we live is continually growing larger, is also a matter on which there is a great difference of opinion. Sir Arthur, as we should expect, thinks that it is one of the most important of scientific doctrines. It is, indeed, one of his great charms as a writer that he never cowers before the bold and imaginative. He has not lost his sense of wonder. He is fully impressed by the fact that the universe is a very queer thing indeed. He has no *a priori* prejudices against the claims of mystics or continental mathematicians. But all such claims are submitted to the scrutiny of a very acute and probing intelligence. His replies to certain critics at the end of this book are a sufficient indication of this. And this, we think, is the impression the reader will get from this book. He will find it all more interesting and exciting than what he perhaps supposed science to be. Parts of it may even strike him as almost fantastic. But he will also get the impression that, so far as present evidence goes, even the oddest assertions are pretty soundly based.

J. W. N. SULLIVAN

Herbert Read's Poetry

Poems 1914-1934. By Herbert Read. Faber. 7s. 6d.

IT IS TEN YEARS since Sir Henry Newbolt said that Herbert Read 'has a very unusual mastery of the modern form of verse, but a still more uncommon power of raising and sustaining the expectation of the reader; and these are both invaluable qualifications for a leader in the world of thought'. That judgment has not been disputed, yet Mr. Read's poetry is still comparatively little known, partly because it has been over-shadowed by poetry more highly coloured, more obviously new, and better adapted to appeal to the sentiments of the day, and partly, perhaps, because the author's other literary activities have given the impression that the poetry was a bye-product, a means of filling in an idle moment.

The present collection, which contains thirty new poems as well as all the poems of the edition of 1925, should dispel that illusion. The poems are coherent: all clearly the product of a single personality, and the expression of a body of metaphysical thought more fully developed than that of any English romantic poet since Wordsworth, yet each poem is complete in itself and says something which the others do not. Of the new lyrical poems, several have appeared in *THE LISTENER*: they are characterised by extreme economy and precision, both in diction and in rhythm. The voice is never raised, there is no over-statement, no collapse into a false rhetoric, and there is a curious austerity in the imagery, an absence of harsh colours and strong lights. In the philosophical poems the poet shows an unusual capacity for giving to abstract notions the definiteness, the vigour and emotive power of concrete images. The early Eclogues have the simplicity and directness of the poems of the pre-War Imagists, but they are images of an actual landscape, the English countryside, as it is seen, uncomplicated by care, through the clear eyes of childhood:

But one day he goes to the high-road,
sees carts and carriages pass,
and men go marketing.

A traction-engine crashes into his vision
with flame and smoke,
and makes his eager soul retreat.

He turns away:

The huntsmen are galloping over the fields,
Their red coats and the swift whimpering hounds.

The rhythm of the last two lines is typical of the ending of a number of Mr. Read's poems, it expresses a kind of quiet exultation, the delight of the eye in watching quick movement without any wish to take part in it.

This same detachment reappears in the War poems, which are the best English poems produced by the War, for they show the power to communicate a scene and to imply through the scene itself the feeling involved, and yet at the same time an intense capacity for sympathy:

O beautiful men, O men I loved,
O whither are you gone, my company?

To quote again from Sir Henry Newbolt, there is in these poems 'surgery hardly to be endured, as in "The Happy Warrior", which in twelve lines of unerring skill cuts away from fighting all the virtues by which sane and honourable war survived so long'. Even in the poems written during the War there is no bitterness, no deliberate condemnation, but only the direct presentation of what is seen. As the poet says in a note to a longer poem, written fifteen years after hostilities had ceased: 'It is not my business as a poet to condemn war (or, to be more exact, modern warfare). I only wish to present the universal aspects of a particular event. Judgment may follow, but should never precede or become embroiled with the act of poetry'. This capacity for communicating feeling without explicitly demanding it, or making the rhythm ring with it, appears in the later poems, whether they are poems of intellectual emotion like 'The Analysis of Love' or 'The Lament of St. Denis', or descriptive poems like 'Melville', remarkable for their condensation, the vividness of the picture evoked, and the capacity of the picture to produce an aesthetic feeling not easily explained by reference to the explicit content.

But beyond these incidental virtues there is the argument of the longer poems:

The cap is here
in conscience humanly unique;
and conscience is control, ordaining the strain
to some perfection.
not briefly known.

The argument is worked out carefully, logically, poetically, with reference to direct experience: terms are not used easily or flippantly, the difficulties are known and accepted:

The limbs remember blood and fire:
a hurt that's done may in the mind
sink and lose identity;

for the mind has reasons of its own
for covering with an eyeless mask
marks of mortality.

Here and in other poems a true and important fact is stated in images which are at once apt metaphors and strict poetic symbols: throughout these poems we see what Mr. Read, and Keats, can mean by the Negative Capability, 'when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts' without falling back upon some false simplicity or giving way to formlessness and pessimism. Even the rhythms of the poems give us this sense of form without conforming to any obvious or mechanical pattern. Sooner or later the value of these poems will be recognised, and readers will wonder why they were not recognised earlier.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

'Pink Ribbons'

A Dictionary of American Slang

By Maurice H. Weseen. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

IF YET ANOTHER DICTIONARY of American slang could be justified, a very dubious proposition, it must be justified by some fresh enquiry into the often curious origins of particular words, or into the mental processes by which classes of words are formed. More elementary requisites are, some conception of what slang is, and some knowledge of English life, language and literature, from which the Transatlantic variety is to be differentiated.

It does not appear that the author of the thick volume before us possesses any of these qualifications. Beyond a classification (often manifestly false) of the words into the worlds which produced them, there is no attempt made at synthesis; each word is given its bare standard synonym, or one not too wildly inaccurate (e.g. 'stunt = performance, task, job'); there is no emphasis on such points as the influx of Spanish or pseudo-Spanish words, presumably from California, the effect of the Volstead Act in popularising drunkenness, or the reason for calling an Englishman a 'limey'. The space which might have been devoted to these and similar byways of social history is lavished on the uncritical heaping together of words of which many are not American and perhaps a majority are not slang, but are mere silly and illiterate 'nonce-words' which have strayed into print.

It would have surprised the translators of the A.V. to learn that 'filthy lucre' originated in the new Plantations, and the same may be said of Shakespeare with 'puke', of Blackstone with 'John Doe', of Burns with 'John Barleycorn', of *douce Davie Deans* with 'needcessity', of Mr. Kipling (or any pre-War British soldier) with 'Tommy Atkins', or of any Yorkshireman with 'brass'. Other American terms are 'take a licking', 'take the reins', 'gaga', 'have one's innings' (a baseball phrase), and 'tell that to the Marines'.

There are here true American phrases, admirable in their way, fresh and sappy and fit for literature. Such are 'nigger in the wood pile', 'bankster', 'ivory dome', 'block', 'tightwad'. We would like to add '—merchant', which we have not found. (That does not prove that it is not here; it may be buried under any one of a thousand possible prefixes, for Professor Weseen never picks out the essential word to index.) These words are not only real American; they are real slang. That is, they have not yet been admitted to literature, but they have attained to a certain colloquial and semi-literary currency. They and their like are found swimming here and there in the vast pool of the laboured would-be wit of the cheap journalist and the common boarding-house moron, who says 'menti-sental' for 'sentimental', 'pictureaskew' for 'picturesque', 'pudding house' for 'stomach', and 'sowbosom' for 'bacon'. The lowest depths of idiocy known to man are, however, apparently sounded on the 'co-ed' college campus, from the vocabulary of which we refrain out of mere nausea from quoting.

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Self-Revelation

Between Two Worlds. By John Middleton Murry
Cape. 10s. 6d.

THE MAIN SURPRISE of this autobiography is in the early chapters which describe a clever but ordinary boy, who tended to be lonely and awoke protective instincts in elderly men. He spent his vacations on a Cotswold farm, where he learnt to ride to hounds and planned to marry the vicar's beautiful niece. Then he went to Paris for a vacation, and fell in love with Marguerite. They might have married, but at the crucial moment his heart failed him and he fled: the reason he gives is that 'he had been educated out of the simple capacities which would have made the struggle possible'.

Education did indeed do strange things with him. At 7 years old he wrote an essay on Gothic Architecture which received 50 out of 50 marks. At Christ's Hospital and B.N.C. he won success as a classical scholar. But to judge from his own account he remained curiously ignorant and naïf. 'To be honest', he says, 'I seem to have been forced towards literature by a process of simple elimination'. There speaks the man who in default of a working knowledge of biology and politics was to invent metabiology and meta-marxism.

What was it that transformed the simple youth of the early chapters into the self-torturing creature whose chronicle is such depressing reading? There are ominous hints even in the first pages. 'Pertinaciously and silently I groped my way into a *persona*', he writes of his schooldays. On page 328 he speaks of 'the indefinable anguish of my condition. My soul was, indeed, "hungry for love", and its hunger was of a kind that was not satisfied, nor (if I had known it) ever could be satisfied in the way I sought for satisfaction'. This hunger, naturally enough, took the form of *belief*. 'I was and am the kind of fool who always has to believe in somebody or something'. And this it was that made him, again in his own words, 'a kind of intellectual ghoul'. One night he heard Lawrence moaning that 'I was "an obscene bug that was sucking his life away"'.

Of one incident he writes: 'That, I know, is not a pleasant incident either to remember or record. Why should I rake it out from oblivion? For one sole reason: that this narrative is concerned with the truth . . . But why try to tell the truth? That I do not know'. The same perplexity appears in his comments on Rousseau. 'Jean-Jacques can hardly be called detestable, yet he is certainly not likeable. And it is hard to say why . . . Is it his femininity, his parade of his own sensibility? Seeing that it was displayed deliberately to achieve his literary purpose, it is hard if one must condemn him for it. And yet there is something in it which is at bottom revolting'.

Like the men he admires, Rousseau, Keats, Dostoevsky, he is compelled to reveal the truth, and that truth is his own untruthfulness. Greater men than these, Tolstoy, Flaubert, Stendhal, reveal their own truthfulness by telling the truth about the world. There is no such thing as the truth about oneself—the search for it is simply a recurrent disease of mankind. The whole fallacy is contained in a misreading of the quotation from Renan which is the motto of the book. '*Ce qu'on dit de soi est toujours poésie*'. To interpret '*de soi*' not as *out of oneself*, but *about oneself*, is effectively to lose touch with reality, to become paranoid. Perhaps Mr. Murry recognised this for a moment when, remembering his classics and the classical lesson, he closed one of his periods of self-revelation with Virgil's words

Claudite jam rivos pueri; sat prata biberunt.

But though he tells so many 'truths', and such bitter ones, about himself, there is one admission he never explicitly makes—his utter lack of critical capacity, his inability to distinguish good from bad, his gullibility, his readiness to accept the social types, the literary reputations, the opinions and ways of living of all who sought to impose on him. His opinions do not change, they disintegrate. In place of scepticism, there is the despair which is the negative side of the religious mentality.

One can only look on all this with sorrow—sorrow above all for the grinding terrible poverty in which so many of the figures of this book were involved, and which was the real cause of the mortal diseases that struck them down, and of the sickness and misery of their souls.

CHARLES MADGE

Enjoyment of Mountains

The Romance of Mountaineering
By R. L. G. Irving. Dent. 18s.

MR. IRVING WRITES of the enjoyment of mountains. His book describes the beginnings and growth of mountaineering and its developments at the present time, but it is not an exhaustive factual survey of routes followed, heights reached and records broken. His object always is to discover the quality of the impulse that made men climb and the quality of the feeling that the mountains gave them. He does this by extensive quotations from the climbers' own records, which reveal a variety of motives—science, exploration, record-breaking, love of danger, patriotism; but in those whom he accepts and hails the main motive is always quite simply a passion for the mountains themselves. Hence it is easy to see where his own sympathies lie. They are with the unknown sixteenth-century climber who scratched in Greek on a rock on the Niesen, 'The love of mountains is best'; with de Saussure, more pleased that Mont Blanc should be climbed than that he should be the first to climb it; with the man who climbs alone not to increase the excitement of risk but to present a heightened observation and keener senses to the impression of the mountain's glory; with Swiss climbers in general, to whom mountaineering is the most natural and enjoyable way of spending a week-end, with no thought of statistical results; and with those Japanese climbers whose agreeable maxim is, 'May our six senses be pure and may the weather on the honourable mountain be fine'. His sympathies are decidedly not with Everest Committees, record-breakers, snobs who will only go for peaks with famous names, or the suicide-climbers of the Bavarian and Julian Alps. He is generous in his admiration for the skill and courage of the latter; but they stand condemned for him by their admission, limiting enjoyment, that they are incapable of doing anything after twenty-seven—if they survive so long—so great is the nervous strain. Mr. Irving gives few full accounts of his own expeditions, but we may gather from his incidental references what were the great moments in his climbing. They were not when he had done a good time, or found a new route, or bagged a new peak. He is happiest after a magnificent April day's climbing in Corsica, even though he fails for the second time to reach the top of Capo Trovatore; on suddenly finding himself alone, with mists lifting, in the huge cirque of rocky precipices under the Taillon in the Pyrenees; most of all, perhaps, in bringing a new recruit to the mountains, as he brought Mallory to Mont Vélan in 1904.

On the basis of his enjoyments, Mr. Irving formulates his faith, which is one that many mountaineers would assent to in general without accepting his terminology. For instance, when he calls 'the utter recklessness that sacrifices all regard for safety to the satisfaction of personal achievement' a 'lie against the soul', many would prefer to leave out the question of soul and say simply that it was contrary to delight in living. If life is prized, any action that risks life for nothing more than personal glory stands condemned. Again, when Mr. Irving bases his passion for mountains on the belief that in them can be found reality, beauty, and the assurance of good, others may find their sanction simply in the harmony of the action itself, and their exaltation on a summit a conscious recognition of this harmony. As the music in a Beethoven quartet is good in itself, without having a meaning or involving a 'belief', so a climb where body, courage, sensibility and intelligence are at full compass can be equally good and complete in itself, without looking for 'reality' at the mountain's top. This view probably implies a less human conception of mountains than Mr. Irving's. To him they are personalities and friends; but it is possible also to regard them as objects that can be admired and adored as can a picture or a piece of sculpture, but that, like these, remain different from us, and separate, and non-human. If we hold this view, we shall probably not accept Mr. Irving's condemnation of pitons as being no better than driving sharp claws into a friend's body (ice he considers only a protective grease, and loose stones dead skin, so they can be chipped and knocked off) and shall prefer to leave the matter, as Geoffrey Young does, to the sense of proportion of the climber. We can condemn pitons as used, for example by the Schmids on the North Face of the Matterhorn, to force an otherwise unclimbable route; but it is difficult to see that one or two which open up a climb that can otherwise be continued with full enjoyment by natural means are any more 'unsporting' than the ladder which the Meyers took with them to bridge crevasses on the first ascent of the Jungfrau.

The Politics of Methodism

Methodism and Politics, 1791–1851

By E. R. Taylor. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK is seriously misleading. The book says a great deal about Methodism, but so little about politics that the reader hears nothing at all about the most important of the controversies of the age. Between 1791 and 1851 the new English towns were struggling out of what Halévy calls the sheer barbarism of the early Industrial Revolution towards the beginnings of a civilised life. The strain of that struggle produced Chartism and a class conflict which abated when the first raw squalor of the age was subdued by reforms. Of those reforms the most important were the Public Health Acts and the Ten Hours Act. Between 1830 and 1848 the friends of those reforms were pushing hard against the hostility of vested interests and the apathy of the enfranchised classes. The relation of Methodism to that struggle is a most interesting question, but Mr. Taylor has nothing to say about it. He nowhere discusses how, why and where Methodism opposed or supported these reforms; when it helped and when it hindered; what was the effect of the Methodist movement on Chartism or that of Chartism on the Methodist movement.

The explanation is that Mr. Taylor understands by politics the relation of Church and State and nothing else. Yet even with this interpretation his study has some strange omissions; omissions all the more curious because he remarks justly in his preface that Methodism had connections with both Church and Dissent and political attachments with both parties. Surely, any such study should discuss two questions of the time which raised the issue of the relation of the State to religion: Church rates and education. On the first, Mr. Taylor is silent. On the second, he has nothing about the struggle over the education clauses of the Factory Bill in 1843, or the reforms of 1846. All he says is that the Methodists gradually drew towards the Nonconformists. 'The Whig misunderstanding of the Nonconformist position delayed the full development, but eventually it was not surprising that on this question Methodists should ally themselves with the party which had always leaned less towards the Church and which had unfurled the flag of liberty'. The trouble so far as Methodism was concerned was not that the Whigs misunderstood the Nonconformist position, but that they understood it too well. They held with Peel and Cobden, with great Churchmen like Hook and great Unitarians like Martineau, that a self-respecting society could not leave the poorest and most friendless children in these new towns without education because the Nonconformists and the Methodists disliked the Catholic religion. Mr. Taylor gives no indication of the character of the problem or of the part that Methodism played in the struggle.

The book, then, as a contribution to the relation of Methodism to politics in any large sense of the term is of little value. On the other hand, it is a useful and interesting study of a smaller question. Its subject is not Methodism and politics, but the domestic politics of Methodism. It is really a history of the struggle within Methodism between the strong conservative instincts of a powerful organisation, confirmed by a great personal tradition, and the democratic impulses that rebelled against it. Of that struggle Mr. Taylor gives an effective account, and it acquires a dramatic interest from the personalities of the two chief men of the time, John Wesley and Jabez Bunting. Mr. Taylor draws the contrast between the founder of Methodism and the man who later became its Pope. He records the several secessions which created the Methodist New Connexion, the Primitive Methodists and the United Methodist Free Churches. The gradual growth of an opposition to the regular ruling organisation led to the great disruption of 1849. 'Centralisation and pastoral supremacy were the chief planks in the Conference party platform; "Liberty" and lay representation those upon which the minority stood'. 'The clash between them cost the Wesleyan Methodist Church 100,469 members in five years'. Mr. Taylor's book is a survey of this struggle and a description of the elements and influences within Methodism that drew it in time into sympathy with the other Nonconformist churches and the Liberal Party.

J. L. HAMMOND

Quires and Places Where They Sing

Music and Worship. By Walford Davies and Harvey Grace. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s.

IN A RECENTLY-PUBLISHED symposium called *Growing Opinions* a number of young writers discuss various topics of general interest. The book includes a long and thoughtful article by Michael Matthews on 'Youth and Music', and it is significant that in this fairly wide survey little mention is made of church music. This is no fault of Mr. Matthews': it is merely a tacit recognition of the fact that church music has largely ceased to interest lovers of music. Yet some of the great composers of the past have been church musicians; important musical developments have had their beginnings in church art; and even in these days of wireless and gramophones it probably remains true that more people hear music directly through their various churches than in any other way. This is in itself a main problem of church music, which must deliver a message of wide interest, and that in language both plain to the simple and unlettered, and also of a style that will not alienate the sympathy of the more critical hearer.

Its appreciation of this problem and the help it offers towards a solution may well be accounted the chief strength of this book. Its authors are well qualified: their experience is wide and long; they have guided choirs which remain today among our best; they have worked also among the rank and file of amateur singers and players in county and village who form the real body of a nation's musicianship. The fruit of this experience is the breadth of vision which characterises a book in which the claims of the congregation are fully recognised and its possibilities finely seen. But the writers are not blind to its limitations. 'When devotion grows profound, devout musicians incline to enrich the expression and tax or outstrip congregational ability' . . . 'This crossing of the line between that which is and is not congregational is likely to be in constant need of watching' (page 139). Here indeed is the difficulty; for the fact is that the more developed the singing of a congregation becomes, the more sensitive do its members grow to the crudities and limitations of congregational music. Nor must we forget those who deliberately choose a place of worship in which they will not be expected to take a vocal part, and are therefore inclined to regret the presence of those who attempt to do so. Again it is noticeable how often a sincere and successful attempt to create a congregational service leads finally to the demand for a trained choir and for highly-polished non-congregational music. This demand is inevitable, where there is progress, for it springs from an instinctive recognition of music as worship.

At this point I differ from the authors, who in their preliminary discussion on Music and Worship divide church music into two kinds, 'Music in aid of worship' and 'Music as a vehicle of worship'. We all agree. But they go on to say that 'an anthem or voluntary is definitely music in aid: a Gloria or Kyrie may be music as the very channel of worship itself'. Many would put it the other way round. Music is the vehicle of worship when it directly expresses the act of worship without the aid of the liturgy. The Gloria and Kyrie which our writers mention may be the direct channel of worship just as fully when they are not set to music at all: they are so every time they are spoken in a 'plain' celebration. When music is added it is an intensification, an aid. Music is worship when it is fully itself, perhaps without the assistance of words, and is expressing that state of mind which is worship. This surely is why Aldous Huxley says in *Music at Night* that for many modern men music has taken the place that religion used to occupy.

The fact that we find ourselves stimulated to a discussion of this kind is a mark of the book's character and purpose. It is both practical and visionary: general agreement is not to be expected, for one man's vision is another man's nightmare; but wherever it is sincerely read it will help, and not least by its new emphasis upon the dignity and influence of its subject. And it will encourage some who are bearing the burden and heat of the day by an example of those who after many years of facing practical difficulties are not lowering their standards but setting them higher.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG

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A Dictator out of Time

Birkenhead, the Last Phase. By His Son Butterworth. 21s.

THERE IS A SENTENCE in one of the late Lord Birkenhead's letters which gives a clue towards solving the most intricate personality-puzzle of our time. We could not, of course, expect this life of him to explain his character. Sons seldom understand their fathers, and even if the son in this case did so, he could not tell all the truth. Mr. Winston Churchill did, indeed, admit in his life of Lord Randolph that self-indulgence clouded his closing years. But how could any son state publicly that this unfortunate failing cut short his parent's career? That, however, is not a side of the problem one cares to dwell on. More interesting is the attempt to guess what would have been Lord Birkenhead's history if he had not untimely ended it.

He was clearly a man born to dominate other men by his abounding vitality. He won from those who knew him well warm personal affection; in those who judged him only by his public form he aroused fierce dislike. His intellect was like a keen-edged knife. It made him a powerful advocate, a discerning judge, a Lord Chancellor of outstanding ability. Yet in politics it seemed to fail him. He made clever speeches, but showed no constructive genius, except now and then behind the scenes—when he helped to conclude the Irish settlement, for example, and when he tried to avert the General Strike. In part his failure as a politician was due to the restlessness which ended by making him abandon that career in order to pocket 'large directors' fees'. But there was something else, some incongruity between his character and the method of Parliament-democracy, which accounted for his ineffectiveness.

What that seems to me to be indicated by his remark in a letter about India: 'If I was dealing with the situation as a Mussolini might'. That is how he would have liked to deal with it, and with all other situations. Democratic institutions cramped his style. He was a romantic, with an undergraduate's idea of a world which 'offered glittering prizes to those who have stout arms and sharp swords', and where 'the motive of self-interest not only was, but must and ought to be the mainspring of human conduct'. His mind was far more Latin than English. He loved to roll his tongue round flamboyant catchwords—'marching with head erect and bright eyes along the road to our imperial destiny', 'keeping our nerve and playing our part in the great crisis of the history of England'. He saw himself and everything theatrically. He was a dictator born out of due time.

He would have been a sensible dictator, as he was a sensible Lord Chancellor. He needed responsibility to steady an unstable mind. He knew how to delegate work (though he did not always choose his 'ghosts' prudently, as he found to his cost when Professor Haldane showed that a volume with Lord Birkenhead's name on it contained a number of passages stolen from a work by the Professor himself). While he would have made noisy speeches, his actions would have been wiser than his words. He would not have dissipated his energy on writing the *jejune* newspaper articles which (he boasted) brought him in 'without any considerable exertion' about £10,000 a year. He would have been what by nature he was intended to be.

Was he robbed of the opportunity to fulfil himself by circumstances, or did he throw it away by refusing deliberately to practise self-control? We cannot tell. But we can ponder usefully on this life so largely wasted; and enlarge acquaintance with a character which, however little admirable, compels interest.

HAMILTON FYFE

Science in Society

The Frustration of Science. By Sir Daniel Hall and Six Others. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

THIS BOOK was compiled to support the view that present social organisations neither make use of the full services of science nor grasp its far greater immediate potentialities; that they waste where they should conserve and continue to suffer poverty in the midst of plenty. But the value of the book lies not in the support which the different essays give to this central theme but in what the essayists, left to themselves and heedless of 'frustration', say.

The foreword, by Professor Soddy, is good but much too incisive. It neither summarises the essays that follow nor tactfully introduces them. There is no understatement, no meta-

phorical slapping of Old England on the back and declaring that with all its faults it is still loved. Sir Daniel Hall's essay on science and agriculture is very good after the opening. There, some readers will think that his quotation about millions of acres of productive land being laid bare, millions of pigs being slaughtered, with national prosperity as the goal, is unfair. Such statements may be actually true, but they are not typically true; they are not the whole truth. Unfortunately this quotation has been 'lifted' for the dust-cover.

Mr. J. G. Crowther's essay on aviation is full of facts and statistics well arranged, but the writer is obsessed by war and the destructive possibilities of airplanes. He does not realise that war and destruction may be at times good. His comments are not so good as his facts. 'Have the discoveries made by aviators provided the material for a Shakespeare and a Marco Polo?' What answer is expected? 'Aviation has produced no Columbus'. Are we, then, to fly to the moon? Mr. Bernal's chapter on science and industry is very fine; an inorganic *Dædalus*. His chiding—considering how trenchant he can be—is not severe. He makes it plain, however, that there is always plenty of money for science and industry if they can be useful in war, not otherwise. He concludes that if science is to help humanity it must find a new master. Professor Mottram writes of medicine discursively and interestingly. He makes a strong point of the fact that we are so badly organised we cannot even feed ourselves properly. Dr. Enid Charles writes of our declining birth-rate simply, clearly and with delicate irony. The facts of births, deaths, and fertility are well arranged but the essay's title 'The Invention of Sterility' is not a good one. Is sterility any more invented than inherited? 'Bacterial Warfare' done by Mr. Gorer is completely informative and, in places, reassuring. There is no harping here about wicked governments, or war, or frustration. He neither defends nor condemns; he puts the 'pros' and 'cons' simply before his readers. Professor Blackett ends the book with a chapter based on a broadcast talk a year ago. His subject is the book's title. Society must use science or become anti-scientific; and that way lies misery and destruction. He is distrustful of all 'isms' and economic plans but complete socialism. Then science can get properly going and produce the greatest possible wealth.

A. S. RUSSELL

The Army from the Arm-chair

The Army in My Time. By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. Rich and Cowan. 6s.

THIS BOOK bears an interesting title, promising to the reader of sidelights on army life, on its changes and developments, its economy, organisation and systems of training, by a soldier-author who has thirty-three years of highly practical experience to draw upon. In this particular vein it does indeed start well. Aided by a good memory and an acute power of observation, the opening chapters swing along with real gusto and many a retired officer will be wafted away from his club arm-chair to those pre-South African War days, chuckling reminiscently at the incredible absurdities in which he unthinkingly took part. It is very gaily and amusingly recounted. But then the tone changes. Gradually at first, and after that with a rush, denunciation takes the place of humorous criticism. The author throws such things as lucid language, appositeness of metaphor and literary effort to the winds. There, he seems to say, stands my old Aunt Sally and here, at command, is an inexhaustible supply of verbal coco-nuts. Having laid the unresisting female low, he fashions a substitute and sets it up in her place. In a few jerky pages of writing he accomplishes more than the combined labours of a Cardwell, an Esher or a Haldane ever brought to pass and reforms the British Army. General Fuller, in fact, has been at it again. Nothing that he says is actually incorrect. Blunder and sacrificial waste of life do attend our military enterprise. Post-War training is unreal. Reaction is the order of the day. Staff heads are in the clouds. And financial despotism does clog progress. Every writer of repute labours these points. But they are too weighty to be disposed of by the waving of a wand and too inbred to be eradicated by external treatment of this sort. With greater moderation of language, a less didactic style, not so much infallibility, closer-threaded argument, and a let-up on the ego-pedal, the book could have been so much better than it is. As it is, it forms good scampering ground for the arm-chair critic, for those who take their opinions ready made, and for any who are by nature prone to regard all Government Departments as natural cock-shies.

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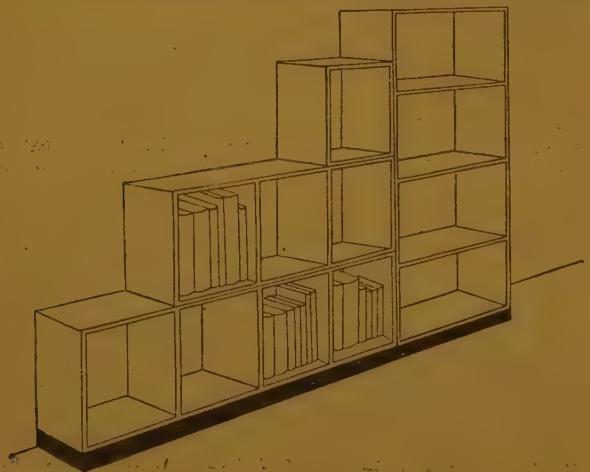
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A Group of Princesses. Princess Helena (left) and Princess Louise (right) with Princess Clothilde and Princess Amalie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in April 1859



Alexandra, Princess of Wales and Princess Louise in 1866



Royal group in a railway carriage, March 1882. Christian IX, King of Denmark, the Queen of Greece with her five children, Alexandra, Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princess Louise, Princess Victoria, and Princess Maud



Princess Helena. Osborne, August 1855



Prince Arthur (later Duke of Connaught) in June 1859



Princess Alice in 1861



Alexandra, Princess of Wales with her eldest son,
Prince Albert Victor, in 1880



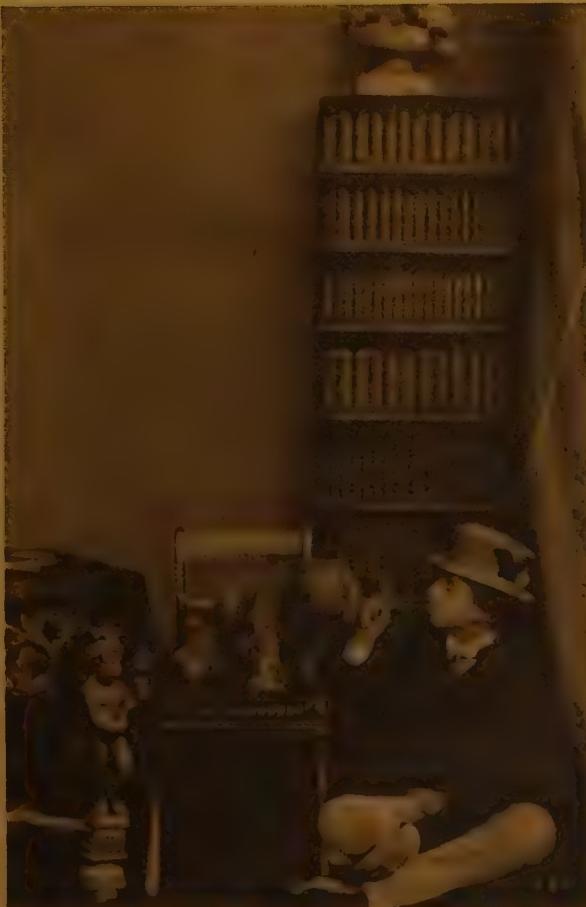
Edward, Prince of Wales (standing) and Prince Alfred (later Duke of Edinburgh) seated. Osborne, August 1855.



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JOHN MURRAY

Childhood and Children

Early One Morning. By Walter de la Mare. Faber. 21s.

Reviewed by FORREST REID

THIS is a book about childhood, but it is not a mere literary essay, it is a work of the widest learning, exploring the whole field of the subject as it has never been explored before.

We all knew that for the author of *The Riddle* children had a special fascination. His poems and tales show a subtler and closer sympathy with childhood than with youth. Shades of the prison house we indeed find in certain of the stories, but the small boy who is the hero of them remains a detached and clear-eyed observer; his interest is intellectual, scientific, now and then slightly callous. The record may be disquieting, but the eye is the eye of innocence.

And this predilection, though unusual, is easy to understand. The child, undoubtedly, after his fashion, is a realist; but he is also a poet. His senses are probably more alive and acute than ours, but in creating his world he is less narrowly dependent on their evidence; he shares Blake's faculty of double vision—

With my inward eyes, 'tis an Old Man grey,
With my outward, a Thistle across my way
—and quite easily, as Mr. de la Mare reminds us, he may have immaterial playmates.

As for talking to *himself*, or seeing with his own waking eyes what he could not establish as actual, or make others perceive—these proclivities, though they are certainly not exclusively childish, hint at not a vestige of that mental insecurity which may accompany them in later life.

Of course one has encountered children of another feather, confirmed little materialists who at the age of eight have acquired much of the suavity and self-possession of men of the world; but with the average sensitive child the barrier between dream and reality is easily broken down; indeed, it would be impossible to give a faithful picture of his life without introducing a considerable element of what is called fantasy.

Quite apart, however, from their attractiveness, Mr. de la Mare has a profound belief in the psychological significance of those early years. And surely he is right, for we change little in essential qualities, though with the passage of time, like boulders on a heath, we become coated with extraneous matter. The child, on the contrary, is astonishingly free from cloaks and disguises—except where uncongenial surroundings have forced him to assume them. When he is happy his desires, tastes, and inclinations are manifested as openly as a kitten's or a puppy's, and nothing but an instinctively divined obtuseness on the part of his elders prevents him from sharing his thoughts and imaginations. True, because of the accidents of life, not the most understanding observer could predict his future with certainty, but more might be predicted than usually is, and when little Jude Fawley, crossing the fields, carefully avoids treading on the earthworms, Hardy is not extravagant in deducing that he is one 'born to ache a good deal before the fall of the curtain upon his unnecessary life'.

Such remarks may appear platitudinous, yet in spite of Aksakoff, Gorki, and Tolstoi—who have each devoted a volume to childhood—the fact remains that the majority of autobiographers give but scant space to those early years. And it must be for one of two reasons: either because, with their joys and sorrows, which at the time were so passionate, they have passed more or less out of recollection, or else because they have come to be regarded as comparatively trivial and unimportant. Of course, there are exceptions among English writers too, and Mr. de la Mare brings forward a number of these as witnesses, for one of the features of his book is its rich documentation. It is not an attempt to explain children, or even very much to generalise about them: 'its method has been the presentation of chosen specimens of children', who are allowed to speak for themselves where their actual words were available, and where not, then in the words of those who have attempted to give a picture of their childhood. The picture is often but the slightest and most rapid of sketches, but 'the only human being competent to reveal what any child is, is that child himself', while 'even he can only reveal what he is in part, and he cannot share his being. So far as his intellect and feelings and

passions are concerned, our only certain truth concerning them is that derived from a comparison of them with our own'.

Again, it cannot be denied that this method of presenting childhood by way of memoirs and recollections, though the best and much the most interesting available, means that we are relying on witnesses who are themselves more or less exceptional persons. Certainly it is the imaginative child, or perhaps one should say the child who possesses the gift of expression, who gets the finest show in Mr. de la Mare's pages, and the question immediately arises as to how far *he* is akin to all children? Mr. de la Mare answers, 'No more and no less presumably than any artist is to his fellow creatures'.

Yet the glimpses revealed, even if they are of exceptional children, are none the less illuminating, and probably all the more absorbing. Their variety, too, is remarkable, and it is not only a variety of incident, but still more of tone and colour reflected from a temperament. Thus we find Darwin confessing that 'as a child he was much given to falsehoods, solely for the sake of the excitement they caused. He assured a small boy he knew that he could produce new and charming varieties of primroses by watering them with coloured fluids'. Surely here the very nature of the fib is in character, points to a particular bent of mind; and no less significant is the metaphysical notion which tickles the infantile Herbert Spencer's sense of humour. His father writes:

One day when a very little child, I noticed as he was sitting quietly by the fire, a sudden titter. On saying, 'Herbert, what are you laughing at?' he said, 'I was thinking how it would have been if there had been nothing besides myself'.

Lastly, here is an incident from Mr. de la Mare's own childhood:

Though some fifty years have gone by since we met, I can still exchange gaze for gaze with a straddling, hairy, and, as it seemed to me, vilely sagacious spider—its luminous pale yellow little eyes fixed on me from the refuge to which it had scuttled behind the leg of a chair.

What a strange vitality have such small experiences when they are peculiarly ours! And every child must have his own. To readers of *The Return* that spider will be no stranger, for Arthur Lawford, peering into the crevice between the stones arching over Sabathier's grave in the quiet country churchyard, also exchanges gazes with it.

The temptation to continue quoting is strong, but some account of the scope of the book must be given. It is divided into three parts: Early Life, Early Memories, Early Writings; and these again are divided into chapters and sections. Not all these chapters are to me of equal interest, but that is a matter of personal taste. The survey is exhaustive, including even some statistics and a review of child life in the past. The physiological aspect, the legal, the educational; books on childhood, both pedagogic and imaginative; school, night-fears, bullies, clothes, food, sin—all find a place. Perhaps it is merely because they played so large part in my own childhood that I am disappointed at the absence of animals. I can find no other omission.

The final part deals with the actual writings of children—journals, letters, stories, poems. One of these letters I cannot resist quoting for a fragile lyrical beauty in it, strangely appealing. It was written by a boy of five, Charles, Duke of York (son of James I), to his elder brother Henry, Prince of Wales:

Sweet sweet brother,

I thank yow for your Letter. I will keep it better than all my graith: and I will send my pistoilles by Maister Newton. I will give anie thing that I have to yow; both my horses, and my books, and my pieces, and my cross bowes, or anie thing that yow would haive. Good Brother loove me, and I shall ever loove and serve yow.

Your looving brother to be
commanded
York

Early One Morning is a book rich in ideas, rich in information, rich in wisdom—indeed, a kind of Anatomy of Childhood—and to me, because of the much deeper interest and importance of its subject, a far more enticing work even than Mr. de la Mare's *Desert Islands*.

The Dawn of Modern Science

A History of Science, Technology and Philosophy in the 16th and 17th Centuries. By A. Wolf
Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Reviewed by CHARLES SINGER

THERE HAVE BEEN many attempts to link together the histories of the various forms of human activity and to combine them into a general history. For science, however, such efforts at incorporation have not been very successful. Nevertheless until this has been accomplished the accounts of the last two hundred years in particular and of earlier periods in less degree must be in false perspective. During this period the application of science has been the main factor in the distribution of power, for the attitude of the Western European peoples to science has given them the hegemony of the world.

The difficulties of incorporating science in general history are of a double kind. On the one hand no satisfactory method of writing the history of science has yet been evolved. The historian of science is still in the experimental stage as regards his literary technique. Until an adequate account of the course of science is available, its extremely intricate pattern cannot be interwoven into the fabric of general history. On the other hand general history is usually written from the national standpoint to which the history of science cannot possibly be adjusted, as is admirably shown by the eloquent and finely illustrated account of sixteenth and seventeenth century science which is the product of many years of Professor Wolf's industry.

Since science has become a 'profession', a conventional picture has been formed of the man of science. Yet nothing is more striking than the diversity of genius and character of those who have contributed most to scientific advance. We may take some illustrations from the figures with whom Professor Wolf deals. The marvellous graphic powers of the Florentine, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), and his painter's eye for the essential produced the first modern work on anatomy. The German mathematician, Johan Kepler (1571-1630), set in the frame of his own religious mysticism his world-picture of which our own is but an amended and amplified version. A peculiarly French passion for clarity of expression led René Descartes (1596-1650), to formulate his fundamental mathematical, physical and biological conceptions. The Italian Galileo Galilei (1564-1642) had a unique power of visualising the ways of nature that might have made him a great artist had it not enthroned him as the greatest of experimenters. A combination of the qualities of scholar, artist and practitioner made the Belgian Andreas Vesalius (1514-1564) founder of scientific medicine. Antony Leeuwenhoek (1632-1723), a semi-literate Hollander of discursive mental habits, was the most effective of all pioneer observers with the microscope. The mathematical insight and superb demonstrative skill of Isaac Newton (1642-1721) were combined with seemingly effortless literary power, which made him one of the masters of style as well as one of the greatest of all men of science. It is impossible to bring under any common formula the varied powers of these men of many nations.

What, then, is this science that links such men together? Many have tried to define it; none has succeeded. Professor Wolf does not make a new attempt but attacks the problem in another way. He has to set forth the difference between the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from their predecessors of the middle ages. He notes that

medieval lack of interest in natural phenomena and disregard of individual judgement had their roots in the domination of a supernatural outlook . . . The Earth was of little interest in comparison with Heaven; the present life was at best but a preparation for the life hereafter . . . True, Thomas Aquinas and his followers recognised the light of reason as a source of knowledge . . . but they left no doubt about the subordination of natural knowledge to revelation.

The thinkers of the middle ages were deeply interested in the operations of reason because they thought they could thereby establish a sure foundation for their religion. But it is evident that their reasoning did not get far in revealing the operations

of nature. There must then have been something wrong with their reasoning, at least as applied to nature. Now the methods of science are successful in helping us to follow and predict nature's ways. 'Science', one might say, 'is nature's logic'. This new logic was first widely applied during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It has replaced the old logic everywhere—except in certain books and colleges!

Much has been made of the 'renaissance' in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of the classical tradition, but in truth that tradition was never lost. The middle ages owed to Greece and Rome quite as much as did later ages. They differed not in their indebtedness but in their choice of what they took. Thus the

divergence in the choice of Greek traditions followed by mediæval and modern thinkers is to be found in the kind of explanation in favour among them. The Scholastics were strongly addicted to the kind of explanation to which Socrates and Plato had given vogue. It consisted in the discovery of the end or purposes which things served. . . . Mediæval thought ran riot in the invention of fanciful ends which things were alleged to serve. The ends imagined were usually human ends. Everything was conceived as having been intended and designed to serve some human need . . . When mankind was thus conceived as the focus of cosmic economy, the Earth, their stage, was naturally looked upon as the centre of the Universe.

Modern science started by rejecting this man-centred and earth-centred view. In 1543 the Pole, Nicolas Copernicus, set forth a scheme of the world with the sun in the centre and the earth and planets moving round it. Copernicus inherited from Aristotle a simple mathematical scheme of the universe. All the heavenly bodies moved in the most 'perfect' of all figures, the circle. The need of fitting the scheme of the imperfect physical world to the moral—in which all was 'perfect'—was hardly abandoned even by Kepler, who replaced the circle by the ellipse in the astronomic scheme.

Newton perceived that the movements of the heavenly bodies are in relation to the succession of earthly phenomena. He proved that this relationship amounted to identity. He moved men's minds to see that the force that causes the stone to fall is that which keeps the stars and planets in their courses. He was the first to enunciate a law of which the writ ran alike in the heavens and on the earth, thus giving the universe an independent rationality without relation to the moral world. The seventeenth century saw the first extension of that conception into all departments of natural knowledge. Physics, chemistry, botany, physiology, geophysics, geography, meteorology—the whole gamut of the sciences, as we now conceive them—received first their modern caste in the seventeenth century. Professor Wolf includes them all under review and gives an intelligible and readable account of the foundation of each of them. In width of survey his work is unique among histories of science, though it is susceptible of criticism for a certain lack of connection between its parts. For this defect, however, he more than compensates by his inclusion of almost important and significant areas in which he is truly a pioneer. With great courage and notable success Professor Wolf undertakes the first general survey of technological progress. In this remarkable effort he has included such themes as agriculture, textiles, building, mining, metallurgy, water pumps, ventilation, hauling machines, the steam engine, calculating machines, etc., and he has added valuable sections on such subjects as medicine, psychology and the social sciences.

We cannot leave this astonishing display of well-arranged learning without remarking that it may herald a new and welcome era of cheap book production. That a volume well printed, well bound and well indexed, of over 700 pages, with more than 300 fine illustrations, many of full page size, can be sold for so little as twenty-five shillings is, we believe, a significant event in the publishing trade and, we may hope, a sign of the times.

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A Great Queen

Queen Victoria. By E. F. Benson. Longmans. 16s.

MR. BENSON HAS written an interesting life of Queen Victoria, but it is in no sense a book of distinction. Indeed, in reading it, one sometimes wonders, as one does about a good many books, why on earth it was written. Probably the answer is a simple one: writers must live and circulating libraries must circulate. Mr. Benson has filled his 400 pages in quite a sensible way. He tells the story of the queen's life simply and straightforwardly. He has nothing new to tell us except the fact that 'the very frank advice' of the late Archbishop of Canterbury induced her to abandon the idea of writing a life of John Brown in the form of a third volume of *Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands*. In other words the book is based solidly upon the many volumes of Letters, *The Girlhood of Queen Victoria*, Mr. Guedalla's *The Queen and Mr. Gladstone*, and the standard biographies of statesmen. Mr. Benson has done his work carefully and skilfully; his book is readable and accurate. He is perhaps unaware of the debt which he obviously owes to Lytton Strachey's work; it is mentioned twice in footnotes, the object of which is to correct misapprehensions of Strachey's with regard to Stockmar, and the meeting between Bismarck and Victoria.

Mr. Benson appears to agree with all writers that Victoria was a great queen. The reader who follows with an open mind Mr. Benson's straightforward account of her life and opinions may be a little surprised to discover what constitutes greatness in monarchs. She reigned for 64 years, and for the greater part of that time she and her family were extremely unpopular with the majority of her subjects. It is astonishing how often in these pages Mr. Benson has to record the hostility of all classes towards the Crown. Youth and inexperience are the only—and scarcely adequate—excuses for her lamentable behaviour in the Lady Flora Hastings scandal. Her 'personal bias' and 'sad want of chivalry' in that affair—to quote Mr. Benson—lost her a great deal of the popularity which, as a young girl, she had acquired on her accession two years before. She lost still more by her unscrupulousness in the 'Bedchamber Plot' and through the death of Lady Flora Hastings, and when she sent a carriage to follow the funeral of that unfortunate lady, the police had to guard it from being wrecked by her disgusted subjects. The instinctive and irrational repugnance of the British people to the Prince Consort increased the hostility towards the Crown and royal family. The queen's obstinacy, personal bias, and acquisitiveness grew as she grew older, and between 1837 and 1861 many people doubted whether monarchy would persist very long in Britain. In the decade which followed, her behaviour as a widow incensed so many people that the republican agitation assumed menacing dimensions. Mr. Benson thinks that she was suffering from nervous hypochondria, and apparently finds in this an explanation of and excuse for her virtual refusal to perform the duties of her office and the ruthlessness with which she continually subjected her ministers to intolerable inconvenience. At this period there were some—and they were people devoted to the monarchy—who thought that the future of the Crown would be served best by her abdication; the difficulty was, however, that the way of life of her eldest son had scandalised and disgusted many of the most respectable of her subjects. As is well known, and as Mr. Benson once more shows, the Prince's way of life was a natural result of the well-intentioned stupidity of his father's educational methods and the vindictive jealousy of his mother. It is a curious fact that the minister who served her during this period with the most long-suffering devotion, who again and again sacrificed his own political interests for hers, and who made almost superhuman efforts to persuade her to take the most elementary precautions against increasing her unpopularity was Gladstone. It was characteristic of her that she pursued him with vindictive and unscrupulous hostility, abusing her power and position in order to hurt him, and treating him finally with such ill-mannered ungratefulness that even today, after all these years, it gives one a feeling of shame to read the story once more in Mr. Benson's pages. The queen's political views were mainly determined by what she conceived to be the interests of herself, her family, and her class, and, like many narrow-minded persons, she had a gift of pursuing her object with incredible tenacity. By dint of living a very long time she eventually lived down her unpopularity. She became an institution and an ancient monument, and at last she won from everybody the reverence and affection which we all feel for ancient monuments. She was in fact a great queen.

LEONARD WOOLF

Epidemics Through the Ages

Rats, Lice and History

By Hans Zinser. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THE AUTHOR OF this book sets himself the task of describing in popular and non-technical language the history of typhus fever, and its carriers, rats and lice, throughout the ages. He is led, not unnaturally, to consider, *inter alia*, other epidemic diseases of similar nature, and the book is full of interesting information on the incidence of such diseases as syphilis, bubonic plague, dysentery and so forth, in addition to typhus fever, from the times of the Greek and Roman Empires, up to and including the late War. Conditions of warfare, whether in ancient Greece or modern Europe, are just such conditions as favour the spread of epidemic diseases, and we are told over and over again in this book of outbreaks of disease as the accompaniment of war, and of the devastating effects of these epidemics at the time, and of their possible influence on the course of history. How different indeed might have been the historical record if the Crusaders had not been harassed throughout their campaigns and finally turned back by epidemics, of which typhus and dysentery were perhaps the most important, or if the power of Napoleon had not been broken by similar epidemics during his operations in Russia.

Disease is due to the presence of micro-organisms—bacteria, protozoa, or virus in character—as parasites in the human body. These parasites are transferred from one human being to another through the bites of other animals, mainly insects, such as fleas, lice, bugs and various flies, which are also parasites on man. These insect parasites are so exclusively peculiar to man that their origin and that of the disease germs they carry are lost in obscurity. The author recognises all this and explains the nature of the pathogenic disease germs, and the meaning and significance of parasitism. He does not, however, make sufficiently clear that, in perfect parasitism, there is no manifestation of disease. A state of mutual tolerance and biological equilibrium exists between parasite and host. Disease, as we understand it, is merely the expression of a struggle between parasite and host to attain this biological equilibrium. The natural hosts of the disease-producing germs in man have been dispossessed by man himself in the course of his continuous war against nature—civilisation we call it—and the parasites, in seeking to maintain their place in nature, have turned to man himself to provide their needs. In time a state of mutual tolerance will be reached and diseases disappear.

The author himself provides evidence that such a course of events is actually in progress. He records that syphilis, when it made its first appearance, was extremely virulent, but with the passage of time has become milder as the degree of mutual tolerance increased. The account of the probable origin of typhus fever in the East and of its gradual spread westward over Europe, accompanied by its carriers, rats and lice, is full of interest and is vividly and convincingly told. The arrival of the disease in America is more obscure. The author can find no reliable historical evidence of typhus epidemics in America prior to the arrival of Cortez at the beginning of the sixteenth century, yet he allows that the Aztecs and the Incas were parasitised by lice. Lice and typhus fever, however, reached America, not by a westward migration over Europe and the Atlantic, but with the much earlier eastward migration of culture from Egypt or thereabouts, through India, Malay and the chain of Pacific Islands to the West coast of America, as demonstrated by Sir Grafton Elliot Smith and his school for the spread of the art of mummification, the cult of megalithic monuments, and other evidences of eastern culture found in the monuments of Peru and Mexico.

The author has written an interesting and amusing book—interesting when dealing with his main theme, amusing when he allows himself digressions to give expression to his views on all manner of current topics from the poetry of Miss Gertrude Stein to the philosophy of the mathematical physicists, from the relative merits of a training in arts or science as a prelude to a literary career to the origin of life. His main thesis is not new, but it cannot be too often reiterated and emphasised, and the author has rendered at least one service in describing once more, in so interesting and forceful a manner, the horrors and ravages of epidemic diseases consequent upon the inevitable conditions of war throughout the ages, and in directing attention to the important and dominating influence they must have had on the course of human history. His reference to the outbreak of typhus fever in Serbia during the late War and its effect on the course of the campaign is significant of the vital importance of this matter even today. As the author says, war is still 75 per cent. an engineering and sanitary problem, and less than 25 per cent. a military one. The arbiters of human destiny who have the making and breaking of wars in their control should pay serious heed to this fact. This book may well prove a potent influence in peace propaganda.

W. M. TATTERSALL

The Hindenburg Myth

Hindenburg and the Saga of the German Revolution

By Emil Ludwig. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

'WHAT A FATE', says Matthew Arnold in his essay on Joubert, 'what a fate for a spirit of any delicacy and dignity, if he could foresee it, to be an oracle for one generation and then of little or no account for ever'. That is the fate which overtook nearly every one of the 'heroes' of the Great War. Each nation had its 'strong man', with features that looked well on picture postcards. Where are the reputations of those 'strong men' now? Long ago the Kitchener legend was punctured. We smile now at the thought of the London Stock Exchange burning the *Daily Mail* when Northcliffe exposed Kitchener's inability to grasp the character of the War. We murmur, 'Oh well, stockbrokers!' Yet the mass of the nation believed in him, as it afterwards believed (with no better reason) in Haig. And the French put their faith in Joffre until his massive stupidity could be concealed no longer; and the Italians gave their confidence to Cadorna, who suffered from a total lack of ideas of any kind; and the Russians attributed to the Grand Duke Nicholas a capacity for leadership of which he showed no trace. As for the Germans, they not only idolized Hindenburg while the War lasted, but they put him at the head of their very amateurish republic and let him give Hitler the power to destroy it utterly, even before he was dead.

Of all the War legends that of Hindenburg is the most comical for those who delight in studying the asininity of mankind. Most people who know anything at all about the Battle of Tannenberg still believe probably that Hindenburg defeated the Russians with frightful slaughter in the East Prussian region of marsh and forest which he knew intimately from having gone over the ground very carefully in anticipation of fighting there some day or other. The unromantic truth was that he had never seen the battlefield (he says so in his Memoirs), and that, so far as the victory was not due to the treachery of Rennenkampf, it was won by Ludendorff and Hoffman, Hindenburg merely approving their plans. Hoffman is quoted by Dr. Ludwig as saying cynically that when he heard people say Hindenburg won the Battle of Tannenberg, he found himself unable to believe in the existence of Cæsar or Hannibal.

Dr. Ludwig enjoys remarks like that. He quotes also with relish the former Crown Prince's warning to Chancellor Bruning: 'He betrayed my father, betrayed Ludendorff, and will, if anything goes awry, betray you likewise'. Which Hindenburg very soon afterwards did. It is natural that a distinguished Jewish writer exiled from his country should dislike the man who let loose the foul flood of *Juden-hetze*. Yet Dr. Ludwig is never really unfair. He is compelled to treat his subject as the hero of a myth, an amusing illustration of humanity's readiness to worship false gods, which is just as noticeable now as it was in Moses' and Aaron's time. This gives the book a quality altogether different from that of the author's *Bismarck* and *Napoleon*. He was critical of the Iron Chancellor, but he admired him and did justice to his solidity of character. Though he is no indiscriminating eulogist of Napoleon, he saw the streaks of greatness in him. Of Hindenburg he is compelled to write in an entirely different vein, except in the earlier chapters which show the progress of a Prussian officer, *Junker* by being born among the proudest squirearchy on record, but landless and dependent on his military pay.

Honest, devoted to duty, dull of wit but good-tempered, Hindenburg lived happily until the hour when he was induced to become a political personage. He enjoyed the War. His nerves never troubled him. No doubt of the rightness of his cause, or of German soldiers' enthusiasm for being sent to massacre by him, assailed his mind. Even when Ludendorff lost his courage and they had to tell Ministers and Parliament-men that their assurances of eventual victory had been make-believe (which caused the Junker leader in the Reichstag to declare bitterly: 'We have been lied to and cheated!') Hindenburg went on eating and sleeping well. He bundled his Kaiser into exile without any sign of sadness—even, one suspects with a shade of relief, for he had never liked the man. He took leave of his troops in a decent, dignified address. He lived quietly and sensibly in retirement and, if his wife had not died, he might have ended his days so. Parted from her, he felt at a loose end, and at that moment came the invitation to be a candidate in the Presidential contest. His son was ambitious. The old fellow felt that duty called him. He hesitated and was lost.

Of the endless intrigues, the soul-less plotting, that began as

soon as he took office, *The Berlin Diaries* told us a good deal. Dr. Ludwig does not add much to what has become known already, but he brings it all together with a master's hand; and though his analysis of Hindenburg's motives is mostly guess-work, he presents a life-like picture of the years which made Hitlerism inevitable. For us, and for the French, it should be galling to reflect that our politicians did so much to contribute to that inevitability. On this Dr. Ludwig does not dwell. He might have quoted that infinitely pathetic letter of Stresemann's written a few months before he died: 'If you (the British and French Governments) had given me one concession, I could have carried my people. I could do it still today. But you have given nothing'. He could see no alternative to a reign of 'brute force', which began four years later when Hindenburg, partly to save his son's East Prussian estate, put Hitler in office. The excuse for him is that he was a very old man. He was also an unhappy old man. Compare with earlier photographs the one which serves as frontispiece to this book. The contrast between contented, steady-eyed calmness and suspicious semi-lunatic uneasiness is illuminating—and terrible. The end of the myth was stark horror.

HAMILTON FYFE

Stravinsky Explains Himself

Chroniques de ma vie. Par Igor Stravinsky

Paris: Denoël et Steele. 15fr.

THESE MEMOIRS, which Stravinsky wrote, he tells us, with the object, partly of registering certain facts of his life for the benefit of those people who may be interested in himself and his music, partly of correcting many inaccurate impressions of his views and aims conveyed by fanciful reports of interviews which at various times he had granted to journalists, make fascinating reading. The simplicity and genuineness of the tone are striking, and the picture conveyed will certainly call for few additions and no corrections on the part of future biographers—a rash thing to say, but one that can be said confidently in the present instance.

Stravinsky's outlook on music is clearly revealed at the very outset. As a small boy, his favourite occupation was to extemporise at the piano: 'a practice which ran counter to discipline, but was excellent because it fostered the birth of musical ideas'. During his youth, he moved in a circle of music lovers 'who admired Mussorgsky, but for his realism and nationalism rather than for his musicianship'. When he matured, he came to the conclusion that in musical art the one and only thing that matters is just the music, not emotional or dramatic expression or poetic suggestion:

I hold that music is incapable, in itself, of expressing anything whatsoever, be it feelings or attitudes, psychological states or natural phenomena. Expression has never been an immanent property of music; and when music appears to express anything, it is in consequence of an illusion, a tacit convention for which our own habits and thoughtlessness alone are responsible.

It is, he continues, an infirmity of human nature that we should usually be unable to capture the present, which is to us but a transition between the past and the future. Music is the one and only domain in which we can capture and stabilise it. It is, essentially, 'the creation of order among things, and especially between man and time'. And therefore:

It is impossible for anyone to understand to the full the art of any past period, to perceive its intimate significance beneath its obsolete aspect, unless he has a genuine and live comprehension of, and participation in, the life and art of his own time. For this reason it would be a wise policy to start the education of the young with contemporary art and then work backwards.

An important point in the story of his own education is that he underwent at first, besides the influence of Glinka (which proved to be wholly beneficial), that of the Russian music and ideas of his own time, and especially of the circle of composers known as the 'Belaief circle', which had already become thoroughly academic. In Rimsky-Korsakof, however, he found an admirable teacher, whose aesthetic point of view he accepted provisionally, because he wished to acquire technical efficiency and discipline, and 'technique and aesthetics are inseparable'. The music of Gounod, Bizet, Delibes and Chabrier revealed to him 'new conceptions of style and methods, of melody and form'. That of Debussy, which he studied and learnt to love long before coming to France, further widened his outlook. And so, by 1910, when he first visited Paris and witnessed the successful production of his ballet 'The Fire-Bird', he was well launched on a course of an evolution which he describes up to 1920—the year when he decided to make Paris his home. A



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second volume will deal with the following years and throw further light on this evolution—an eventful, and in many respects a bewildering one, as comments on his latest works have shown time after time.

A point of special historical and psychological interest is that all his big works produced by Diaghilef, except the first, 'The Fire Bird', were conceived by him without suggestions from outside. 'The Nightingale' was begun in 1909. The notion of 'Petrushka' originated in a 'Conzertstück', during the composition of which Stravinsky suddenly had a vision of 'a puppet

maddening an orchestra by his pranks'. It was while working on 'The Fire Bird' that he suddenly imagined the spectacle of a young girl dancing in front of an assembly of aged men before being sacrificed to the god of spring—the central idea of 'Le Sacre du Printemps'. His chapters on Diaghilef and on Nijinsky (whom he unreservedly admired as a dancer, and whose incapacity as a choreographer he ascribes to a lack of general intelligence and knowledge and to a complete ignorance of music) are also of great historical value.

M. D. CALVOCORESSI

Under Two Dictatorships

I Was Hitler's Prisoner. By Stephen Lorant. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

I Speak for the Silent. By Vladimir V. Tchernavin. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

IT WAS EXTREMELY INTERESTING to me to read these two books immediately after revisiting the new Germany and the new Russia. I can well understand the difficulty in the mind of any honest British citizen, after a study of both these poignant narratives, in distinguishing between the Nazi and the Soviet tyrannies. There is undoubtedly a distinction; but oppression and cruelty have for their victims the same meaning all the world over.

Mr. Lorant, who was one of the countless victims of Nazi oppression, tells us with tragic humour and yet without bitterness of spirit his experiences in a Nazi prison. Tchernavin tells us, less vividly but with perhaps greater objectivity, his experiences in a Soviet prison camp.

Lorant was the chief editor of the *Münchner Illustrierte Presse*. He had never engaged in politics and was actually a Hungarian subject. The firm which employed him was a Conservative, Catholic and patriotic concern. Yet when the Third Reich came into being many of its officials were placed in protective custody and their jobs handed over to Nazis. Lorant, seized in the middle of the night by the police who raided his flat, was among those thrown into prison. No reason was given for his arrest and the only 'suspicious' document found among his papers was a post-card sent to him by a friend while she was on an 'Intourist' visit in Russia. He was kept in custody for six months without being brought to trial; and his young wife, who made herself a nuisance with her constant complaints to the political police about her husband's imprisonment, was also put into prison. In the end both were released through the efforts of the Hungarian Press and the Hungarian Government. Lorant, though once on the point of committing suicide, was not subjected to any physical cruelty. But he gives a terrible account of the brutal treatment of some other prisoners arrested without any charge being formulated against them and held under the foulest conditions without trial. While in prison he managed to keep a diary; and, stranger still, he managed to smuggle it out. In this diary he reveals the crude ignorance, the low mentality and the savage hatred of the young Nazi officials entrusted with unfamiliar duties which they were totally incompetent to perform. The prison was crowded with innocent and respectable people—some of them Nazis themselves or supporters of the Hitler government who had been arrested through the intrigues or personal spite of fellow Nazis. There was nothing then, as there is nothing now, to prevent any German citizen, whatever his record, from being arrested on any pretext or on none, thrown without hope of release into a vile prison or condemned to the agonising hardships of the concentration camp and ultimate death. There is nothing in this grim picture of Nazi prison conditions or of the methods of Nazi torturers which is new to me. But it serves to strengthen one's impression of the folly, the futility, the barbarism and the horror of the practices by means of which the Nazi dictatorship is sustained and potential resistance crushed.

There have been no sterner critics of this deplorable tyranny than the Russian Soviets. Yet listen to Comrade Tchernavin. This man is a distinguished scientist who abandoned research work after the Revolution in order to assist in the development of the Russian fishing industry. Arrested one night without warning in his little wooden house in Murmansk, far up beyond the Arctic circle, he was held in G.P.U. prisons in Leningrad for months and subjected to seventeen deadly inquisitions, with cunning threats of torture and execution intended to force from him a confession that he was a 'wrecker'. Manifestly he was a man of great resource and outstanding courage. Refusing to confess, he was condemned without trial to five years' forced labour

in the notorious Solovetski concentration camp. While there he worked diligently as a prisoner in the fishing industry and with indomitable patience planned an escape. Miraculously he succeeded; together with his wife and son, who visited him in camp through a clever ruse, he walked over wild mountains, through forests and across swamps, to Finland and freedom. The very restraint with which he writes makes all the more telling his detailed account of the sordid and dreadful conditions of his prison life; of the subtle cruelties of the G.P.U. system of punishment; of the terrors of the 'isolator', that specialised form of confinement in which so many wretches rotted to death; of the many types of prisoners, from priests to bandits, from scholars to labourers, from engineers to peasants, who were caught like him in the vast 'drag-net' of the G.P.U.

His story has an air of simplicity and actuality which makes its truthfulness beyond question. The Soviets, like the Nazis, have their countless and ubiquitous police spies and their secret police system which casts still its sinister shadow over the Russian people. To an Englishman, accustomed to live and breathe freely in a free country, there can be no justification for the principle of imprisonment and punishment without trial. In effect Nazis and Sovietists seek to justify this ancient practice on identical grounds. They must protect the State from the peril of counter-revolution. It is more intelligible and in a sense perhaps less venal in Soviet Russia than in Nazi Germany. The Nazi Revolution took place in a country which had all the blessings of an advanced and enlightened culture. The Russian Revolution sprang in blood and tears out of an age-long tyranny in a land still primitive and semi-barbarous. It was inevitable that the new masters of Russia, standing for the 'workers' of a new age, and apprehensive of foreign intervention, of internal intrigue and the return of the dispossessed classes, should maintain their grip for a time with merciless and relentless severity. The danger of a post-revolutionary dictatorship, whether of the Right or of the Left, always is that suppression by force of all opposition is apt to become a settled habit. It seems obviously so much easier and safer to use the power of the State in smashing a suspected conspiracy by force and shooting in secret the conspirators than to use the tedious and conceivably risky methods of democracy. My own conviction is that while the western world has exaggerated ideas about the G.P.U., the Soviet leaders have exaggerated ideas of the so-called counter-revolutionary peril. There is practically no counter-revolutionary peril in Russia today. The regime is as firmly established as any in the world. Many of the alleged counter-revolutionaries who are quietly put away are merely persons who have in some way 'deviated' from the Party line, or who have personal enemies in the Party, or whose bourgeois or Menshevik past has become for one reason or another odious to the central or local administration. When I was in Russia last month I put this point of view frankly before various high Soviet officials. They listened to such criticisms apparently in some mental discomfort. The stock reply always was that the counter-revolutionary danger persisted and the State dare not yet relax its grip. Two leading men asked me how best the Soviet Union could win the support and confidence of the British people. My reply in each case was that the British democracy could never feel a spontaneous sympathy with the Soviet Union until the Soviet Union itself had abandoned the more undesirable forms of the proletariat dictatorship. Russia today is carrying out one of the greatest tasks in industrial history. When it is politically free its authority and its influence will, I believe, match the power of Great Britain and of the U.S.A.

A. J. CUMMINGS

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In Search of History. By Vincent Sheean

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THE AUTHOR, AN AMERICAN, but enlivened by a distant touch of Irish, takes the right view of a journalist's work. Modern journalism has become the foundation of history. It has taken the place of tradition and imaginative conflicts, such as an inner consciousness might suppose to have happened. There was once little exact record kept except legal enactments and documents on family affairs and rights of inheritance. But the modern historian has a far wider scope and foundation for his authority. He has contemporary letters, literal debates in Parliament, and, above all, the overloaded files of newspapers, collections of which induce compassion for all who research among them. It is the newspaper correspondent, whether in peace or war, who crams those files with information, and on what he has written the future historian must inevitably build. To estimate the character of each correspondent—his prejudices, his truthfulness and his courage—is the difficult task which every modern historian must confront.

The future of history depends upon it. The correspondent's estimate on each occasion of war or history must be rapid and decisive. He may go wrong once, but twice shakes confidence in him and his paper. Mr. Sheean had a fine training for the work. He passed through the Chicago University in the usual way, though he began by making the mistake of unconsciously joining in a Jewish 'Fraternity' at a time when the University held Hitler's views of Semites. But under the encouragement of an excellent German Professor he acquired knowledge and enthusiasm for the Near East, and after a visit to Paris and Venice in 1922 he was fortunate to get regular employment abroad for the *Chicago Tribune*. He thus became acquainted with Poincaré, Venizelos, and Lord Cecil. His opinion of Poincaré may be noticed, for to many critics Poincaré was the hero of the time:

He had no charm of any sort, no ease of manner, little dignity. . . . Compared to any other political leader of the same rank known to me afterwards—Briand, MacDonald, Stresemann, Mussolini—he seemed harsh, little-minded, and inhuman. I never heard him make a generous statement in political matters, and did not believe he was capable of such a thing. From hearing and seeing him repeatedly through the monotonous two years I reached the conclusion that he hated the Germans as a Jersey farmer hates a rattlesnake. . . . If I lived to be a thousand I should never forget the sound of his maniac shriek as he pronounced the word *Allemagne*.

From the French side Mr. Sheean witnessed the treacherous attempt of the Separatists at Aix and on the Rhine to overthrow the German Republican Government, as I am glad to say I supported that Government from the other side. His travels about that time are of special interest to myself because we often covered the same ground though not on the same occasions. He was at Barcelona, Madrid, crossed the Straits to Morocco, was with the rebels on the Rif under Abd-el-Krim, passed through Egypt and Iraq into Persia, back to Moscow, and by sea round to Shanghai and Hankow, where he became intimate with the Communists and gives us fairly friendly accounts of Borodin and especially of Mme. Sun, the widow of the Sun Yat-sen, and Rayna Prohme, who is the heroine of the book and a most attractive woman, whether laughing or dying, and much worshipped, too, by the author, though he insists there was no question of love between them.

The chapter called 'Revolution', concerning the Bolsheviks in Hankow, is the longest and, to myself, the freshest in the book, because I never penetrated so far into the East; but the author's account of the Holy Land brings me back to familiar ground. And as in the other chapter upon places known to me, I find the description of the country entirely accurate, though I do not agree with the main object. For Mr. Sheean stands four-square in defence of the Arab or Turk populations, which have inhabited and wasted most of the country for some eight hundred years, and regard it as a varied allotment in which fruit and vegetables can be grown. My sympathies are with the still more ancient people who made Palestine not only their National Home, but the scene of the Spiritual Home from which the various forms of our civilised and kindred religions originated. In this opinion I am glad to remember that I have on my side the well-grounded judgment of Douglas Duff in his excellent book, *Sword for Hire*.

From the semi-barbarous regions of the Middle East, the author returned to the most consciously cultured oasis of Europe—Gordon Square and Knole Park. For both he feels a real admiration where most ordinary people are inclined to laugh or pity as at the sight of queer animals in a Zoo. But his half-

admiring interest reveals the tolerant and broad-minded observer as this author remains throughout his journey. His last chapter but one, called 'The Western Cities', shows us a thoughtful and reflective mind far beyond the habit of wanderers in remote and unpeaceful quarters of the world.

H. W. NEVINSON

'The Pale Clergyman'

Toynbee Hall: Fifty Years of Social Progress

By J. A. R. Pimlott. Dent. 8s. 6d.

THIS CAREFULLY PREPARED and well-produced record is of outstanding importance since Toynbee Hall was for fifty years a focus for the growing interest of the time in social and educational developments. There are few departments of social work and of education today which do not owe some at least of their success to men trained at Toynbee Hall by Canon and Mrs. Barnett or by their successors. Toynbee Hall still stands, a centre of life and work, in that great part of East London which presses close upon the bounds of the City. Mr. Pimlott's book gives abundant evidence that Dr. Mallon, the present Warden, and the residents are doing all that lies in their power to continue worthily in the traditions built up during half a century and to extend the work of the Settlement into new spheres. They are, for example, at present concerned with 'work for the unemployed in London and in the coalfields, research into the problem of Unemployment Assistance, and that of Juvenile Employment and Unemployment, efforts to raise the age of school-leaving, efforts to improve local housing, efforts to help some of the many refugees who are now adrift in London'. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his preface, tells 'of the fruits of this fellowship of friendship. The friendship has become more and more a comradeship in which the people themselves are partners in all that is contrived for the enrichment of their lives'.

It would be tedious in a brief review such as this to attempt even a record of the names of 'famous men' who have found their way to great work through the portals of Toynbee Hall. The book itself can merely mention name after name, leaving the reader, if he so desires, to turn to other sources for fuller accounts of their work. There are few personal glimpses even of the Barnetts, but the remarkable life of Canon Barnett by his wife gives all that is necessary, and to that life many who read this record will turn. Samuel Barnett's motto, placed over the mantelpiece in his room at Toynbee Hall and perpetuated on his memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey, was 'Fear not to sow because of the birds'. His own method was to construct a habitation where might be garnered that best of good seed—young men looking out to real work in life. They came, ardent, from Oxford and Cambridge, were nourished by being given immediate work to do among the people of the locality and then, in due course, Barnett would fling them out to bear fruit in work of national importance—and, as this book reveals, bear fruit they did. From time to time men and women are born, endowed not only with the ability to recognise real needs but also with a creative and constructive power which they are able to transmit to others. Such a man as this was Canon Barnett, and one is tempted, as one reads this volume, to wonder what would have been the social and educational history of England if 'the pale clergyman' had not lived and worked in Whitechapel. Emerson said that an institution is the lengthened shadow of a man. Toynbee Hall may be this, but Mr. Pimlott's book shows that it is much more; it is a fountain of the living waters of a man's spirit. Things which Canon and Mrs. Barnett conceived and did at Toynbee Hall years ago are continually proving relevant to our present-day needs. The Workers' Educational Association and the Workers' Travel Association, to mention but two instances, have, right from the beginning and throughout their work, drawn on the spirit and teaching of Toynbee Hall. Or, to take an example of another kind, three exhibitions of pictures were recently organised by the British Institute of Adult Education (a lineal descendant of Toynbee Hall) in order that village people might see the best in art. This is exactly what Barnett did for the working people of Whitechapel in the late 'eighties.

It may be expected confidently that many of the readers of this book will, in the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'be moved to help the Council of the Hall to enlarge its buildings so that they may become the centre of further and fuller efforts to continue and develop the work which was first undertaken in faith and hope these fifty years ago'.

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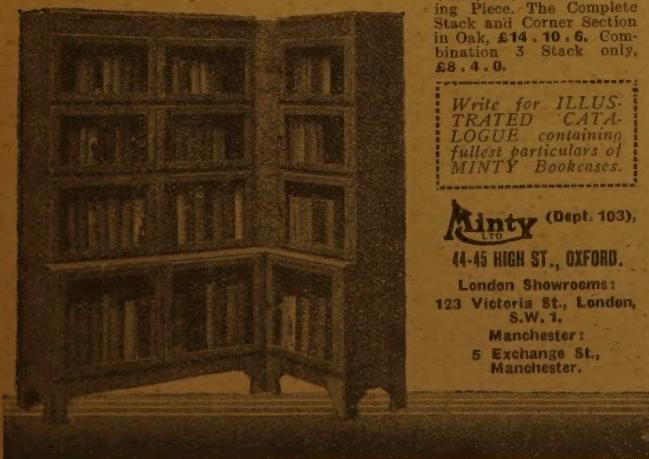
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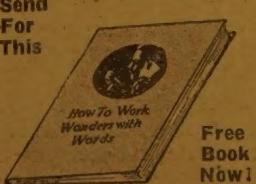
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Modern Writers and Beliefs

The Destructive Element. By Stephen Spender
Cape. 8s. 6d.

THIS BOOK is a virile, delicate, and, above all, serious piece of criticism. Mr. I. A. Richards, writing of 'The Waste Land', quoted Conrad—'In the destructive element immerse. That is the way'. Mr. Spender's study of the destructive element begins with Henry James. He next discusses 'three individualists', Yeats, Eliot, and Lawrence. Finally, in a section entitled 'In Defence of a Political Subject', he presents very fairly the literary problems of his own generation. One might object that the thread joining these writers is an arbitrary one. Mr. Spender maintains that they are all concerned with the same 'political subject'—call it x. But if Henry James was only concerned with it to paint its opposite y, and if Yeats and Eliot are only concerned with it to ignore it (*il gran rifiuto*), and if Lawrence obstinately and myopically thought of it as z, one might dispute Mr. Spender's right to lump these four writers in with Messrs. Auden, Upward and the other apostles of something positive. But, having read this book with a moderately open mind, I do not find that the thread or plot of it is arbitrary. Mr. Spender uses 'political' in a very wide sense; many readers would recognise the common quality of his subjects sooner if it were called *seriousness* (or we might revive Arnold's touchstone, *στρογγάρτης*). For no one, I trust, will deny that all these writers are more serious than, say, Arnold Bennett. And if one asks why Bennett was not serious, one might find in the end that it was because he was not politically minded.

Mr. Spender admits that lyricism can flourish without politics (he has no wish to wipe out Mr. de la Mare), but would deny this possibility of the novel, the drama, etc. And he is probably right. Jane Austen, in this sense, was a political novelist. We can't write like Jane Austen (alas!) because we haven't (thank God!) got her politics. And if we haven't got some kind of politics, we can't perhaps write novels or such works at all. Now Yeats and Eliot have a kind of inverted politics which they couldn't get on without, any more than the hermit in the Thebaid could get on without sex. Mr. Spender in this book works through what he regards as the noble perversions of his subject until, in the last section, he comes to the comparative normality of his contemporaries.

His view of his perverts is briefly this. James worshipped aristocracy but saw through the aristocrats and so turned to an apotheosis of dead virtues. Eliot, despairing of the Church on earth (?), falls back like James on another world, a death-world. Yeats falls back on an esoteric blend of aristocracy and magic. Mr. Spender is extremely interesting on James and refreshingly acute on Eliot, whom he convicts of a fascist strain of thinking and of some other blind spots. On Yeats he is less adequate; perhaps takes his algebra too seriously. Yeats is predominantly aristocratic, but there is an anti-Yeats in him which would repay study.

Over against these three writers he puts Lawrence, but Lawrence was also an individualist. He was not, however, a reactionary, an escapist. But he cried in the wilderness and a wilderness his work remains. Mr. Spender quotes a passage from a letter which, as he says, heralds something which Lawrence did not himself fulfil. It is the same thing that the Communist writers are now fumbling after, some of them without knowing it.

The splendid thing about Mr. Spender is that he knows it. Communism is for him not a mere economic reshuffle or an inverted individualism. The individualist is an atom thinking about himself (Thank God I am not as other men); the communist, too often, is an atom having ecstasies of self-denial (Thank God I am one in a crowd); and this too is attitudinising. It is essential to get rid of this atomist conception of personality, which psychology has undermined from below and which true communism ignores from above. The ego as an indestructible substrate is as obsolete as the old philosophical conception of 'substance'. Yeats has recognised this in insisting that there are no hard and fast, no private minds. Communism in the truer sense is an effort to think, and think into action, human society as an organism (*not* a machine, which is too static a metaphor).

Mr. Spender looks forward to a synthesis (it might better be

called a dialectic) of communist thinking with psychological thinking. Psychology will be a check on ideology. At the moment, even the most intelligent communist tends to relapse into crude generalisations. Thus Mr. Spender quotes, apparently with approval, Lenin's statement 'Art belongs to the people. It ought to extend with deep roots into the very thick of the broad toiling masses. It ought to be intelligible to these masses and loved by them, etc'. Lenin is here repeating the fallacies of Tolstoy. We need only ask—if this applies to art, what about higher mathematics or metaphysics? Are the mathematician and the metaphysician to be limited by the Highest Common Factor of the masses' understanding? Mr. Spender, fortunately, has far too sensitive a mind for these categorical imperatives. That is why he has written a book which means something.

LOUIS MACNEICE

A Terrorist Martyr

Spiridonova. By I. Steinberg. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

MARIA SPIRIDONOVА is the most renowned of women terrorists and the most tragic martyr of that Social Revolutionary party which was stamped out by the ruthless system of Lenin and Stalin. Nearly thirty of her fifty years have been spent in prison, eleven under the Tsardom and the remainder under the Soviet dictatorship, and she is now living in 'free confinement' among the Urals. There is no life-story of the age that is in any degree parallel with hers; there can be none more amazing in respect of suffering and endurance.

As a young woman of twenty-one, with a nurse's training, Spiridonova resolved to kill the tyrant of her home district, General Luzhenovsky, of whose barbarities she had been a witness. She dressed herself as a schoolgirl, shot the General as he alighted from a train, and was set upon and mercilessly beaten by the Cossack guards. Her life, she supposed, must be forfeit, Spiridonova belonged to the school of Social Revolutionaries which believed in tyrannicide as a principle. The brutal ruler could not be suffered to live; hence he had to be removed, and the assassin must be sacrificed. The absolutists of this school could realise the logic of tyrannicide, but only in part. They refused to see the other part—that every killing, of governor or minister, made the reprisals more extensive and ferocious.

The story of Spiridonova's torture in prison aroused Russia and the world. She wanted to die, but her friends, with a persistence which seems strange in view of the hell they all knew a life-sentence to be, made every possible effort and saved her from the scaffold. A triumphal journey across country preluded the long agony of Siberia, which for all the victims appeared to be ended in light and joy by the first Russian revolution. But that was a bitter illusion. Spiridonova was the most vivid and inspiring figure among the Social Revolutionaries who in 1917 strove to co-operate with the Bolsheviks. They believed in a free peasantry on the basis of a socialised land system. Spiridonova told the Bolshevik governing group that their system involved only the transformation of the landlords into state-controlled economic units managed by their commissars, and that this to the rural population meant nothing but a return to slavery. Upon the land question and the red terror, launched after the attempt on Lenin's life, Spiridonova broke with the Soviet autocracy. Imprisoned in the Kremlin under frightful conditions, she flung her defiance against the party Executive (her language on all occasions was unmistakable): 'Never in the most corrupt of parliaments, never in the most venal papers of capitalist society, has hatred of opponents reached such heights of cynicism as your hatred'. There followed a decade of exile in Central Asia and then the misery of Ufa which is the present doom of Spiridonova as her half-century of martyrdom draws to a close.

Mr. Steinberg, who was Commissar for Justice in the first Soviet Cabinet, has told the story with the aid of personal statements by Spiridonova and several of her comrades in suffering. They are all alike terrible in their particularity. Mr. Nevinson's fine introduction points the moral of this almost incredible record of savagery and heroism.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Modern American Art

Art in America in Modern Times. Edited by Holger Cahill and Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

MY OWN INTEREST in American art began with a visit to America a few years ago. Previous to that, like many other Englishmen, my knowledge of her artists was almost confined to acquaintance with the work of expatriates. But even the very short time spent in New York and the few hurried reviews of private and public collections in Washington and Philadelphia I was allowed, were enough to convince me I had missed a great deal by my ignorance. It gave me, also, the authority to state here that *Art in America in Modern Times* must not be considered as an adequate or just summing up of the contemporary effort. Nor should the manner of its presentation be taken as a sign that the art of typography and book production was arrested in the United States about 1889. That certainly is not the case. The book is one of those unfortunate 'official' compendiums which begins by confessing that the plan for 'this survey' was initiated by the General Federation of Women's Clubs under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts with the co-operation of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education and the National Broadcasting Company. But I must confess that if I were an American artist practising in America, and found my work reproduced under such overwhelming auspices, I should expect something very much better. Apparently there are more reasons than one why American artists leave home.

On the other hand, the book must be given credit as a serious effort to serve a useful purpose. It is soberly written, with intelligence and sympathy, descriptive rather than critical; an honest piece of journalism. It is thorough in its index and bibliography—so far as I am able to judge. But the half-tone blocks are of poor quality, indifferently printed and badly arranged; and those in colour appear to have been borrowed almost exclusively from *Vanity Fair*. For this, or some reason which is not clear, the selection is limited to 'modern' painters only and, in my opinion, the least happy example of their work. If contemporary American painting is to be judged by the colour plates in this book, it is not getting a square deal. Yet these pictures are, in a way, revealing, as I shall explain later.

To review the art of America from 1865 to 1934, which this treatise reflects, is a quite hopeless task in this short space. The survey comprises not only painting and sculpture, but the arts of architecture, interior decoration, stage design, photography and the cinema. But since the proportion of attention devoted to sculpture and painting so enormously predominates—there are 62 pages as against 18 for architecture and decoration and 3 pages for Cinema!—I may be excused for concentrating upon the subjects I am supposed to know most about.

America has produced three men of genius in the so-called Fine Arts, Whistler, Ryder and the architect Frank Lloyd Wright. I am inclined to add Calder the modern sculptor, but I have not enough knowledge of his work. Whistler is too well known to take up our space here, but how many people in this country have ever heard of Albert Pinkham Ryder, who lived between 1847 and 1917? Ryder's small glowing paintings, with their large plan and tremendous concentration of purpose, stand out in every American collection where they hang. In the museums, amidst acres of realism, these tiny realities burn like crystals half buried in the plough. They are the product of a true visionary, similar in some characteristics to Blake, living in much the same relation to the world about him, but a sound craftsman and capable of a highly intelligent synthesis. Against him one should erect the formidable shape of Eakins, an artist much revered by American authorities for his integrity, probity and such-like qualities. His was 'the world of plain men and women painted with a sober, searching realism'. That is true indeed. Eakins seemed to have a genius for selecting plain women to paint. He had an eye, as it were, for a plain face. On the other side should be stood up the frivolous monument of Sargent. Even the eccentric disposition of the illustrations in this book could not prevent 'The Pathetic Song' by Eakins being arranged alongside 'The Wyndham Sisters', and it is a just comparison. Winslow Homer, another of America's gods, exactly typifies for me the kind of art she prefers and most generally gets. He had none of the depth of Eakins; he was an outdoor illustrator. He painted a thing, as he said, exactly as it appeared.

His pictures show no selection, only an accidental design and no subtlety or imagination whatever. But they are 'baptised in American water'. Art in America today is a different affair. Apart from architecture, Americans have not made many original contributions. Even in the art of the cinema, most of the progressive steps have been taken by Germany or France, and stage design owes almost everything to the inspiration of Gordon Craig. In painting and sculpture the Americans are again assimilators rather than inventors. That is a fact which the colour plates emphasise rather cruelly. But as I have already said, all is not shown in this book; there are far finer examples of the artists represented, and there are younger, more promising men whose development should make a livelier history for American art in the future.

PAUL NASH

The Next War

The Coming World War

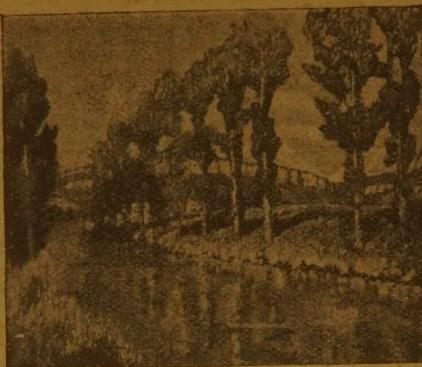
By T. H. Wintringham. Wishart. 5s.

THIS BOOK IS 'Left-Wing' writing with a vengeance, and so much, in all fairness, should be stated at the outset of a short review. It is also a marvel of epitome; for in its 250 pages the author has contrived successfully to present a theory of war, a technique of battle, a treatise on strategy, a description of war's results and a method of ending it. The whole, moreover, is logically interwoven with the thesis that war itself, the infamous thing, is a natural and inevitable product of the capitalist economy which sways the politics and controls the human destinies of the world today. The production of commodities for the sake of profit rather than for use and happiness is, therefore, in the author's fervent faith, the sole begetter of appeal to arms; the scale of notation being thus—Capitalism, Imperialistic Monopoly, War. The second World War, imminent in the conviction of the author, will be Capitalism's last dying gasp in an effort to extricate itself from the position of general crisis throughout the world in which the system has finally got itself entangled; the outcome of that same war being revolution and the commencement of a Communistic era. On this point the book is vastly interesting. Capitalism lives by the machines of industry which, thus employed, are therefore the constituents of war. But the constant process of technical improvement and the flow of invention in the machine shops have a corresponding effect on the highly mechanised weapons with which wars are now waged. Just as the wheels of industry can be stopped by the factory workers 'downing tools', so can the car of Juggernaut, which is modern war, be brought to a standstill in the same way; this applying, be it noted, also to the skilled artificers in the field on whose exertions an army is nowadays almost wholly dependent. The author is concerned to 'debunk' the supposititious causes of war. Overpopulation, for instance, and the 'will-to-power' school of thought, as also that of the inherent fighting instinct of the human race. The so-called neuroses of industrialism, which malform and distort impressionable mentalities, emotionalising them into a war-making state of mind, have as little to do with it as these others. Capitalism is the sole, the arch-offender. The author foresees that this second World War will break out in the Far East as between the Soviets and Japan, that it will inevitably spread westwards, and that Britain's bugbear will be a sovietised Germany evolved during the course of hostilities. Broadly speaking, Capitalism and Communism confront each other on the globe as the opposite poles of economic thought. The latter, however, is a cut and dried affair admitting of no compromise, while its opponent shades off into a variety of buffer states, Socialism, Trades Unionism, Labour Partyism and so on, of which Fascism is the latest development.

Finally, the book elucidates the strategical situation in Manchuria and Siberia, though with a marked tendency to discount the effect of Air-Power. It is difficult, for instance, to comprehend how Japan can maintain her forces on the Asiatic mainland when Soviet bombers are capable of keeping the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan free of surface craft. One other point, perhaps, he overlooks. If revolution should occur in this country, and reach success, how will the population be saved from starvation when the financial system, and our credit abroad, crashes with the owning class? But this impression will remain in the mind of a reader—things are boiling up!

L. E. O. CHARLTON

By Appointment Art  *Publishers to H.M. the King*

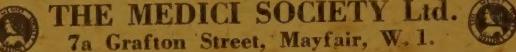


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